WEEK ENDING NOV. 27, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

The ADVENTURE of the LION'S MANE

A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY by SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

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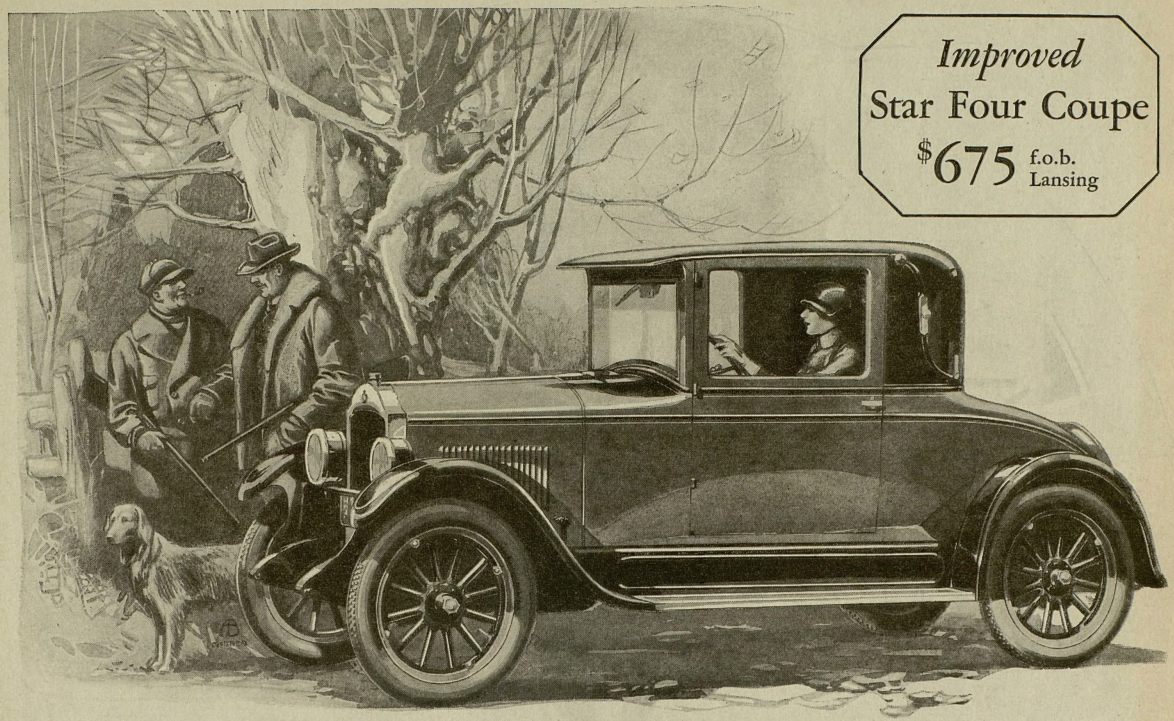

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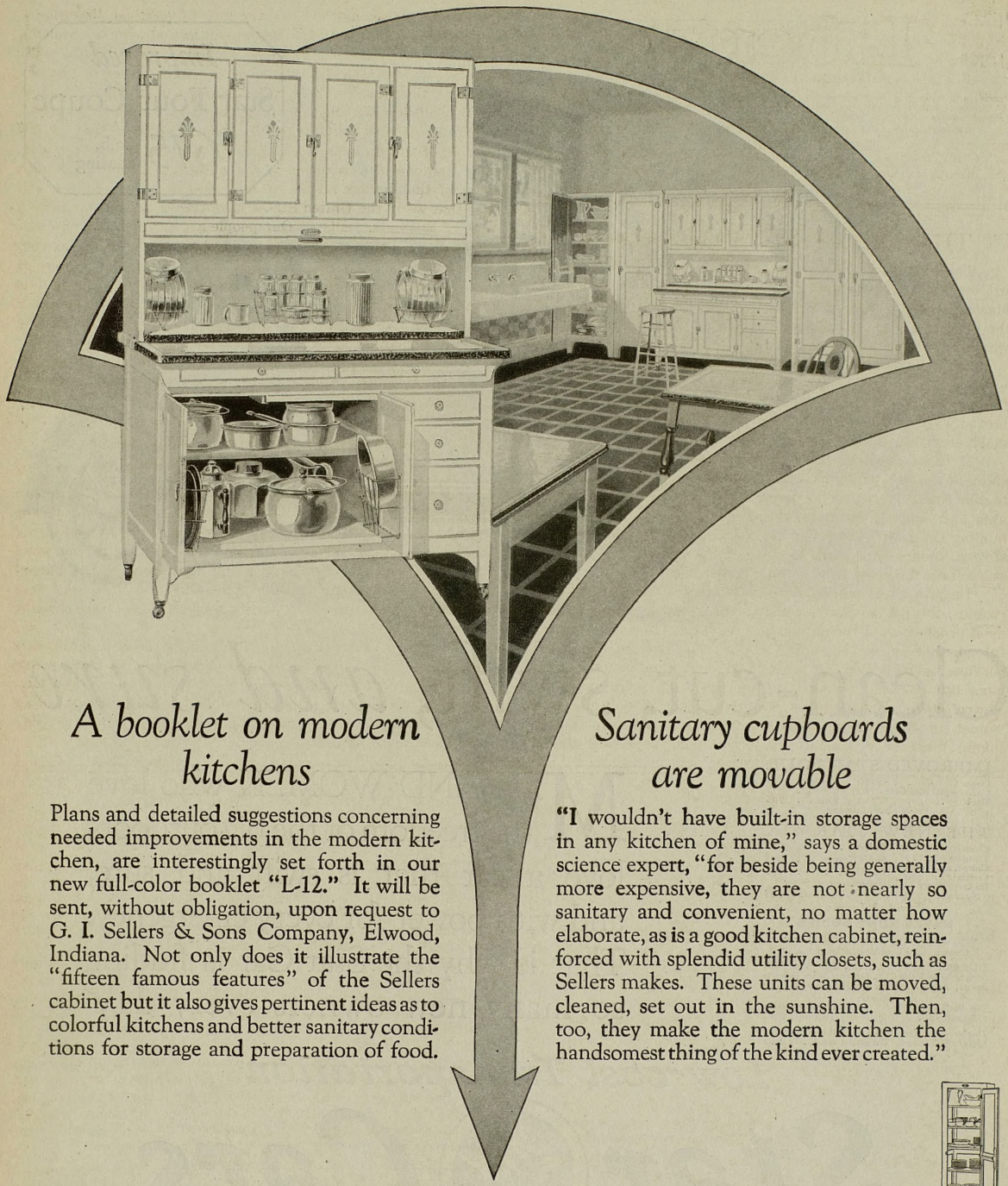

A booklet on modern kitchens

Plans and detailed suggestions concerning needed improvements in the modern kitchen, are interestingly set forth in our new full-color booklet "L-12." It will be sent, without obligation, upon request to G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Not only does it illustrate the "fifteen famous features" of the Sellers cabinet but it also gives pertinent ideas as to colorful kitchens and better sanitary conditions for storage and preparation of food.

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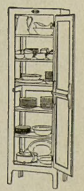

SELLERS UTILITY CLOSET

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

Nov. 27, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

Vol. 3 No. 30

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THANKSGIVING, 1926—*An Editorial*

Three hundred and five years ago, on the fourth Thursday in November, a little group of men and women at Plymouth, Massachusetts, gathered to return thanks to their Creator for the bountiful harvest vouchsafed them and for the freedom to worship God they had found in the New World.

On this Thanksgiving Day we Americans, if we take stock, will see how infinitely greater are our reasons for returning thanks for material blessings. At the same time let us look up the word "vouchsafe" in the dictionary and not assume too much credit for having done it all ourselves.

If those Puritans in their cabins on the bleak, unfertile shore of the bay, with a New England winter at hand, had cause to give thanks, how much greater cause have we, their descendants and adopted relations, to get down on our hunkers and humbly thank whatever God we worship for the blessings bestowed upon us and that, in spite of the efforts of bigots, we still retain the right to worship our own God.

Despite a year marked with disasters, fires, floods, and hurricanes, the United States remains the greatest, happiest, and most prosperous of the nations of the world. If you are doubtful whether or not to return thanks this Thanksgiving Day because, perhaps, you lost money in Florida land or your crops were hurt by cold or flood, or because business in your line slowed down, contrast your condition with that of men and women in other lands. How much more cause have we for thanks than the Frenchman, with the franc depressed almost to worthlessness, and his country torn by political dissensions. Compare yourself with the British subject, staggering under a load of debt, harassed by labor troubles, overburdened with taxes; or with the Italian, ruled by a dictator, his money reduced in value, even his food decreed arbitrarily. Contrast your condition with that of the Russian, the Pole, the Spaniard; with the always half-hungry Austrian; or with that of the people of the Balkans, living always in dread of another war.

Compare the condition of the worst off of Americans with that of the average citizen of any other country, and you will see that we in the United States have reason for setting aside a day of solemn rejoicing. Our people are the best fed, the best dressed, the best housed. They have more comforts, conveniences, and far more luxuries than any other nation. We are at peace with the world, at peace among ourselves. Capital is prosperous and more generous than the capital of any other land. Labor is the best paid and has the shortest hours of any of the world's workers.

If, this Thanksgiving, you are inclined to kick, it will be because the knife is dull and not because you haven't a turkey to carve.

MR. SAVAGE'S "SACRED PILGRIMAGE"—*An Editorial*

Mr. Howard P. Savage, Commander of the American Legion, says that next September he will lead 30,000 veterans on what he calls, "a Sacred Pilgrimage to Paris." Considering the choice of the shrine, we doubt that the use of the word "sacred" is good. We have a fear that some of the Sacred Crusaders will prefer both blondes and brunettes, and that others may regard it as a sacred pilgrimage to the shrine of Bacchus.

A Sacred Pilgrimage to Montmartre lacks a convincing note; but, if the boys can put the phrase over on their wives, we will not protest. However, we adjure these Sacred Crusaders to watch their step, especially with the existing feeling of the Parisian French concerning Americans. There is likely to be lots more fighting before the Pilgrimage is over.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

The Drums of Night.....By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 7
A splendid story of lovers caught in the jaws of death

Soldiers of the Air.....By LIEUTENANT JOHN A. MACREADY 13
Beginning the chronicle of the men who test airplane inventions

The Adventure of the Lion's Mane.By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE 18
Another great Sherlock Holmes story

Men Hate Cats—Why?.....By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE 33

Nuns and Madonnas.....By RUDOLF KOMMER 43
The story of the stars of The Miracle (Part Two)

Jealous of the Dead.....By MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE 49
A story that proves that a wife is, nevertheless, a woman

Movie Money .....By CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH 51
An insider tells who gets the huge sums picture fans pay

The Treachery of Eddie.....By ALINE KILMER 63
Continuing LIBERTY'S stories for children

Some Secrets of Charm in Home Decoration, By GRACE L. DAGGETT 64

Greta Finds Herself.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 66
A movie reviewer looks at Greta Garbo in her latest film

The Small Bachelor.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 67
Part Eleven of the year's fun feast

Golf's Greatest Goat Getter.....By GENE SARAZEN 75
Revealing the secret of Walter Hagen's success

Twenty Questions (p. 42); For the Love o' Lil (48); Bright Sayings of Children (56); Cross-Word Puzzle (57); Eileen Bourne's Question Box (58); Patterns (59); Fashions (59 and 60); Vox Pop (72); News of the World (73); Food (74).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Best Way to Win a Woman

TWO men of the world were discussing methods of softening feminine hearts. One said: "Be a cave man." But the other gave a different recipe: "Make her feel you're weak and you need her. So just get in a perambulator and act like it's feeding time!" You'll find both these woman-wise men in CAPTAIN ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS' brilliant tale, FAINT HEART—FAIR LADY. And the working out of the story shows which of them was right!

Is cancer curable? What are the latest theories as to its cause, and what remedies is science finding most efficacious? These questions are answered by a medical authority, DR. W. A. EVANS, in THE DOCTOR'S GREATEST RIDDLE.

VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE writes SYLVIA TREADS AMONG THE GOULDS, a bubbling story of a golden-headed slang artist who gives battle to pin-headed snobs. If you like to laugh, don't miss this one.

YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE is a double-header by SIDNEY SUTHERLAND and W. O. MCGEEHAN. In this article these two distinguished sports writers offer opposite views as to whether the Dempsey-Tunney fight was on the level.

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The Drums of Night

Pictures by
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

BONAMY lifted Teen right off the deck into his arms, and, holding her like a child, said: "Come with me. Come now."

A Story of a Man and a Woman Who Burned Their Love in the Jaws of Death

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

A HUNDRED miles, and half a hundred to that, up from the mouth of the river. Broad lagoons now, glowing to the sky like brazen shields. Trees on the margins of them, counterfeiting growths of colder countries: cedars not quite cedar; beeches breaking into unbeechlike spurts of flower. Sagos, with their ruffled glassy green, insisting on the tropic note. White cockatoos, screaming and speeding away. The armored bulk of an alligator, battleship gray, sliding with a flirt of a huge tail into mud-masked deeps.

Through this a small launch fussing and pattering along, incredibly frivolous, curiously frail, amid the majesties of the mighty and cruel Fly.

The engineer had come up from below for a breath of river air. Bare-armed and bare-breasted, he was leaning over the rail. Charlesworth Gilbert was his name; but he was always called Chas, or Chas Gil, being that kind of man.

Christine, his wife, was chiefly known as Teen. Standing beside him, she was so like him that one knew at once she had married a first cousin; guessed, on a second glance, that she had had time to find out a few objections to first-cousin marriages, other than

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DRUMS OF NIGHT
Continued from Page Seven]

those her people no doubt had told her.

Chas and Teen possessed the same curled foolish hair, the same mouth, beautiful and sulky; the same eyes, almost—gray-blue, gray; bright, clever, but set in shallow orbits that gave them a staring, careless look. Teen's voice was her husband's voice, eight notes higher. Her squat, pretty hands were like his hands; and they had, like his, black grease on them just now. For Teen was, as Chas, a heaven-born engineer, and had acted as unpaid but very capable assistant to him ever since they had left the Australian side.

THEY had been married a year or so, and—after the first—had found themselves in somewhat imperfect agreement. Perhaps they got on best when they were busy, together, doctoring some sick engine back to active existence. They respected each other most then.

At other times they jarred on each other as only people too like each other can jar. They were greedy, they were foolish, in spots—the same spots. They were extravagant, with identical and clashing extravagances. They knew each other, by blood and by instinct, so well that each could hit the other on the raw with a word or an allusion, as surely as a driver of old times could flick leader or wheeler on neck, flank, or ear with the cracking point of his whip.

They were extremely modern, as clever as daylight, as handsome as two pictures. They had no child, no home, and wanted neither; on that they were agreed. Despite occasional differences, it might be said—with reserves for the future—that they got on reasonably well.

The journey across from Queensland and up the Fly was what both of them liked above anything else—a "thrill." They owned the boat (Boy Xury was her name), and ran her for fun more or less, and for profit less or more. They had never been to any place so exciting as New Guinea, and they were both inclined to despise their employer—James Bonamy, oil expert, sent up the Fly by the Concha Petroleum Products to look at an alleged soak—because he didn't "thrill" to anything.

James Bonamy, at the moment, was climbing down to the small launch carried, usually, from the davits of the eighty-ton Boy Xury, and now lowered for his use. He intended to land and examine the left bank of the river. The Boy Xury was to anchor and await.

"It's the look of him that annoys me," declared Teen, speaking with her cigarette sidewise between her broad red lips. "He's as interesting as a movie hero outside, but inside he's just about as romantic as a boiled parsnip. I wish he'd send someone else instead of coming himself."

Chas was enough of a husband to pay no particular attention to wifely chatter, and enough of a cousin to understand, instinctively, that Teen did not quite mean what she said. The net result in his mind was like the discomfortable sensation experienced in a limb "asleep." So he merely grunted and said that it was time he went and stopped his engine.

The anchors went down with a brattling sound; the heart of Boy Xury ceased to beat. Teen leaned over the rail—she had beautiful elbows—and smoked, and thought about the profile of James Bonamy seen against last night's red sunset; also about the mysterious places they had passed that day—dim emerald arcades, floored with water of silky diamond, where no one went, where no one ever, ever would go; about a mile-long stretch of forest, covered by one colossal draping of green creeper, a terraced space of lawn with trees behind it that did queer things—dressed themselves out in hundreds of long pink silk stockings, for example, or held up bunches of golden dates, a manload each, impudently forgetting that they weren't date palms, or any palms.

"Do what you like," they seemed to be saying to her across the stretch of brazen water ("My oath," said Teen, "if you hit it, it'd bang like a Burma gong!") that lay between the launch and the low green shore where Bonamy had landed.

Pressure of some sort—she didn't know what—had slacked during this last day and night. Some kind of harness, fetter—what was the word?—had fallen away. It was as if a spear of grass, heretofore supported by a thousand spears within range of sight, and a million out of range, should suddenly find itself waving solitary in the wind. As if the whole field else had been reaped, leaving it behind, alone.

CHAS had finished with his engines. He came out, mopped his forearm with a piece of waste, and stared.

"Queer place," he said. "Feels rummy to know there's no one within a hundred miles of you."

"Isn't there?"

"No. They say all this part's uninhabited. Birds—alligators—cassowaries. Nothing else."

"How does it make you feel?" Teen bent down to light another cigarette.

"Feel? As I reckon you women used to feel when you took your corsets off and had a jolly good stretch. You don't wear them now, so you can't feel that way any more. As if you'd been laced in and let go."

"Can't one have a thought to oneself?" was Teen's inward cry. She felt impatient at being read; and she knew he would read the impatience. She knew everything about him, just as he knew everything about her. "Why do people marry?" she thought, cupping the cigarette in her hands to hide her face.

"I'm going to sit on the accommodation ladder," she broke out. "It's so damned hot here."

"Mind the alligators," was Chas' sole comment. He went into the wheelhouse and began studying a Pacific Directory.

THE moon came, displaying with pitiless clearness the full length of the still figures. They were headless.

SAID Teen, with scorn: "My troubles about the alligators!" She was wont to use the slang of Bondi, and occasionally of Woolloo-oolloo, deliberately—because she had been educated at Sydney University and felt she could afford to be as vulgar as she liked.

Teen flung her admirable young legs across the low rail of the Boy Xury and, sliding down on to the top step of the ladder, settled herself there, with her feet not very far from the water—Boy Xury had mighty little freeboard.

She did not think at all about alligators. Teen had been a town dweller most of her life, and town folk in Australia regard the plentiful alligator talk much as an Englishman of cities regards the typical fish story. She pulled her panama over her eyes and gave herself up to the luxury of watching James Bonamy. Tall, slight, romantic looking even at a distance of a couple of hundred yards, Bonamy was unromantically occupied in prying into the mud. He did not look up—did not even seem to see that pretty Teen was sitting with her pale silk legs almost in the Fly River water, giving him what she called the "googoo eye."

He was a long time prying about. The morning broadened into gold untellable; the sun struck, straight as rain, through bannered leaves, turning them into many-colored glass. There was no shadow anywhere; forests of green flame floated on a river of fiery crystal.

Teen's eyes were strong as a sea hawk's, but even they failed a little in the midst of this noontide fury. She had been watching a fish for some time—a curious fish, flat, triangular, of the bigness of a tea tray; it came and went playfully about her feet. Now it seemed, in the unbearable glare, to be swimming suddenly backward without moving tail or fin—surely a thing no fish could do!

Teen wiped her eyes—looked at it again. She was conscious of an unpleasant sensation in her legs and body, comparable to the feeling one experiences in nightmares, when trying, with glued feet and bending bones, to get away from some closely threatening danger.

The fish seemed to read her mind: it backed away and disappeared beneath the counter of the boat.

Teen felt as one feels who, supposing himself alone, discovers that someone close at hand is watching him.

"That fish can think," she said. "It knew I was noticing it. Queer!" And she maintained her seat obstinately. But what could a small creature like that do to harm her?

She had lost sight of Bonamy for the moment. Now she saw that he had left the bank, embarked, and was sending the little launch forward as hard as it could go.

"My oath," she said, "he'll ram us in another minute!"

The fish slipped out again from under the ship and came quite close. She could see its large eyes now; they were pale, malignant green.

"It's going to jump!" she thought, with a shock of dismay. "But fish don't jump!"

In one horrible moment she realized that the queer, flat, tray-shaped thing she was looking at was no fish. It was the head of a gigantic alligator which, with body hidden underneath the launch, had been warily stalking her for the last ten minutes.

Teen was no fool, no coward. She realized that death was extremely near her (*"They never let go"* rang in her brain—who had said it? When?), and that sudden movement would probably precipitate the end. Every pulse in her body seemed to stand still as she slowly, cautiously drew in her legs, pressed her palms against the sides of the ladder. She thought, "If I can slip back before it makes up its——"

THE sentence was not finished. From Bonamy's boat came the smash of a rifle, aimed so close to her that the water thrown up by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DRUMS OF NIGHT Continued from Page Nine]

the bullet splashed all over her feet. Under Boy Xury a sudden fierce commotion arose, making the launch rock as if in a heavy sea. It stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and then there was nothing but the golden river, and the little launch nosing the big one, and tall Bonamy, both hands in hers, close beside her on the ladder.

"Get on board," he said. "I think I hit, but——"

They were on deck, and he had let go her hands. Her stockings were very wet. Chas had come out, and Bonamy was explaining:

"The boy pointed out an alligator right alongside Mrs. Gilbert," he said. "I took a risk firing so close, but it would have had her in another moment."

Chas said something about silly women and something about Bonamy's shooting; and Bonamy disclaimed prowess with big game; he had been on an international rifle team once, it seemed. Teen slipped away into the tiny cabin that she shared with Chas, and began changing her stockings. Chas came in ten minutes later. She was balanced on the side of her berth, staring, with a stocking in each hand.

"Wake up!" said Chas. "Time to be getting lunch. What's the matter? One'd think Bonamy had hit you instead of the alligator."

Teen did not answer. She bent down to pick up something she hadn't dropped. Chas would read her face in another moment—would see that he had shot, accidentally, right into the gold.

Things, after that, marched quickly.

BONAMY, unmarried at thirty-three, accustomed more to the society of rocks and rivers than to that of women, went down before Teen like a shot bird. He had been admiring her secretly and uneasily ever since they had left Queensland—which fact, it may be, accounted for his indifference to the wonders that had shaken Teen to the very core.

Bonamy was a single-idea man, unlike the versatile and impetuous Gilberts. His idea just now was Teen—to an extent that would have given the Concha Company reason for disquiet, had they known it. The peril of the stalking alligator from which he had saved her not only lit to fierce flame his feeling for the girl, it also wiped out of his mind the business of his journey to such an extent that he did not even remember to go back and finish his observations on the bank before the Boy Xury started again. Afterward it wasn't worth while. Nothing was—except the sound of a girl's voice saying strange things below in an engine-room, and the glimpse of two small broad hands, marked with black grease, sliding up the steep companion rails, and then the light of the Fly River falling magically on the crinkles of Teen Gilbert's yellow hair.

James Bonamy, wandering geologist, lonely man, untouched as yet by any but the most casual of relations with womankind, was crazily in love.

It wasn't going to matter, he assured himself. He was not the man to steal anybody's wife. He could suffer. It would be over—some day. And the little thing (Teen was five feet seven and a half!) would never know.

Meantime he stopped the Boy Xury a good deal oftener than his work demanded, went ashore to look at things and places that were not within fifty miles of the soak, and persuaded himself he was doing his duty; even though his notebook remained almost barren, and his head—that excellent hard head, his living and his pride—almost empty of anything that could possibly be useful to the Concha Company.

They had to go 300 miles up the river. They had crept along, stopping and starting, sending a boy ahead to sound in the lagoons, for more than 200 miles. At night they anchored, using no lights and keeping well out from the banks; because up on the Fly you never knew.

On a certain night they lay at anchor in a lagoon—one of the broad, beautiful lakes into which the upper river now and again dispreads itself. There were branches about the lagoon—a perfect tangle of incoming rivers, complicated by huge narrow islands. There were shoals, any number, and far too many snags; but the place was wide, so Chas moored near the middle of it, turned off his lights, and went to sleep in the engine-room; which was his uncomfortable custom on the Fly. Chas never minded discomfort in a good cause; and the engine—as he was wont to say—was the most valuable thing he owned.

In her little deck cabin, Teen slept alone.

It must have been about 11 o'clock when she was wakened by a curious noise coming across the water. They were more than a mile from land in any direction, but this noise came clear and loud, apparently undiminished by distance. It was not a single noise, but a number, sometimes sounding all together, sometimes dropping off to one or two. It was resonant, fierce, and indescribably wild. Not quite like a trumpet, not quite like a drum, but partaking of the nature of both. Though she had not heard it before, Teen had heard of it, and she knew it at once for the famous cassowary drumming.

She lay and listened, half holding back her breath. It was wonderful. Birds—making that noise—and at least a mile away! They might have been beside her pillow. She pictured them, tall as a man, with huge blue helmets and striding formidable legs that could kill you at a blow; creatures seldom seen, mysterious, the enigmas of the bush. This was their country; they, the cassowary people, were lords of it. How challenging, triumphant, that thunder drum they beat!

Teen reached for a wrapper, and slipped, barefoot, silent, out on to the deck. Immediately the drums, a mile away, ceased. There was one thing, after all, that they feared, these wild-bird kings—one enemy from which they had fled to the manless lagoons and rivers of the middle Fly. They could hear him a mile off; they could see him through dark night. There was no light upon the lagoon but the light of stars; yet Teen's white wrapper, and the creak of the basket chair on which she leaned, had been seen and heard, and the wonderful drumming instantly had ceased.

SHE stood there, scarcely daring to breathe. Perhaps they would begin again. She had never heard such a sound. Could sounds intoxicate? This one went to her head like fiery wine, filling it with all the wild fancies, the dreams unrestrained, that marriage, more or less, had tamed in her. Teen had been a strange girl—a girl who gave her guardians seriously to think before Chas and his respectable love came along. Chas was like her, terribly like—just so far and no farther. There was a farther, always, that he did not touch. The farther was awake now: the drums of night had called it.

Teen was not at all surprised when, without looking round, she half saw, half felt, beside her in the star-lighted darkness the figure of James Bonamy, tall and pale. He must have seen her, left his bed in the bows of the launch, and come instantly to join her on deck.

Chas slept in the engine-room, quiet, moveless, the shining wheels and cylinders of his beloved engine within touch of his hand. Teen knew his sleep; it was that of a dog or a child. She herself was restless. Bonamy, she could have wagered, was restless too. No heavy, drunken sleeper—else he had never heard the slight movement of her feet on deck, seen the shine of her silk wrapper, as she came out. But he was here, and she was here, and—save for the colored crew dozing on the hatch and the open deck—they were alone together, at the end of all the world.

The launch sat like a little black marsh bird, aswim upon the immense gray-silver surface of the lagoon, a hundred perils past behind her, a hundred more about her as she lay; yet marvelously safe—for the present.

"Like life," said James Bonamy below his breath; and Teen caught the idea, though she had been thinking of other, nearer things.

"Yes," she answered him. "We go under sooner or later, no matter how often we escape. All the little boats—at last." She paused, and each read in the mind of the other the same unspoken thought: "But while we live—let us live!"

"I'm going to New Zealand," said Bonamy suddenly. His hand lay half over hers, on the back of the chair. She could have dropped her head down on it and kissed it. It was the hand that had saved her—and Chas had scarcely even thanked him!

THEN the meaning of his words pierced to her mind, and she felt sick, half stunned. There was the rest of life to live, till the ship floated no longer, sank, at long last, forty, fifty, sixty years ahead—and in all that time Bonamy no more!

He would put the sea between them; go to New Zealand; not come back. There would be Chas for her, always and only Chas, who understood—too much. The hatefulness of living with a man who understood!

Teen would have thrown her cap over the windmills readily enough; torn open the way to freedom and to love by a word, a hint, if she could have done so. Will was not wanting, but she found herself, absurdly, hampered by the fact that she had never made love to a man before and didn't know how to begin. Chas had done his own hunting, ably, as he did most things. This man, who mattered tremendously, standing alone with her at earth's utmost ends, must know that she would follow him at a word—and he could not speak it.

Well, if he could not, neither could she. "I'm too damned virtuous," thought Teen. But she remained silent.

They were both silent, and very still. And in a minute or two, because of the silence, there came from far away across the water the sound, faint at first, but gradually swelling to a triumphant paean, of the cassowary drumming.

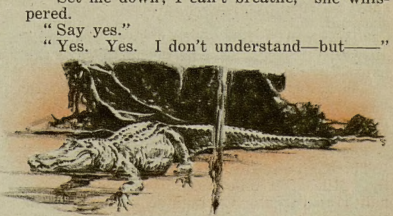
"Oomp-oomp!" it went. "Oomp-oomp, oomp-oomp!" Then a score of oomp-ooms, resonant, fierce, sharply sounding. Then the whole black forest drumming together. Savage, triumphant, unearthly, it called and called; and the heart of all things wild, untamed, was in the drumming.

Teen heard Bonamy draw a long, fierce breath; felt his hand close on hers. A sleeping boy stirred in the background and grunted fitfully. They stood moveless till the sound of heavy, sleep-bound breathing settled down once more. Then Bonamy lifted Teen right off the deck into his arms, and, holding her like a child, said: "Come with me. Come now."

"Set me down; I can't breathe," she whispered.

"Say yes."

"Yes. Yes. I don't understand—but——"



He set her on her feet. She could see his eyes in the starlight.

"The small launch is towing astern. We'll provision her and slip away," he said.

"Where to?"

"Down river. She has the same speed as the Boy, hasn't she? Well, the Boy can't run direct; has to crawl and creep about in the shallows, or else stick fast. We'll go right ahead—no draft to speak of—keep it up, get to Thursday Island a day before Chas can make it. There's a liner to somewhere or other every day this week. I've lots of cash—never spent much. Take you to China, Singapore, India—anywhere you like. I—I—since I saw you nearly taken by that devil, I've been half mad. I couldn't say it, but I've said it now. Teen, come!"

It was said. There was silence on the gray lagoon. The wild drumming had stopped; that night it sounded no more.

THERE was no Boy Xury, no cabin, no crew, no lagoon spreading round its protecting arms, open, secure. There were trees, tall as in dreams, reaching up like seaweeds through the murky crystal of the sky. There was the river road, dark glass streaked with the trailing silver hair of stars. There were the sounds of night—wailing of owls, long drone of an alligator, thrashing of tethered snags in the stream; once and again, like a dying yell, the cry of the o-o bird. No cassowary drummed. The beat of the little launch, working downstream, silenced all but the most persistent of night cries.

There was little talk between the two who had so suddenly and impulsively taken their lives in their hands. If some soft dream of drifting exquisitely through perfumed starlight, love alone with love, had flitted across the mind of Bonamy, it died in five minutes after the homely bulk of the Boy Xury had been left behind. Teen, expert in the managing of launches, had consigned him at once to the wheel, and directed him to keep well amidstream, and look out for snags, while she attended to the engine. They did not start it till the current had carried them a long way down the lagoon. The wife of Charles knew well that Charles' solid sleep, unbreakable by thunder, was instantly dissoluble at the sound of an engine—any engine—beginning to turn over.

Out of the lagoon, they ran swiftly down the narrowed river branch that lay between one long island and another, and forth into the main current of the Fly. It looked less solitary, less wide and homeless, now, at night. Teen noticed that, and rather wondered why. The change was not, however, a pleasant change. Smaller, seen nearer, the river seemed more wicked. It was full of personality, and all the personality was bad.

Teen got the engine going to her satisfaction, and left it. For a moment she came forward, laid her chin on Bonamy's broad shoulder, and whispered, even as if Chas had still been within hearing: "Do you believe it's true? I think we're dreaming."

"Wait till you see the Shwe Dagon shoot like a fountain of gold four hundred feet high into the sky above Rangoon," answered Bonamy, turning the wheel. "You can think you're dreaming then. Wait till you see Osaka."

Teen twisted the wheel out of his hands and shaved a snag by inches. "Keep farther out," she said.

"I can't stick this current," was Bonamy's answer. "Seems to swirl her in toward the banks."

"Well, swirl her out again, or the crocs will have us in two twos," warned Teen. "I can't remember it so strong in the afternoon."

"May have been rain in the mountains."

The engine began to cough. Teen flew aft. The engine recovered; the launch ran steadily. Mile after mile was covered in darkness half transparent. Every mile was a step on the road that led to the mouth of the river; thence to Thursday Island, 130 miles away; to the glories of the golden Shwe Dagon and Osaka in snow-white cherry time; to the wide world, and to love.

"Teen," said Bonamy suddenly, "look at that."

He took one hand from the wheel to point out a curious sight. Two houses of rude native build, roofless, all but unwalled, deserted, stood on the bank, at the extreme verge of the river.

The moon, just up, shed milky fire upon their ragged shapes, and showed them clear as if outlined in phosphoric paint. The river here seemed narrower than ever; the current was faster. They swept past in a moment, and the ruined houses were gone.

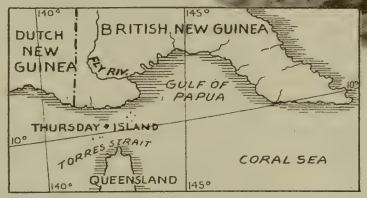
"Did we see those in the afternoon?" he asked her.

"We did not," she replied. "We didn't see any of this. We've gone wrong."

"Gone wrong! How could we? The Fly's big enough, and it runs into the lagoon."

"So do other rivers, I reckon. We've gone down one of them. Those islands make a mess of everything. God knows where we are."

She was very white in the rising moonlight. Terrible things are told of the rivers that run



into the Fly. Many of them are unknown—most supposed to be uninhabited; but one never knows——

"Don't you worry," comforted Bonamy. "We'll be all right in daylight."

But he did not think so, and his face, as far as it could be seen, expressed his thoughts rather than his words. He was, in truth, most bitterly distressed.

People had said there were no natives for a hundred miles. Here was proof that people were wrong. There were natives—natives who had recently built, and abandoned, a couple of hunting lodges. On the sturdy, well found Boy Xury, with her Kiwai crew and her rifles and revolvers, it didn't much matter whom or what one met. But on this tiny launch everything mattered, terribly.

IT came upon James Bonamy at this point, just as it had come upon Teen a little earlier, that they were not very likely to survive the night. They were indeed going a journey together—possibly to and through eternity.

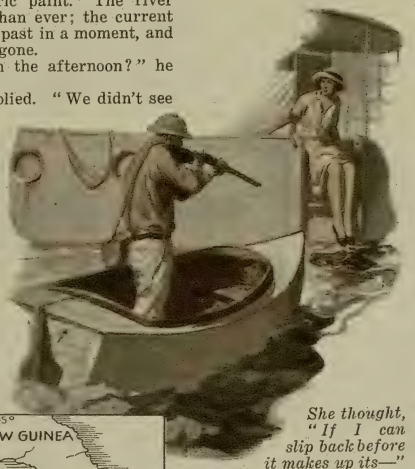
"Well, not if I can help it," commented the man who had swung a hammer in a dozen unpleasant places—though none half so unpleasant as this. Aloud he said:

"There's no use going on farther and getting more completely lost. We'll tie up somewhere and wait for day."

Teen nodded. She slowed down the engine, drifted gently until a firm spot on the bank was found, and then shut off. Bonamy moored the launch to a tree stump. The moon showed through the upper, thinner parts of the trees, but did not touch the ground.

They sat together on the cushions at the stern. Bonamy had his arm round Teen. She held it closely; and sometimes—when the snoring bellow of an alligator sounded near the boat, shaking the thin planks, or when an unexplained sharp smack, like the sound of a ship's cable striking water, suggested the near presence of some giant snake—she crept nearer yet, burying her curls on the shoulder of his khaki shirt and catching a little sobbing breath or two. But she did not speak. It was not the time, or the place, for talking.

They had been lying moored there for perhaps half an hour, and Teen, tired out, was beginning to fall asleep, when she became conscious of a sudden movement and a low exclamation from Bonamy. She sat up and looked around her, following his eyes.



She thought, "If I can slip back before it makes up its—" From Bonamy's boat came the smash of a rifle.

OVER the treetops the moon had risen, spilling a flood of light, white as acetylene gas, into the depths of the forest, and showing clearly, just beside the launch, an open glade. In the middle of the glade there was a log, and seated somewhat stiffly on it, side by side, were two brown naked figures, their hands laid on their knees. A great web of creeper dangling above made nests of shadow, hiding the faces of the curious pair.

"They have been watching us," whispered Teen, grasping Bonamy's hand.

He gave her back warm pressure as he answered: "Well, and what if they have? They don't seem to mean any mischief. We might be able to worry some kind of direction out of them."

"Why do they sit so still?" asked Teen in the same scared whisper.

Bonamy didn't know. He thought it funny himself. Somehow, the stiff attitudes of the pair—the straight knees, hands open and pointed, feet close together—made him think of statues he had seen in Egyptian travels years before. The men—they were both men, apparently young—had no support. They sat stiff and upright on the log, side by side, and never moved.

"I want to see their faces," said Teen, on a sudden high note, almost hysterical.

The figures took no notice.

"Wait a second; the moon's coming," encouraged Bonamy.

Almost as he spoke it came, rising above the knitted web of creeper, displaying with pitiless clearness the full length of the still figures.

They were headless. Placed on the log while the bodies were still warm, and set with horrible ingenuity, there they sat, upright, side by side, shorn off level at the shoulder, a macabre suggestion, in their pose, of patient and determined waiting.

With a cry, Teen flung off Bonamy's protecting arm and leaped for the engine. She began cranking furiously, not waiting for the boat to be unmoored. Bonamy reached for a knife and slashed the painter through just as the propeller began to turn. They swept out into the main stream and down the river again, with every ounce of power that the little boat possessed.

Teen was not to be spoken to. She drove the engine, sobbing all the while, and Bonamy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE DRUMS OF NIGHT Continued from Page Eleven]

could do no more than keep the boat midstream and hope for the best.

The river forked presently. He chose a branch at random and swept down it.

"Teen, come out of that," he ordered. "The buzz wagon will run for a bit without you. Come here and sit beside me."

"I suppose you think we're running away together," she answered him, coming forth and standing up in the boat, a light, swaying figure, scarce visible in her khaki dress. "We're not. You're not real, and I'm not real, and we're just dreaming a bad dream. If it gets any worse I'll—I'll jump over. That always ends a dream, you know."

She was still shaking with hysterical sobs. Bonamy saw that she was almost out of her mind.

"Of course it's a dream," he agreed with her. "Sit down. Go to sleep if you can. You'll wake up all right."

"I'll wake up in hell," Teen assured him—"if there's any such place. I'm a wicked girl."

"There isn't," asserted Bonamy, "and you aren't a wicked girl. So that's that. Here."

HE pulled her, with gentle roughness, down on the seat, placed a cushion under her head with one hand, and then snatched the boat quickly away from a snag that was making a low, rhythmic thrashing upon the water some little way ahead.

"This puts the cap on it," he thought. "Well, there's one consolation: nothing worse can happen to us now, unless the natives cop us by and by."

Perhaps Fate heard the challenge. Bonamy became conscious, before long, that something was very wrong with the boat, or the river, or both. They had gone down so many streams, up so many, that it was impossible, wanting a compass, to say in what direction they might be traveling. But certainly they had encountered nothing before like the current that was now snatching at the launch. It might have been the pull of a waterfall, had waterfalls been conceivable in that flat country. It might have been the race of some gigantic mill. Faster and faster it seemed to run, till the launch, with her own speed of eight knots, was flying at near sixteen.

"Shut off, Teen," ordered Bonamy. "I don't know where we're going, but I don't want to get there so dashed quick, whatever it is."

"We're going to hell, I tell you," was Teen's disconcerting reply. "There it is ahead."

Bonamy apostrophized a hell quite unconnected with any that Teen had mentioned. Was she going mad, in addition to all that——

His thoughts broke off short. Teen was not mad—or, if she were, then so was he. Some way ahead of the launch, through black, stark trees, there appeared, momently widening, an enormous glare.

"That's no forest fire," he thought. "Lord, what a smoke!"

For they had swept round a corner — going far too swiftly, even with the engine shut off—and the sky ahead was blotted with black vapor that shut out every star. They could hear the flames now, a steady, increasing roar. They could smell something that Bonamy's trained senses recognized at once.

"By gad!" he said curtly. "Teen, take the wheel. Where are the sweeps? There? Get the engine going again and run her full speed astern."

"What's the matter?" she asked, her back to him as she crouched over the engine. The touch of wheels and levers seemed to have steadied her.

"Only the hell you were talking about," he answered dryly. "When you've got her going, take the wheel and I'll try the sweeps."

"You can't," she said. "It takes two men."

"Then I'll have to be two men," he answered, raising his voice.

While they were talking the launch had swept on some hundreds of yards. The glare was nearer, the shouting of flame louder.

"What is it?" she asked again.

"I reckon," said Bonamy, "it's what I was looking for, found at the wrong time."

She asked nothing more. The smoke, the reek, were fearful. The current of the river, drawn along by water heated to boiling and driven out of its place, seemed to grow swifter every moment. Almost at once, ahead of them, opened out a hell of dervish-dancing flames, blue, emerald, and gold, incredibly lovely and incredibly terrible, sending out heat that seemed to shrivel the skin and hair of the two in the doomed boat. They could feel loose ends of clothing rise and flutter above their heads, as leaves fly up in the hot draft above a fire of weeds. Bonamy, at the sweeps, toiled till the muscles of back and arms almost cracked. Teen kept the boat straight and the engine going astern—they had not dared try to turn around.

"We're getting nearer," she shrieked above the noise of the flame.

One could see, now that the river opened out into a lagoon, somewhat like that in which the Boy Xury had been anchored, though smaller. The whole surface of the water was blazing. The reek of petroleum caught one's throat like a choking hand.

"Some native chucked a fire stick," said Bonamy. "Lord, what a field there must be about here!" was his characteristic thought, even in the face of death. "The Concha will make me for this—would, I mean——"

HE tugged at the sweeps furiously. Almost—almost—he could hold the boat, but not quite. He had none of the appropriate thoughts: no regret for having dragged Teen into this; no fear for what was to happen to himself. He was far too busy trying to get out of it—as men in the midst of adventure usually are. The appropriate thoughts come after—if there is an after.

He was at the very last gasp, figuratively and literally, when he perceived a smaller stream running into the big one only a few hundred yards from the fire. By this time he could scarcely see, and his mouth and tongue were leather.

He managed to gasp, "Steer her in."

Teen could not hear him, but she saw that he was speaking, and guessed, by the sidewise nod of his head, what was meant. They swung the launch into the smaller stream, somehow or other—Bonamy says he has believed in miracles ever since—and immediately the pull of current slackened; the engine and the sweeps began to tell.

Yard by yard, they backed up the stream, got far enough to run into the bank, to seize hold of a tree, moor to it; rest. They started again, crept up the little stream, always in fear that the engine would stop and send them flying back again toward the fiery death that lay astern. But the honest work of Teen and Chas held good; the well-cared-for machinery ran like silk, despite the strain. In an hour or so the fire was out of sight and sound, and they had run clear into the main stream again.

"Sun-up," said Teen, pointing one blackened hand.

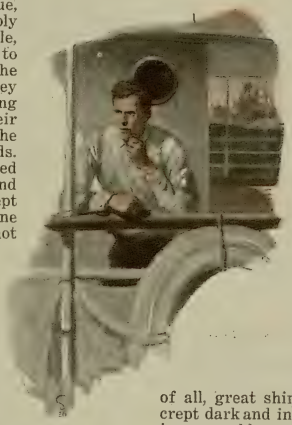
There was a crystal paleness in the sky ahead of them. Wild ducks were rising, with a whistling cry. A little red began to show in the clouds, even as light and color began to come back to the girl's white face.

"I think that's the Fly," was Bonamy's only answer.

Burnt out, beaten, they stared at each other in the cold dawnlight. Teen was wondering if Bonamy felt as indifferent to her as she felt to him. Bonamy was wondering, manlike, what he would do if she "held him to it."

"If it's not the Fly it's very like," Teen said. "We had better run down."

"Yes; we'd better run down."



The vision of the golden Shwe Dagon, of Osaka cherry blossoms in spring, seemed to have paled. Yet what else was there ahead? They had been running half the night. Allowing for everything, they were probably fifty miles down river. To go on was all that was left them.

DOWN the main stream they went. Beyond all doubt now, this was the Fly. They could not remember certain features of the banks, but that mattered little. One had not always been looking out, on the voyage upward—how many days—centuries—ago? The enormous width, the calm, strong current, the rivers running in every now and then to join the queen river of all, great shining lagoons over which they crept dark and insignificant, like a mouse crossing a marble-paved floor—these were the Fly.

After a time it happened that they met a reach of river bordered by high trees and leading into a lagoon ahead. The lagoon was barely visible from the river, but when they had fairly sailed out into it, it spread before them, in the full light of half-past 8 o'clock, a wide, brazen shield, surrounded by deep forests, scarred with snags of floating timber; in the midst of it, something large, dark, familiar, scarcely to be believed—the Boy Xury.

"We've been running round and round," Teen said. "We got right back to the lagoon at last, and never knew."

Bonamy kept silence, reflecting that a man who had done this sort of thing before would know what to say, but he was hanged if he knew. Besides, what about Chas? What would Chas think and believe?

CHAS answered that himself. He was hanging out over the rail of the Boy Xury as they approached. He had a pipe in one corner of his mouth.

"Lord!" he said, "but you two are late for breakfast. How do you expect a man to live? Teen, you are filthy. What have you been up to?"

"Hell; but I came back," said Teen.

Charles wasn't listening; he seldom listened.

"You must have been up early, Bonamy," he said, flinging over the Jacob's ladder. "I was a bit late myself—never heard you start. Go a long way?"

"Went to Rangoon and Osaka," answered the geologist calmly.

"You've been dreaming."

"It's a bad country to dream in. Or to stay in. You'll be glad to know we go down again today."

"Tired?"

"Tired out!" Teen said. And Bonamy, climbing aboard, felt a sudden stab go through him.

A long way off, one could just see the head and neck of a swimming cassowary, like a black pole waved aloft, upon the surface of the brazen stream.

THE END

Soldiers of the AIR

Thrilling Experiences of Men Who Test Airplane Inventions

An Article by

Lieutenant John A. Macready

Picture by CARL NOELL

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieutenant John A. Macready at one time held three of the four principal aviation records. These were altitude, duration, and distance, the latter two being held jointly with Lieutenant Oakley Kelly. Commissioned a first lieutenant December 27, 1917, Lieutenant Macready was in charge of the flying school for aviation instructors at Brooks Field, Texas, during the war. After the war he became chief test pilot at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, remaining there until his resignation from the service August 9 of this year.

One of his principal exploits was the non-stop flight from New York to San Diego in 1922, with Lieutenant Kelly, while January of this year saw him establish a new American altitude record of 38,704 feet. He made about forty other flights above altitudes of 30,000 feet, and made one emergency parachute jump from a wrecked airplane at night.

The Mackay Trophy, awarded annually for the most outstanding aviation accomplishment, was won by Macready three times.]

McCook Field near Dayton, where army airplanes are tested, as seen from the air.

McCOOK FIELD, at Dayton, Ohio, where I made my record altitude flight, is situated almost on the exact spot where the Wright brothers conducted their first pioneering experiments in aviation.

Twenty years ago this ground was the scene of devoted labors by two men whom the people of Dayton called "a couple of crazy inventors." Nowadays McCook Field is a beehive of the busiest kind of activity. Hundreds of airplanes of varying types are being tested and developed there. All are subject to constant change in size, type, and other characteristics as aviation continues its steady development under the supervision of the Army Air Service.

The people of Dayton see the airplanes buzzing about overhead and wonder what is going on in the heavens above them. Sometimes the airplanes go through strange maneuvers, turning, twisting, rolling, diving, and flying on their backs. At other times they pass out of sight in the azure dome of the sky.

Again they fly comparatively low in a series of many climbs and glides, the monotonous roar of the engine coming at regular intervals as the test progresses.

Those on the ground probably imagine that the pilot is feeling playful or is flying about, looking over the country and enjoying the scenery. This is seldom the case. The pilot

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SOLDIERS OF THE AIR Continued from Page Thirteen]

has a pad strapped to his leg and a pencil in his hand. He is writing while he flies.

In some fast single-seat pursuit planes, it is almost impossible to finish setting down one set of observations before others must be taken. There are twenty-two different instruments to be observed or operated by the pilot in the front cockpit of the Le Pere airplane with which I broke the world's altitude record in 1921.

Taking up new and experimental types of planes is one of the test pilot's duties. There are many kinds of airplanes, each with individual characteristics.

The Air Service has planes with one wing and planes with ten wings; with one engine of thirteen horsepower and with six engines of 400 horsepower each; planes with speeds of 300 miles an hour; planes that carry more than 42,000 pounds; planes that will fly for thirty-six hours without landing; planes that rise vertically; and many others. Each must be tested and the results catalogued.

When an airplane is flown for the first time, the pilot studies its action carefully as it gathers speed and momentum across the ground. He feels out the controls as it bounces over the surface of the earth, and he must make his decision regarding the safety of a plane or its ability to fly at the instant it lifts into the air. The initial flight of a very fast racing plane, with a speed of more than 200 miles an hour, does not permit slow thinking when it gives its final hop upward. If the control does not "feel" right, the pilot pulls back on the throttle and remains on the ground to try again later.

Lt. John A. Macready. *Major R. W. Schroeder.*

If he decides to continue flight, he takes the plane carefully up to 3,000 or 4,000 feet and feels it out gradually. He pulls the nose up higher and higher, with power both on and off, until the airplane stalls or loses forward speed and falls. At first he lets it stall and fall off to the side a very little before taking control; then more and more each time, always bringing it under control.

FINALLY he permits the airplane to make one turn of a tail spin and maneuvers it out to a safe position. Practically all dangerous positions of an airplane end in a tail spin, and if a pilot can control the spin he has confidence that he can handle the plane. A tail spin is the condition in which the airplane loses flying speed, the nose drops toward the ground, and the plane falls, nose first, with the wings turning upon an axis around the nose.

The airplane is tested in performance in order to ascertain how high and fast it will climb carrying a specified load, and how fast it will fly in level flight at different altitudes.

It is then maneuvered and tested under conditions similar to the purpose for which it was designed, to ascertain if the airplane is adapted to this use and is superior to other planes. A bombing plane must carry and drop bombs, an observation plane must carry photographers and conduct observation maneuvers, an altitude plane must work at extreme altitude, and a pursuit plane must be put through steep dives, sharp turns, and zooms, duplicating the conditions of actual combat.

Many times the question has been asked: What keeps an airplane from climbing indefinitely? All airplanes have a definite height, or ceiling, beyond which they cannot go. Gradually this limit is being increased.

Major R. W. Schroeder held the world's altitude record several years ago. He climbed 33,000 feet, when his oxygen system ceased to operate. Losing consciousness, he fell through the thin air straight toward the ground for six miles before the heavier air containing more oyxgen resuscitated him. Then he regained control of the airplane and landed in a semiconscious condition, his eyes full of ice and injured by the extreme cold to which he had been exposed during his fall.

Writing to me recently, Major Schroeder asked me to "dust off" the spot where he had stopped climbing on this memorable flight.

On his record-breaking flight Major Schroeder was using a pilot's automatic oxygen supply, also carrying an emergency oxygen flask. Upon discovering that the automatic supply had stopped, he continued to ascend, using the flask. As he lifted his goggles to adjust the automatic feed, he was deprived entirely of oxygen for an instant, and passed out.

I was just beginning my work as a test pilot at that time and did not anticipate the difficult assignment that later would be given me. I helped lift the limp figure of Major Schroeder from the plane and assisted in carrying him to the ambulance. It was several weeks before he recovered.

Although the temperatures, pressures, and oxygen conditions I encountered should theoretically have been much more adverse than the conditions Major Schroeder met, in reality they were probably less strenuous, as the development work of several years by the Air Service Engineering Division has provided improved equipment with which to combat such hardships.

"I helped to lift the limp figure of Major Schroeder from the plane."

ALTITUDE is gained through the use of a supercharger attached to the engine of a standard military airplane. This supercharger is an instrument that compresses air and forces it inside the cylinders to give sea-level conditions or increased pressure within the engine. By increasing the pressure and thus providing proper combustive mixture, the normal power of the engine is obtained in the lighter air and climbing force is increased. From a military standpoint this is extremely important.

The same condition applies to airplanes which usually applies to individuals—the one on top is the one that wins out in combat, as the primary function in combat is to dive down on the enemy.

An extreme-altitude flight is a continual study of physical conditions. How far the pilot can go without collapse is the problem. The solution involves danger of such a strange nature, and so treacherous, that it is hardly realized.

I have always felt that the last point of extreme danger could be determined in time, and that if it were not, and the pilot became unconscious, the concentration, worry, and determination undergone in striving to avoid losing consciousness would quickly bring him to normal when favorable atmospheric conditions were reached, in the same manner that one automatically awakens from sleep at a certain time if determined to do so beforehand.

The mind of the pilot does not function normally at extreme altitude, and his readings and calculations cannot always be relied upon when he gets into the region where the air is very light. For this reason, a large number of instruments are used to record what happens during a flight at altitudes above 30,000 feet. Eleven instruments provide a permanent record of everything that happens within the engine, within the supercharger, and also of the outside surrounding conditions.

These records, which are made by a stylus on smoked paper, can be "tied in" as to time. The engineer who works up this data can find out exactly what is happening in all important elements at any particular time, and can co-ordinate them.

THERE are three primary elements to combat in high-altitude flying. The first is cold, which is the least. I have several times encountered temperatures greater than 80° F. below zero. However, this year I obtained altitudes where the temperature reached its coldest point and then started to rise. On January 29, at 37,500 feet, a temperature of 81° F. below zero was noted. At 38,704 feet this temperature had risen to 76° F. A month later, at 35,000 feet, the temperature was 77° F. At 36,000 feet it was 68° F. and remained at this temperature to the indicated altitude of 39,000 feet, which was the ceiling of the plane.

The area of warmer air is called the stratasphere of the world, and although slightly warmer than the lower air, it is still far from tropical. I have penetrated into this stratasphere about 4,000 feet.

On my last attempt for a world's record, which was made April 10, 1926, I did not encounter the stratasphere, although the altitude reached was 38,000 feet. The temperature there was 82½° F. below zero. From this, it would seem that the stratasphere is a warmer current or area of air surrounding the earth and that its height above the ground varies.

The next serious element to combat is the lack of oxygen, and the third is the lack of pressure. Most pilots begin taking oxygen at about 16,000 or 17,000 feet, using more and more as they ascend to higher altitude.

Up to an altitude of 30,000 feet, as long as the pilot gets plenty of oxygen, he feels no discomfort.

However, he must have oxygen. During one of my early flights, when I was using two separate systems of gaseous oxygen in flasks, one of them my main system and the other emergency, the main system became clogged with ice from moisture in the flasks and it was necessary for me to resort to the emergency system. I reached over and "cracked" the emergency flask by opening the gas valve, and in a few seconds the world was again bright and my brain more active.

Above 30,000 feet the pilot begins to feel the lack of pressure. The popular belief about high-altitude conditions leads to the opinion that, owing to the decrease in pressure from 14.7 pounds the square inch to two or three pounds the square inch, the pilot would puff out or burst. This is not the case, however,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

A half back *out of training*

They call him an "old grad" today and he *feels* strangely old and futile as he watches those stalwart men who now make up the squad. Yet not so many years ago he could run a hundred yards in "ten seconds flat," in moleskins!

What a difference the years can make! He's just an "old grad" now, a half back out of training.

Men who eat carelessly, without thought of balance in their diet frequently pay the penalty of impaired health due to a definite diet deficiency.

Physicians say that a daily amount of natural bulk is essential to regularity and health. Yet this important bulk is too often lacking in the daily selection of food.

Why not check up your diet now? Why not take a daily "Ounce of Prevention" against a condition that may threaten your health and hamper your efficiency?

Millions of men and women have adopted a pleasant, easy method that you will find beneficial.

Now you'll like bran!

Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious cereal food that supplies bulk you need in the form of natural wheat bran.

It has such a tempting flavor that you will eat it with genuine relish—a flavor that has made it the most popular bran food in the world.

Post's Bran Flakes comes all prepared, ready to eat. Just pour the crisp, brown flakes into a bowl and add milk or cream. It's delicious, too, with berries and fresh fruits. And it may be baked into inviting cookies, muffins and bread.

Get in the habit of eating Post's Bran Flakes every day as an "Ounce of Prevention." It is available everywhere. Your grocer will supply it to your home and it is served by all restaurants, clubs and hotels as well as on the railway diners.

In addition to bulk, this delicious health cereal also provides: phosphorus, iron, protein, carbohydrates and the essential vitamin-B.

Once you know how delicious Post's Bran Flakes really is, you will look forward to it with real pleasure every day. And after you have made it a regular part of your health program, take stock of yourself and see how much better you feel.

Don't put off this important diet correction another day. Start eating Post's Bran Flakes now and keep on the "Road to Wellville" by making it a daily habit.

"*Ounce of Prevention*" *Offer.* At your request we will gladly send you "An Ounce of Prevention" package of Post's Bran Flakes and a booklet that has an important bearing on your health and success.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. L-4B1126, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes, Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Grape-Nuts and Post's Bran Chocolate—also Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Canadian Address:—Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario.

everybody—every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

"Now You'll Like Bran"

Try

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HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

Plum pudding made with exquisite care—wholesome and delicious. It has that home-made taste. It is light and easy to digest. Recipes for two delicious sauces are printed on the label.

HEINZ FIG PUDDING

A pudding that is rich with luscious figs. It is light and digestible. You'll be proud to serve this Heinz-made pudding. A recipe for just the right sauce is on the label.

WHY HEINZ MINCE MEAT MAKES THE BEST PIE

How easily, how quickly, you can make the luscious pies the holiday season demands if you use Heinz Mince Meat.

To find all of the good things that go into your pie filling, Heinz goes around the world and searches the gardens and the markets of many nations.

In Heinz Mince Meat are "Four Crown" Valencia Raisins from Spain, Grecian Case Currants, candied Leghorn fruits—citron, orange and lemon peel—juicy apples, prime beef. These Heinz carefully selects, prepares and blends for your holiday pie.

As with Heinz Mince Meat, so with the other foods of the 57 Varieties. In serving you, no distance is too great for the Heinz organization to go, no task is too troublesome for Heinz to undertake. Only the very best of ingredients, and the very best of methods, are ever good enough for you and for Heinz.

When in Pittsburgh be sure to visit the Heinz Kitchens · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

for there is a general tendency to equalize the pressure.

Should the oxygen supply fail at an extreme altitude, the pilot probably would be unconscious within one minute.

The least movement of the arms or any part of the body causes need for oxygen, and in reaching forward for a throttle or to make an adjustment at extreme altitude, the pilot will become somewhat light-headed, which forces him to refrain from further movement.

The view from a height of eight miles above the earth is very wonderful. In the early flights to extreme altitudes I had been asked to look into the sky to ascertain whether stars were visible, as it was the opinion of some scientists they would be at that altitude.

There were no stars, but the atmosphere was very bright and light, the sky having a tinge of blue. The view of the earth is magnificent.

When the sky is clear and the ground covered with snow, one can see for great distances. Cities are brown smudges against the white and are defined at great distances by the long trail of brown smoke floating out from them like a dark flag against a white background. From a position over Dayton, Ohio, I have been able to locate the small brown smudges of Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, and, I think, Toledo. When there is no snow and the earth is brown in color, the cities blend in with the landscape.

In my work with the Engineering Division I have made thirty-five or forty flights to altitudes above 30,000 feet and about ten flights to altitudes above 35,000 feet.

THE highest official altitude I have attained is 38,704 feet. This was done on January 28, 1926, and is the American altitude record.

As soon as a new airplane is received at the Engineering Division, it is flight tested to determine the performance of the airplane and engine under normal conditions. First the high speed of the airplane is obtained. A level course of two miles is laid out across Wilbur Wright Field, with well defined marker pylons at each end. The pilot must fly the airplane at a constant, fairly low altitude along this course, timing himself with a stop watch, which is started at the first pylon and stopped at the end pylon.

The time is taken going in both directions, in order that correction for the wind may be made, and three round trips are made to insure accuracy.

Many accidents have occurred while flying this speed course. Lieutenant Wade, a test pilot and one of the Round the World flyers, was ascertaining the high speed of a supercharged airplane, when the engine was suddenly torn from its mounting and the airplane crashed, as there was no time to choose a favorable spot. Roy Langham was the observer.

"Did you get scared?" someone asked Langham.

"Sure I got scared. Wade had heavy moccasins on and I had low shoes, but do you know what he did? He made me walk through the brush ahead of him, and I knew that it was full of rattlesnakes."

After the high speed of the airplane is ascertained, the air-speed indicator is calibrated. This calibration requires more care and expert piloting than any other kind of flying. It is done in order that actual speed of the airplane may be obtained from the instrument when level flights and climbs are made at altitude.

The air-speed instruments installed in test planes are never accurate. In order to find out what correction for the instrument is necessary at all speeds, a calibration over the speed course is run.

The first round trip of a calibration run is at high speed. The second and all other round trips are made identical with the first, except that the throttle must be adjusted each time, so that the airplane will enter and complete the course at just ten miles slower indicated speed than was shown on the preceding run. The adjustment of the throttle for certain speeds is a delicate performance.

These successive round trips are continued until the plane is at its lowest flying speed.

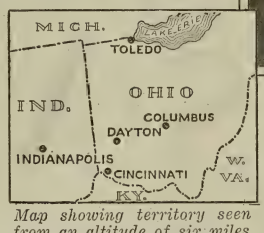
A pilot is always very proud of a good record in calibration. Test Pilot Barksdale, who was killed last summer at Dayton, was flying a difficult calibration on a new and rather unstable airplane, and was doing remarkably well. He had a new observer with him, a Frenchman, who had quite a reputation as a designer, but who was not particularly at home in the air. Several very exacting courses were run with success, but, just as Barksdale was leveling off to get the right air speed and engine adjustment, he felt the Frenchman pounding on his back.

"My goggles are gone!" yelled the latter, pointing to his water-filled eyes.

Barksdale swore to himself, gave up his attempt to finish his work, and flew back to McCook Field. Just as he was leveling off to land, his observer again pounded him on the back.

"Here they are, around my neck!" he yelled. A good calibration had been spoiled and a test pilot's disposition severely strained.

After the calibration, a "sawtooth" climb is conducted. The purpose of this test is to determine the speed at which the airplane climbs fastest at various altitudes, in order that the plane later may be climbed to its maximum altitude in the shortest possible time.



Map showing territory seen from an altitude of six miles above McCook Field.

This test differs from those outlined previously, in that it is necessary to climb a definite distance at several given speeds, varying from ten to fifteen miles above its average climbing speed, in ten-mile changes, down to ten to fifteen miles below its best climbing speed. In addition, it is necessary to make a level flight at the point midway between the highest and lowest part of each climb.

The sawtooth climb is followed by a "check" climb. The purpose of the check climb is to determine the speeds in level flight at all altitudes, the rate of climb, and the time required to climb from sea level to the maximum altitude of the plane. The speeds for the climb are obtained from the results of the sawtooth climb. A recording barograph, an air-speed recorder, and a strut-thermometer are necessary equipment.

A COOLING test is next made to ascertain if the radiators are capable of cooling the engine to a sufficiently low temperature to insure its satisfactory performance.

This is the standard procedure for a test covering contract performance requirements. Deviations are necessary when testing a plane like the XCO-5, designed for extreme altitude. In this case the pilot is unable to write, due to the extreme cold he encounters and because the mental faculties do not function normally as a result of the lack of pressure and oxygen. Practically all instruments must be recording.

There is another instrument, not recording, which has been much used by the flying section. This machine is officially known as the "lung tester." Few know of this heinous machine, because everyone who has had his honor and his dignity dragged over the floor, blackened and outraged, keeps silent in the hope of adding another victim to the list of those who have tried their prowess.

As the victim enters the flying office, his attention is drawn to the lung tester. He is told how the men must have their lungs in good shape and that this instrument will give them the information. This is accomplished by blowing into a tube.

The victim usually believes that he was born on the night of the big wind. He will grasp the lung tester, close his eyes, and then with one magnificent, awe-inspiring sweep of ozone —blow.

The rest of the story is almost sad. As the smoke from a thousand huge furnaces blackens the sky, so the blower is covered with lampblack.

The office is filled with loud guffaws from the previously tested lungs of the members of this constantly growing fraternity.

The lung tester is not a standard flight instrument, but it has its function in flying circles and performs it well.

U. S. Air Service Official photo

Dressed for "six miles up." Lieutenant Macready in bulky clothes and oxygen mask.

I HAVE just completed the official flight test of the Barling Bomber, the world's largest airplane. The huge airplane has six Liberty engines, 2,400 horsepower, and is designed to carry 42,000 pounds, or more than twenty tons.

Two engineers are required to watch the engines. The cockpit is well out on the nose with the deafening roar of the motors behind the pilot.

To test this mammoth airplane is very different from testing the smaller and lighter ships. It is something of a house-mover's job to get it into and out of its hangar. When in the air it is like a flying apartment house. One can walk upright from the nose to the tail. There are stairways to go up and ladders to climb within its huge hulk, with different floors, platforms, and observation lookouts.

When looking straight ahead, the pilot does not realize the dimensions of this tremendous craft. Even now, after many hours of flight, I am somewhat awed to look behind and see the big silvery fishlike body, the gigantic span of wings, and the six engines working with might and main, apparently trying to overtake me.

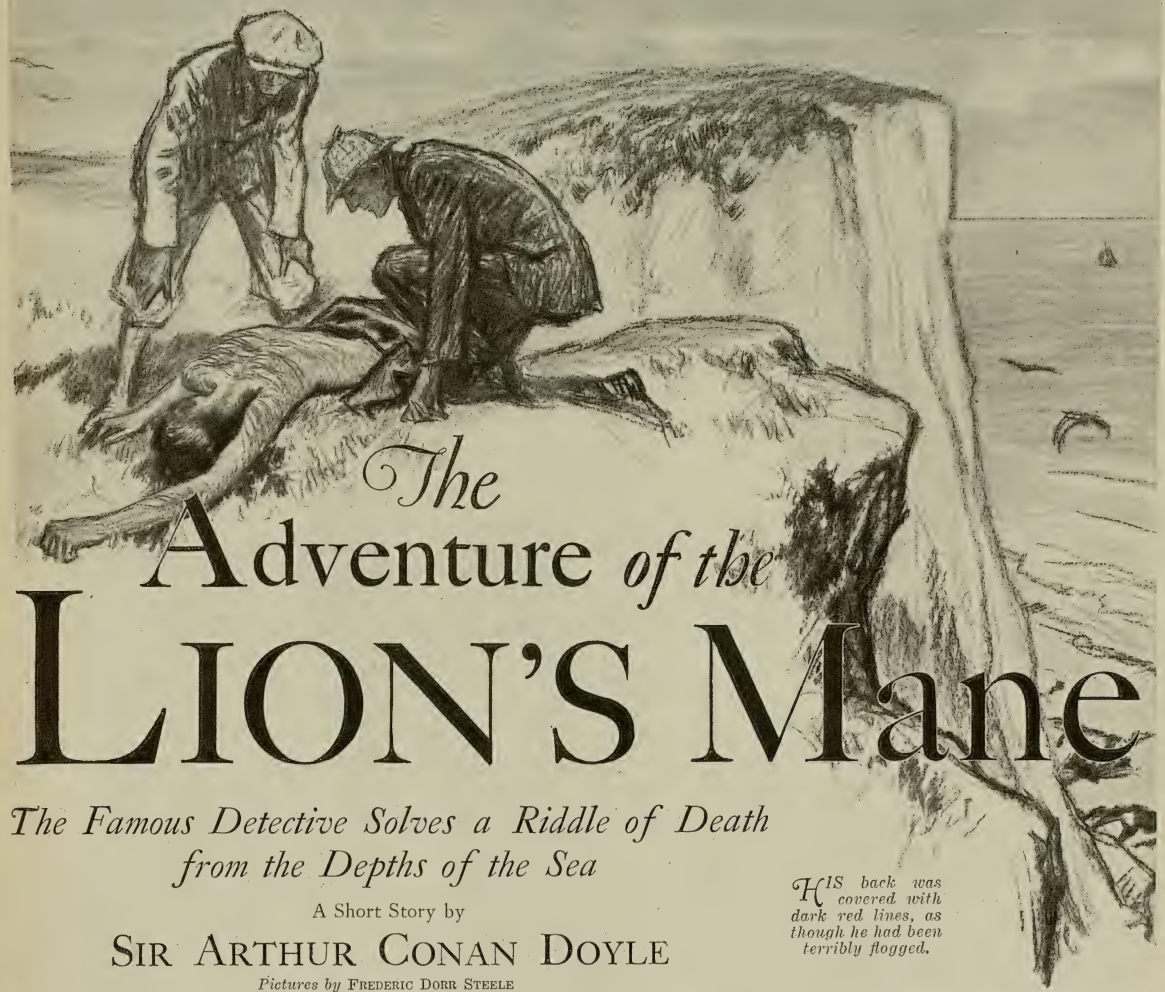
In rough air, the Barling Bomber is tossed and pitched like a boat in a storm, but in still air it floats lazily along, with no effort on the part of the pilot.

One cannot change his mind when landing this airplane. He must decide on his plan and not deviate, as the plane is too large to maneuver quickly to a new position.

The Barling Bomber is a threat of the future. What havoc could be caused by dropping a 12,000-pound bomb of TNT in the center of New York!

Other thrills of test flying will be described by Lieutenant Macready in an early issue. Meanwhile, don't miss Faint Heart—Fair Lady, a thrilling short story of combat flyers, by Elliott White Springs, one of the heroes of War Birds. It will appear in next week's LIBERTY.

A Sherlock Holmes Story



The Adventure of the Lion's Mane

The Famous Detective Solves a Riddle of Death from the Depths of the Sea

A Short Story by

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Pictures by Frederic Dorr Steele

His back was covered with dark red lines, as though he had been terribly flogged.

It is a most singular thing that a problem which was certainly as abstruse and unusual as any I have faced in my long professional career should have come to me after my retirement, and been brought, as it were, to my very door.

It occurred after my withdrawal to my little Sussex home, when I had given myself up entirely to that soothing life of nature for which I had so often yearned during the long years spent amid the gloom of London.

At this period of my life the good Watson had passed almost beyond my ken. An occasional week-end visit was the most I ever saw of him. Thus I must act as my own chronicler. Ah! Had he but been with me, how much he might have made of so wonderful a happening and of my eventual triumph against every difficulty!

As it is, however, I must needs tell my tale in my own plain way, showing by my words each step upon the difficult road that lay before me as I delved into the mystery of the Lion's Mane.

My villa is situated upon the southern slope of the downs, commanding a great view of the Channel. The coast line here is entirely of chalk cliffs, which can be descended only by a single long, tortuous path, steep and slippery. At the bottom of the path lie a hundred yards of pebbles and shingle, even when the tide is at the full. Here and there, however, there are curves and hollows, which make splendid swimming pools filled afresh with each flow. This admirable beach extends for some miles in each direction, save only at one point where the little cove and village of Fulworth break the line.

My house is lonely. I, my old housekeeper, and my bees have the estate all to ourselves. Half a mile off, however, is Harold Stackhurst's well known coaching establishment, The Gables, quite a large place, which contains some score of young fellows preparing for various professions, with a staff of several masters.

Stackhurst himself was a well known rowing Blue in his day, and an excellent all-round scholar. He and I were always friendly from the day I came to the coast, and he was the one man who was on such terms with me that we could drop in on each other in the evenings without an invitation.

Toward the end of July, 1907, there was a severe gale, the wind blowing the Channel seas to the base of the cliffs, leaving a lagoon at the turn of the tide. On the morning of which I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

When the Thanksgiving feast is spread—and gay friends gather—when you're joyously thankful for another year of health and plenty —have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN it's Thanksgiving. And your chosen friends are enjoying the good things of earth. As you are rejoicing over another year of health and good fortune—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever gave so much added enjoyment to a Thanksgiving feast. No other was ever so welcome to your friends. Millions of experienced smokers are thankful each day for Camels. This distinctive cigarette brought the world a new measure of smoking satisfaction and contentment, for Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste. Before Camel it was impossible to get every good feature in one cigarette, no matter how much smokers were willing to pay. Such choice tobaccos were never before blended as they are in Camels. The makers of Camel set out to blend the world's finest cigarette regardless of price—and they succeeded!

So this festive day, with thanks for the good year that is gone, with hope for the better days to come—send up the fragrant smoke that is loved by millions. On Thanksgiving Day have the best that's made.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

Film on Teeth and Your Smile

Modern dental science largely advises that the film on teeth — to which many tooth and gum disorders, and most dull "off-color" teeth, are attributed — be combated daily in this way

RUN your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery sort of coating. That film is largely charged by dental authorities with many tooth and gum disorders.

It is said to foster decay. To make otherwise clear teeth look dull and lustreless. To invite gum disorders, including pyorrhea.

Many methods of cleansing have failed to combat it. That is why, largely on dental advice, thinking people are widely adopting a new way in tooth and gum care, a way embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Now an Effective Film Combatant

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated — removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay.

Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in the film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film—Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums —Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids. No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 822, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2209

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

speak the wind had abated and all nature was newly washed and fresh. It was impossible to work on so delightful a day, and I strolled out before breakfast to enjoy the exquisite air. I walked along the cliff path which led to the steep descent to the beach. As I walked I heard a shout behind me, and there was Harold Stackhurst, waving his hand in cheery greeting.

"What a morning, Mr. Holmes! I thought I should see you out."

"Going for a swim, I see."

"At your old tricks again," he laughed, patting his bulging pocket. "Yes, McPherson started early and I expect I may find him there."

Fitzroy McPherson was the science master, a fine, upstanding young fellow, whose life had been crippled by heart trouble following rheumatic fever. He was a natural athlete, however, and excelled in every game that did not throw too great a strain upon him. Summer and winter he went for his swim and I have often joined him.

AT this moment we saw the man himself. His head showed above the edge of the cliff where the path ends. Then his whole figure appeared, staggering like a drunken man. The next instant he threw up his hands and, with a terrible cry, fell upon his face.

Stackhurst and I rushed forward—it may have been fifty yards—and turned him on his back. He was obviously dying. Those glazed, sunken eyes and dreadful livid cheeks could mean nothing else. One glimmer of life came into his face for an instant, and he uttered two or three words with an eager air of warning. They were slurred and indistinct, but to my ear the last of them, which burst in a shriek from his lips, were "the lion's mane." It was utterly irrelevant and unintelligible, and yet I could twist the sound into no other sense. Then he half raised himself from the ground, threw his arms into the air, and fell forward on his side. He was dead.

My companion was paralyzed by the sudden horror of it. But I, as may well be imagined, had every sense on the alert. And I had need, for it was speedily evident that we were in the presence of an extraordinary case. The man was dressed only in his Burberry overcoat, his trousers, and an unlaced pair of canvas shoes. As he fell over, his Burberry, which had been simply thrown round his shoulders, slipped off, exposing his trunk.

We stared at it in amazement. His back was covered with dark red lines, as though he had been terribly flogged by a thin wire scourge. The instrument with which this punishment had been inflicted was clearly flexible, for the long angry welts curved round his shoulders and ribs. There was blood dripping down his chin, for he had bitten through his lower lip in the paroxysm of his agony. His drawn and distorted face told how terrible that agony had been.

I was kneeling and Stackhurst standing by the body when a shadow fell across us, and we found Ian Murdoch was by our side.

Murdoch was the mathematics coach at the establishment, a tall, dark, thin man, so taciturn and aloof that none can be said to have been his friend. He seemed to live in some high, abstract region of surds and conic sections with little to connect him with ordinary life.

He was looked upon as an oddity by the students, and would have been their butt, except that there was some strange, outlandish blood in the man, which showed itself not only in his coal-black eyes and swarthy face, but also in occasional outbreaks of temper, which could only be described as ferocious.

On one occasion, being plagued by a little dog belonging to McPherson, he had caught the creature up and hurled it through a plate-glass window, an action for which Stackhurst would certainly have given him his dismissal had he not been a very valuable teacher.

Such was the strange, complex man who now appeared beside us. He seemed to be honestly shocked at the sight before him, though the incident of the dog indicated there was no great sympathy between the dead man and himself.

"POOR fellow! Poor fellow! What can I do? How can I help?"

"Were you with him? Can you tell us what has happened?"

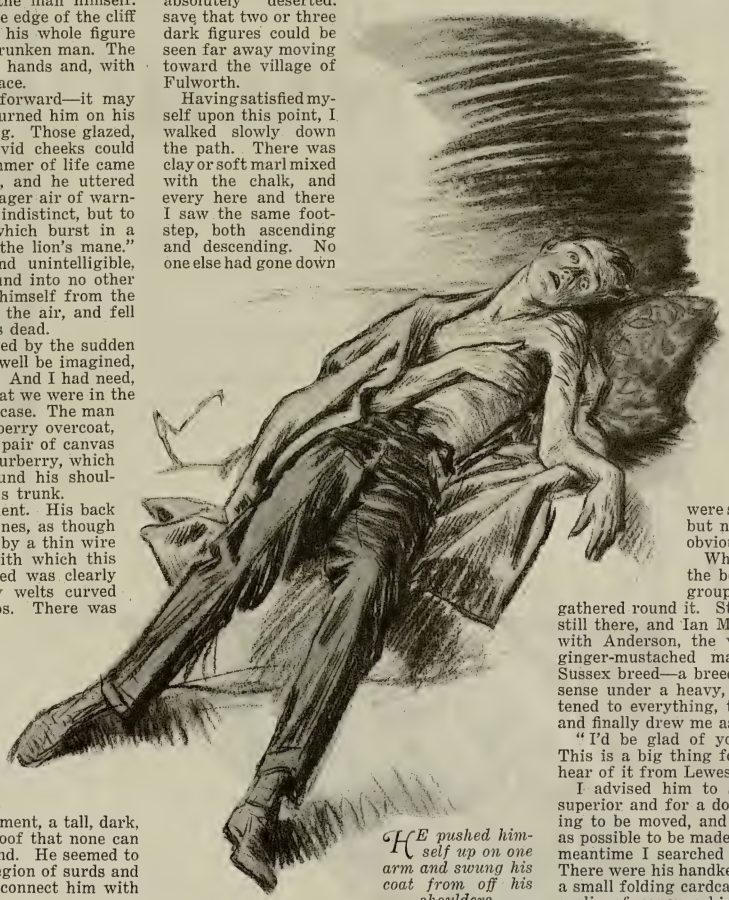
"No, no; I was late this morning. I was not on the beach at all. I have come straight from The Gables. What can I do?"

"You can hurry to the police station at Fulworth. Report the matter at once."

Without a word he made off at top speed, and I proceeded to take the matter in hand, while Stackhurst, dazed at this tragedy, remained by the body.

My first task naturally was to note who was on the beach. From the top of the path I could see the whole sweep of it, and it was absolutely deserted, save that two or three dark figures could be seen far away moving toward the village of Fulworth.

Having satisfied myself upon this point, I walked slowly down the path. There was clay or soft marl mixed with the chalk, and every here and there I saw the same footstep, both ascending and descending. No one else had gone down to the beach by this track that morning. At one place I observed the print of an open hand with the fingers toward the incline. This could only mean that poor McPherson had fallen as he ascended. There were rounded depressions too, which suggested that he had gone down upon his knees more than once.



"HE pushed himself up on one arm and swung his coat from off his shoulders.

At the bottom of the path was the considerable lagoon left by the retreating tide. At the side of it McPherson had undressed, for there lay his towel on a rock. It was folded and dry, so that it would seem that, after all, he had never entered the water. Once or twice, as I hunted round amid the hard shingle, I came on little patches of sand where the print of his canvas shoe, and also of his naked foot, could be seen. The latter fact proved that he had made all ready to bathe, though the towel indicated that he had not actually done so.

And here was the problem clearly defined—as strange a one as had ever confronted me: The man had not been on the beach more than a quarter of an hour at the most.

Stackhurst had followed him from The Gables, so there could be no doubt about that.

McPherson had gone to bathe and had stripped, as the naked footsteps showed.

Then he had suddenly huddled on his clothes again—they were all disheveled and unfastened—and he had returned without bathing, or, at any rate, without drying himself. And the reason for his change of purpose had been that he had been scourged in some savage, inhuman fashion, tortured until he bit his lip through in his agony, and was left with only strength enough to crawl away and die.

WHO had done this barbarous deed? There were, it is true, grottoes and caves in the base of the cliffs, but the low sun shone directly into them, and there was no place for concealment. Then, again, there were those distant figures on the beach. They seemed too far away to have been connected with the crime, and the broad lagoon in which McPherson had intended to bathe lay between him and them, lapping up to the rocks. On the sea two or three fishing boats were at no great distance. Their occupants might be examined at our leisure. There were several roads for inquiry, but none that led to any very obvious goal.

When I at last returned to the body I found that a little group of wandering folk had gathered round it. Stackhurst was, of course, still there, and Ian Murdoch had just arrived with Anderson, the village constable, a big, ginger-mustached man of the slow, solid, Sussex breed—a breed that covers much good sense under a heavy, silent exterior. He listened to everything, took note of all we said, and finally drew me aside.

"I'd be glad of your advice, Mr. Holmes. This is a big thing for me to handle, and I'll hear of it from Lewes if I go wrong."

I advised him to send for his immediate superior and for a doctor; also to allow nothing to be moved, and as few fresh footmarks as possible to be made, until they came. In the meantime I searched the dead man's pockets. There were his handkerchief, a large knife, and a small folding cardcase. From this projected a slip of paper, which I handed to the constable. There was written on it in a scrawling, feminine hand:

I will be there, you may be sure.

MAUDIE.

It read like a love affair, an assignation, though when and where were a blank. The constable replaced it in the cardcase and returned it with the other things to the pockets

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

THE WORLD'S VOTE
for
DUNLOP

EVERY 2¼ seconds the world casts a vote for Dunlop Tires. Not merely the vote of one city--or one nation--but the world-wide voice of all six continents where Dunlop *performance* has won Dunlop *preference.*

Actual purchase is more than a vote of confidence. It can only be the result of deep seated conviction--belief in the unchanging goodness of the products of a great institution--Dunlop.

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"THE whole world will know the facts presently, so there can be no harm if I discuss them here."

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

of the Burberry. Then, as nothing more suggested itself, I walked back to my house for breakfast, having first arranged that the base of the cliffs should be thoroughly searched.

Stackhurst was round in an hour or two to tell me that the body had been removed to The Gables, where the inquest would be held. He brought with him some serious and definite news. As I expected, nothing had been found in the small caves below the cliff, but he had examined the papers in McPherson's desk, and found several which showed an intimate correspondence with a certain Miss Maud Bellamy of Fulworth. We had then established the identity of the writer of the note.

"THE police have the letters," he explained.

"I could not bring them. But there is no doubt it was a serious love affair. I see no reason, however, to connect it with that horrible happening, save, indeed, that the lady had made an appointment with him."

"But hardly at a bathing-pool that all of you use," I remarked.

"It is mere chance," said he, "that several of the students were not with McPherson."

"*Was* it mere chance?"

Stackhurst knit his brows in thought.

"Ian Murdoch held them back," said he. "He would insist upon some algebraic demonstration before breakfast. Poor chap, he is dreadfully cut up about it all."

"And yet I gather they were not friends."

"At one time they were not. But for a year or more Murdoch has been as near to McPherson as he ever could be to anyone. He is not of a very sympathetic disposition."

"So I understand. I seem to remember your telling me once about a quarrel over the ill-usage of a dog."

"That blew over all right."

"But left some vindictive feeling perhaps."

"No; I am sure they were real friends."

"Well, then, we must explore the matter of the girl. Do you know her?"

"Everyone knows her. She is the beauty of the neighborhood—a real beauty, Holmes, who would draw attention anywhere. I knew that McPherson was attracted by her, but I had no notion that it had gone as far as these letters would seem to indicate."

"But who is she?"

"She is the daughter of old Tom Bellamy, who owns all the boats and bathing-cots at Fulworth. He was a fisherman to start with, but is now a man of some substance. He and his son William run the business."

"Shall we walk over and see them?"

"On what pretext?"

"Oh, we can easily find a pretext. After all, this poor man did not ill-use himself in this outrageous way. Some human hand was on the handle of that scourge, if indeed it was a scourge that inflicted the injuries. His circle of acquaintance in this lonely place was surely limited. Let us follow it up in every direction and we can hardly fail to come upon the motive, which should lead us to the criminal."

IT would have been a pleasant walk across the thyme-scented downs had our minds not been poisoned by the tragedy we had witnessed. The village of Fulworth lies in a hollow, curving in a semicircle round the bay. Behind the old-fashioned hamlet several modern houses have been built upon the rising ground. It was to one of these that Stackhurst guided me.

"That's The Haven, as Bellamy calls it—the one with the corner tower and slate roof. Not bad for a man who started with nothing, but—by Jove, look at that!"

The garden gate of The Haven had opened and a man had emerged. There was no mistaking that tall, angular, straggling figure. It was Ian Murdoch, the mathematician. A moment later we confronted him upon the road.

"Hullo!" said Stackhurst.

The man nodded, gave us a sidewise glance from his curious dark eyes, and would have passed us, but his principal pulled him up.

"What were you doing there?" he asked.

Murdoch's face flushed with anger. "I am your subordinate, sir, under your roof. I am not aware that I owe you any account of my private actions."

STACKHURST'S nerves were near the surface after all he had endured. Otherwise, perhaps, he would have waited. Now he lost his temper completely.

"Under the circumstances, your answer is pure impertinence, Mr. Murdoch."

"Your own question might perhaps come under the same heading."

"This is not the first time I have had to overlook your insubordinate ways. It will certainly be the last. You will kindly make fresh arrangements for your future as speedily as you can."

"I had intended doing so. I have lost today the only person who made The Gables habitable."

He strode off upon his way, while Stackhurst, with angry eyes, stood glaring after him. "Is he not an impossible, intolerable man?" he cried.

The one thing that impressed itself forcibly upon my mind was that Mr. Ian Murdoch was taking the first chance to open a path of escape from the scene of the crime. Suspicion, vague and nebulous, was now beginning to take out-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

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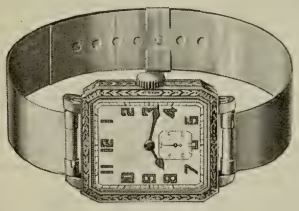

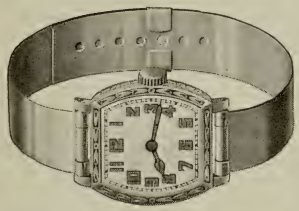

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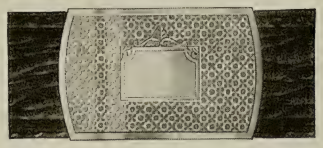

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE 23]

line in my mind. Perhaps the visit to the Bellamys might throw some further light upon the matter. Stackhurst pulled himself together and we went forward to the house.

Mr. Bellamy proved to be a middle-aged man with a flaming red beard. He seemed to be in a very angry mood, and his face was soon as florid as his hair.

"No, sir, I do not desire any particulars. My son here"—indicating a powerful young man with a heavy, sullen face, in the corner of the sitting-room—"is of one mind with me that Mr. McPherson's attentions to Maud were insulting. Yes, sir, the word 'marriage' was never mentioned, and yet there were letters and meetings, and a great deal more of which neither of us could approve. She has no mother, and we are her only guardians. We are determined——"

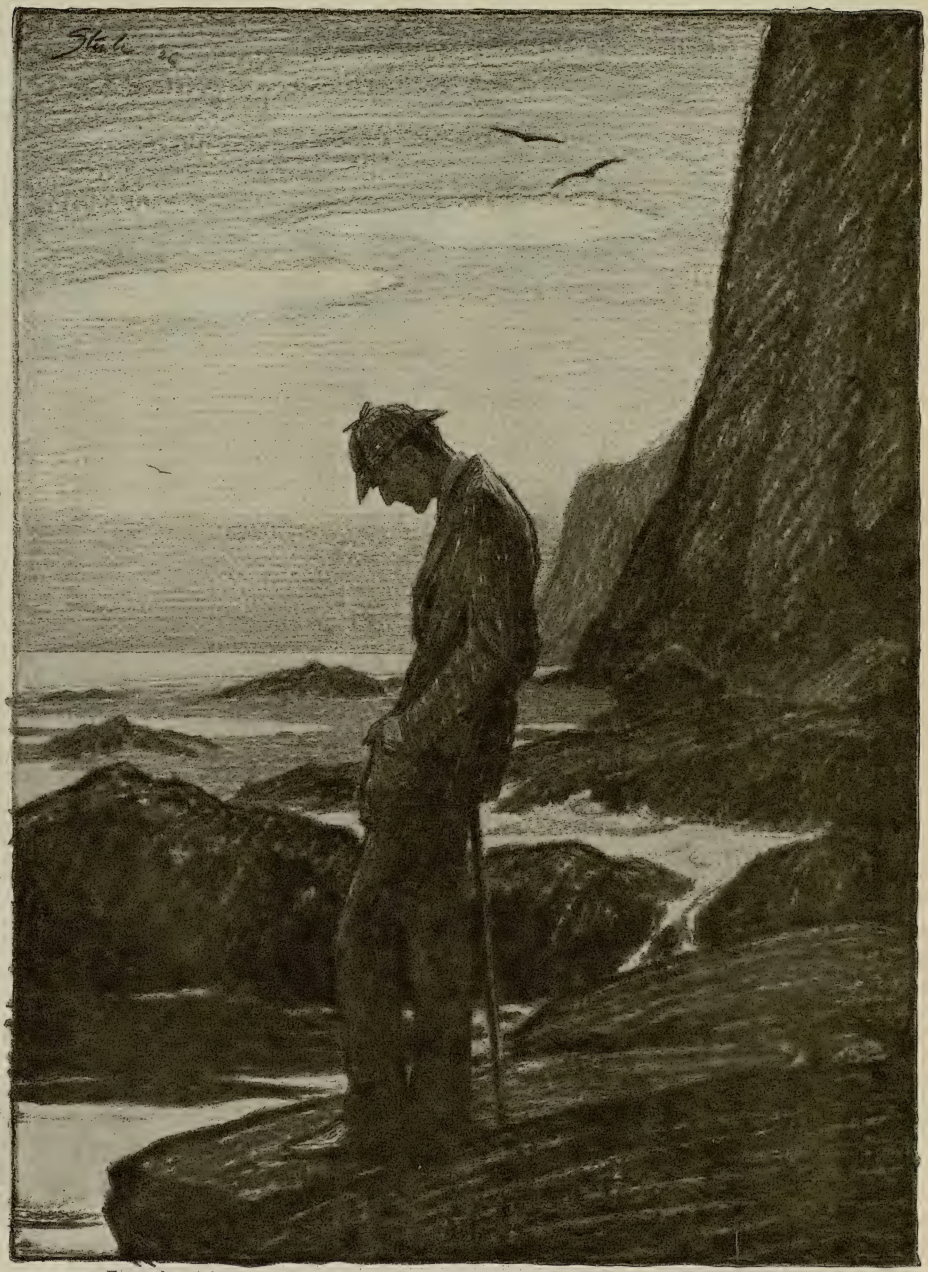
THE words were taken from his mouth by the appearance of the lady herself. There was no gainsaying that she would have graced any assembly in the world. Who could have imagined that so rare a flower would grow from such a root and in such an atmosphere! Women have seldom been an attraction to me, for my brain has always governed my heart; but I could not look upon her perfect, clear-cut face, with all the soft freshness of the downlands in her delicate coloring, without realizing that no young man could cross her path unscathed. Such was the girl who had pushed open the door and stood now, wide-eyed and intense, in front of Harold Stackhurst.

"I know, already, that Fitzroy is dead," she said. "Do not be afraid to tell me the particulars."

"This other gentleman of yours let us know the news," explained the father.

"There is no reason why my sister should be brought into the matter," growled the younger man.

The sister turned a sharp, fierce look upon him. "This is my business, William. Kindly leave me to manage it in my own way. By all accounts there has been a crime committed. If I can help to show who did it, it is the least I can do for him who is gone."



For a long time I stood in deep meditation while the shadows grew darker around me.

She listened to a short account from my companion with a composed concentration that showed she possessed strong character as well as great beauty. Maud Bellamy will always remain in my memory as a most complete and remarkable woman. It seems she already knew me by sight, for she turned to me at the end.

"Bring them to justice, Mr. Holmes. You have my sympathy and my help, whoever they may be." She glanced defiantly at her father and brother as she spoke.

"Thank you!" said I. "I value a woman's instinct in such matters. You use the word 'they.' You think that more than one was concerned?"

"I knew Mr. McPherson well enough to be aware that he was a brave and a strong man. No single person could ever have inflicted such an outrage upon him."

"MIGHT I have a word with you alone?"

"I tell you, Maud, not to mix yourself up in the matter!" cried her father angrily.

She looked at me. "What can I do?"

"The whole world will know the facts presently, so there can be no harm if I discuss them here," said I. "I should have preferred privacy, but if your father will not allow it, he must share the deliberations." Then I spoke of the note that had been found in the dead man's pocket. "It is sure to be produced at the inquest. May I ask you to throw any light upon it that you can?"

"I see no reason for mystery," she answered. "We were engaged to be married, and we kept it secret only because Fitzroy's uncle, who is very old and said to be dying,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Each experiment with other shaving creams increased my enthusiasm for Mennen"

If you cou'd go through my mail—I get literally thousands of letters—you'd be amazed at the way one thought bobs up over and over again: "I've tried so and so's shaving cream—but never again! I'm back to Mennen for life."

Here's part of a typical letter from W. H. Robinson, 463 Richmond Street, London, Ont., Canada.

"Mennen Shaving Cream in 1914 was recommended and presented by my druggist in exchange for a tube of another make which had become granulated. Since that day I have been a user and booster of Mennen.

"Six times I have experimented with other creams and soaps but each experiment increased my enthusiasm for Mennen. I am through experimenting. With my stiff beard, tender skin and daily shave, I trust implicitly in Mennen."

Every experiment in other directions emphasizes the real value of Mennen Dermutation—the famous Mennen process of absolute beard-softening. This exclusive Mennen feature reduces even the wiriest and most pugnacious whiskers to complete docility.

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Would you rather try Mennen at my expense? Send me a post card for a Demonstration Tube, Free...Now about after shaving. Mennen Skin Balm has the kick you're looking for to give a fine, fresh tingle. Tones up your skin. Gives a wonderful face-feel and a look you'll be proud of. Try a tube—only 50 cents. Warning: Hide it from the ladies. They know its complexion merits...but make them buy tubes of their own.

Mennen Talcum for Men—the finishing touch to the Mennen Shave—the "plus ultra." Absorbs superfluous moisture and doesn't show on your face. Fine for "all-over" use. 25c.

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[THE ADVENTURE OF THE LION'S MANE
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

might have disinherited him if he had married against his wish. There was no other reason."

"You could have told us," growled Mr. Bellamy.

"So I would, father, if you had ever shown sympathy."

"I object to my girl picking up with men outside her own station."

"It was your prejudice against him that prevented us from telling you. As to this appointment"—she fumbled in her dress and produced a crumpled note—"it was in answer to this."

The message ran:

DEAREST: The old place on the beach, just after sunset on Tuesday. It is the only time I can get away. F. M.

"Tuesday was today, and I had meant to meet him tonight."

I turned over the paper. "This never came by post. How did you get it?"

"I would rather not answer that question. It has really nothing to do with the matter you are investigating. But anything that bears upon that I will most freely answer."

She was as good as her word, but there was nothing helpful in our investigation. She had no reason to think that her fiance had any hidden enemy, but she admitted that she had had several warm admirers.

"May I ask if Mr. Ian Murdoch was one of them?"

She blushed and seemed confused.

"There was a time when I thought he was. But that was all changed when he understood the relations between Fitzroy and myself."

Again the shadow round this strange man seemed to me to be taking more definite shape. His record must be examined. His rooms must be privately searched. Stackhurst was a willing collaborator, for in his mind also suspicions were forming. We returned from our visit to The Haven with the hope that one free end of this tangled skein was already in our hands.

A WEEK passed. The inquest had thrown no light upon the matter and had been adjourned for further evidence. Stackhurst had made discreet inquiry about his subordinate, and there had been a superficial search of his room, but without result. I personally had gone over the whole ground again, both physically and mentally, but with no new conclusions. In all my chronicles the reader will find no case that brought me so completely to the limit of my powers. Even my imagination could conceive no solution to the mystery.

And then there came the incident of the dog.

It was my old housekeeper who heard of it first by that strange wireless by which such people collect the news of the countryside.

"Sad story this, sir, about Mr. McPherson's dog," said she one evening.

I do not encourage such conversations, but the words arrested my attention.

"What of Mr. McPherson's dog?"

"Dead, sir. Died of grief for its master."

"Who told you this?"

"Why, sir, everyone is talking of it. It took on terrible, and has eaten nothing for a week. Then today two of the young gentlemen from The Gables found it dead—down on the beach, sir, at the very place where its master met his end."

"At the very place." The words stood out clear in my memory. Some dim perception that the matter was vital rose in my mind. That the dog should die was after the beautiful, faithful nature of dogs. But "in the very place"! Why should this lonely beach be fatal to it? Was it possible that it, also, had been sacrificed to some revengeful feud? Was it possible—yes, the perception was dim, but already something was building up in my mind. In a few minutes I was on my way to The Gables, where I found Stackhurst in his study. At my request he sent for Sudbury and Blount, the two students who had found the dog.

"Yes, it lay on the very edge of the pool," said one of them. "It must have followed the trail of its dead master."

I saw the faithful creature, an Airedale terrier, laid out upon the mat in the hall. The body was stiff and rigid, the eyes projecting and the limbs contorted. There was agony in every line of it.

From The Gables I walked down to the bathing-pool. The sun had sunk and the shadow of the great cliff lay black across the water, which glimmered dully like a sheet of lead. The place was deserted and there was no sign of life save for two seabirds circling and screaming overhead. In the fading light I could dimly make out the little dog's spoor upon the sand round the very rock on which his master's towel had been laid.

For a long time I stood in deep meditation while the shadows grew darker around me. My mind was filled with racing thoughts. You have known what it was to be in a nightmare in which you feel that there is some all-important thing for which you search and which you know is there, though it remains forever just beyond your reach. That was how I felt that evening as I stood alone by that place of death. Then at last I turned and walked slowly homeward.

I HAD just reached the top of the path when it came to me. Like a flash I remembered the thing for which I had so eagerly and vainly grasped. You will know, or Watson has written in vain, that I hold a vast store of out-of-the-way knowledge, without scientific system, but very available for the needs of my work. My mind is like an attic crowded with bundles—so many that I may well have but a vague perception of what is there. I had known there was something that might bear upon this matter. It was still vague, but at least I knew how I could make it clear. It was monstrous, incredible, and yet it was always a possibility. I would test it to the full.

THERE is a great garret in my little house that is stuffed with books. It was into this I plunged and rummaged for an hour. At the end of that time I emerged with a little chocolate-and-silver volume. Eagerly I turned up the chapter of which I had a dim remembrance. Yes, it was indeed a far-fetched and unlikely proposition, and yet I could not be at rest until I had made sure whether it might indeed be so. It was late when I retired, with my mind eagerly awaiting the work of the morrow.

But that work met with an annoying interruption. I had just swallowed my early cup of tea and was starting for the beach, when I had a call from Inspector Bardle of the Sussex Constabulary—a steady, solid, bovine man with thoughtful eyes, which looked at me now with a very troubled expression.

"I know your immense experience, sir," said he. "This is quite unofficial, of course, and need go no further. But I am fairly up against it in this McPherson case. The question is, shall I make an arrest or shall I not?"

"Meaning Mr. Ian Murdoch?"

"Yes, sir. There is really no one else, when you come to think of it. If he did not do it, then who did?"

"What have you against him?"

He had glanced along the same furrows I had. There was Murdoch's character and the mystery that seemed to hang round the man. His furious bursts of temper, as shown in the incident of the dog. The fact that he had quarreled with McPherson in the past, and that there was some reason to think he might have resented his attentions to Miss Bellamy. Bardle had all my points, but no fresh ones, save that Murdoch seemed to be making every preparation for departure.

"What would my position be if I let him slip away, with all this evidence against him?" The burly, phlegmatic man was sorely troubled in his mind.

"Consider," I said, "all the essential gaps in your case. On the morning of the crime he can surely prove an alibi; he had been with his pupils till the last moment. Within a few minutes of McPherson's appearance he came upon us from behind. Then bear in mind the absolute impossibility that he could, single-handed, have inflicted this outrage upon a man quite as strong as himself. Finally, there is this question of the instrument with which these injuries were inflicted."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

THIS mysterious prisoner on the ramparts of an island prison has always excited the most intense interest. What was the life which he exchanged for one silent as the grave? What had he done? Who was he? What was his past? The dissolute life of a courtier? Or the devious ways of an intriguing diplomat? Had some fair one in the hallowed circle of royalty loved not wisely but too well? Why during all these years has he remained the greatest of all mysteries?

NONE DARED TELL SECRET

Some believe that he was a twin or even elder brother of Louis XIV, a true heir to the crown hidden from the time of his birth. Others think that he was the eldest illegitimate son of Charles II; or that he, and not Louis XIII, was the actual father of Louis XIV. Some have thought that he was the son of Buckingham and the Queen of France; others, that he was the son of Louis XIV and De la Vallière. To have revealed it would have cost anyone his life. The regent admitted when drunk that the prisoner was a son of Anne of Austria and Mazarin. Louis XV refused to tell Madame le Pompadour. Madame Campan stated that Louis XVI did not know the secret. De Chamillart on his deathbed declined to reveal the secret.

MASKED—HIS FACE HIS SECRET

In 1669 there was hurried across France a masked man whose identity was shrouded in mystery. Never has a prisoner been guarded with such vigilance and with such fear of his story becoming known. He was taken to an island prison where the governor carried his food to him; a confessor saw him once a year, but no other visitor ever laid eyes on him. *He was always masked—his face alone would tell his secret.*

He was well treated; supplied with fine clothing, books, and served from silver dishes. The governor stood before him uncovered, and addressed him as *Mon prince*. When the prisoner wrote messages on his white linen he was supplied only with black. He is not a myth, as is proven by letters between Louvois, the minister, and Saint-Mars, the governor of the prison. These are all written in veiled language; never once is he given a name. No letter mentions his crime or whether he had committed one.

SECRET EVEN AFTER DEATH

This horrible punishment ended when, in 1703, the most mysterious of all prisoners died and was buried in the dead of night, under a false name, and given a false age.

His cell was carefully painted so that any message he might have written would be covered up, and everything he used was destroyed lest any clew might be left. Thus vanished a man whose name and identity were unknown even to his gaoler—some think even to the prisoner himself.

WHY WAS HIS LIFE PRESERVED?

What was the reason for all this secrecy? What crime, if any, did this man, evidently of exalted rank, commit that he should be buried alive for life? Why did the king preserve the life of this prisoner? Why did he not have him put to death? The subject becomes more mysterious as we investigate.

LONG BURIED RECORDS FOUND

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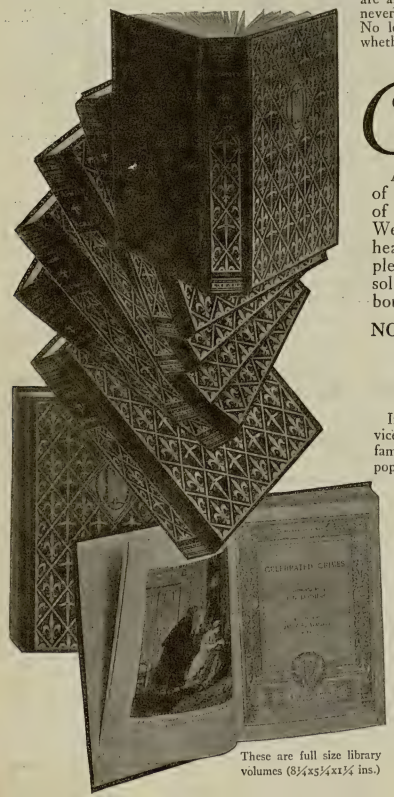

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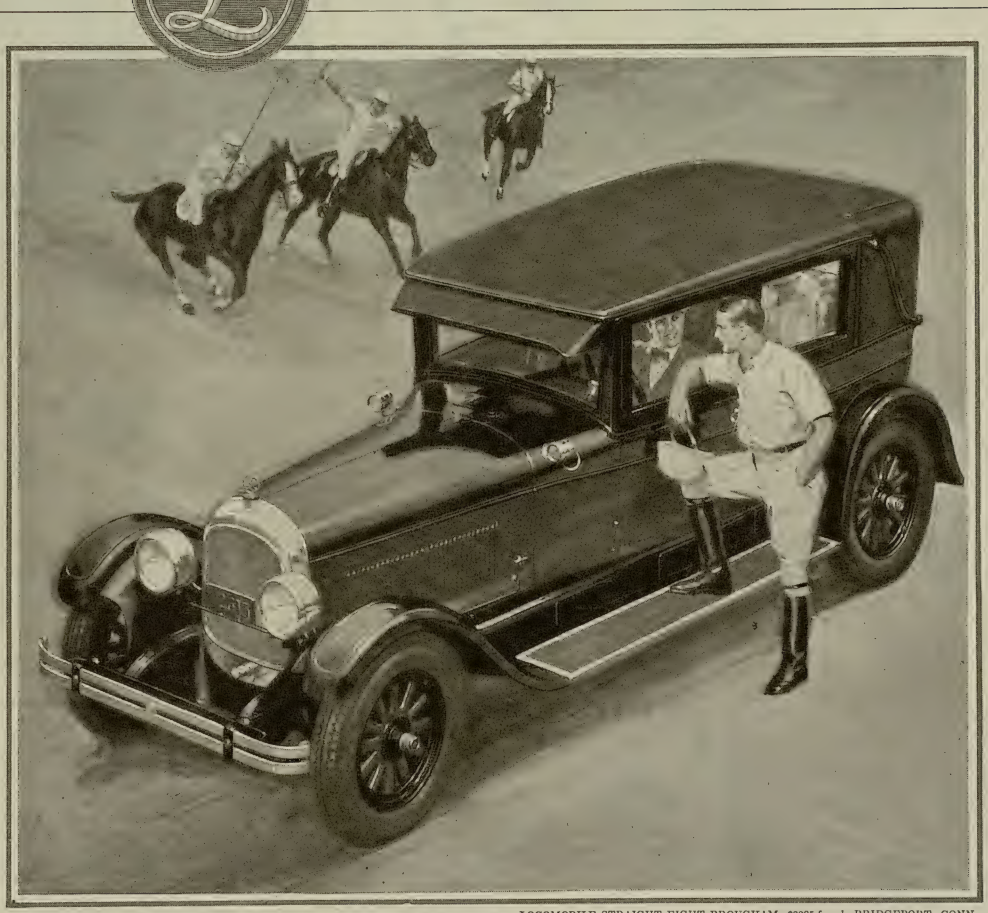

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

"What could it be but a scourge or flexible whip of some sort?"

"Have you examined the marks?" I asked.

"I have seen them. So has the doctor."

"But I have examined them very carefully with a lens. They have peculiarities."

"What are they, Mr. Holmes?"

I stepped to my bureau and brought out an enlarged photograph. "This is my method in such cases," I explained.

"You certainly do things thoroughly, Mr. Holmes."

"I should hardly be what I am if I did not. Now let us consider this welt that extends round the right shoulder. Do you observe nothing remarkable?"

"I can't say I do."

"Surely it is evident that it is unequal in its intensity. There is a dot of extravasated blood here and another there. There are similar indications in this other welt down here. What can that mean?"

"I have no idea. Have you?"

"Perhaps I have. Perhaps I haven't. I may be able to say more soon. Anything that will define what made that mark will bring us a long way toward the criminal."

"It is, of course, an absurd idea," said the policeman, "but if a red-hot net of wire had been laid across the back, then these better marked points would represent where the meshes crossed each other."

"A most ingenious comparison. Or shall we say a very stiff cat-o'-nine-tails with small, hard knots upon it?"

"By Jove, Mr. Holmes, I think you have hit it!"

"Or there may be some very different cause, Mr. Bartle. But your case is far too weak for an arrest. Besides, we have those last words—'lion's mane.'"

"I have wondered whether Ian——"

"Yes, I have considered that. If the second word had borne any resemblance to 'Murdoch'—but it did not. He gave it almost in a shriek. I am sure that it was 'mane.'"

"Have you no alternative, Mr. Holmes?"

"Perhaps I have. But I do not care to discuss it until there is something more solid to discuss."

"And when will that be?"

"In an hour—possibly less."

INSPECTOR BARDLE rubbed his chin and looked at me with dubious eyes.

"I wish I could see what is in your mind, Mr. Holmes. Perhaps it's those fishing boats."

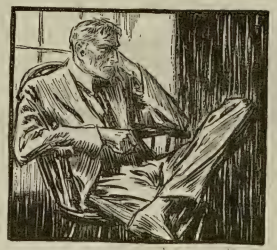
"No, no; they were too far out."

"Well, then, is it Bellamy and that big son of his? They were not too sweet upon Mr. McPherson. Could they have done him a mischief?"

"No, no! You won't draw me until I am ready," said I with a smile. "Now, Inspector, we each have our own work to do. Perhaps if you were to meet me here at midday——"

So far we had got when there came the tremendous interruption which was the beginning of the end.

My outer door was flung open, there were blundering footsteps in the passage, and Ian Murdoch staggered into the room, pallid, disheveled, his clothes in wild disorder, clawing with his bony hands at the furniture to hold himself erect. "Brandy! Brandy!" he gasped, and fell groaning upon the sofa.



HE was not alone. Behind him came Stackhurst, hatless.

"Yes, yes, brandy!" he cried. "The man is at his last gasp. It was all I could do to bring him here. He fainted twice upon the way."

Half a tumbler of the raw spirit brought about a wondrous change. He pushed himself up on one arm and swung his coat from off his shoulders. "For God's sake, oil, opium, morphia!" he cried. "Anything to ease this infernal agony!"

The inspector and I cried out at the sight. There, crisscrossed upon the man's naked shoulder, was the same strange reticulated pattern of red, inflamed lines that had been the death mark of Fitzroy McPherson.

The pain was evidently terrible and was more than local, for the sufferer's breathing would stop for a time, his face would turn black, and then with loud gasps he would clap his hand to his heart, while from his brow dropped beads of sweat. At any moment he might die. More and more brandy was poured down his throat, each fresh dose bringing him back to life. Pads of cotton wool soaked in salad oil seemed to take the agony from the strange wounds.

At last his head fell heavily upon the cushion. Exhausted nature had taken refuge in its last storehouse of vitality. It was half a sleep and half a faint, but at least it was ease from pain.

To question him had been impossible, but the moment we were assured of his condition, Stackhurst turned upon me.

"My God!" he cried. "What is it, Holmes? What is it?"

"Where did you find him?"

"Down on the beach. Exactly where poor McPherson met his end. If this man's heart had been as weak as McPherson's he would not be here now. More than once I thought he was gone as I brought him up. It was too far to The Gables, so I made for you."

"Did you see him on the beach?"

"I was walking on the cliff when I heard his cry. He was at the edge of the water, reeling about like a drunken man. I ran down, threw some clothes over him, and brought him up. For heaven's sake, Holmes, use all the powers you have and spare no pains to lift the curse from this place, for life is becoming unendurable. Can you, with all your world-wide reputation, do nothing for us?"

"I think I can, Stackhurst. Come with me now! And you, Inspector, come along! We will see if we cannot deliver this murderer into your hands."

Leaving the unconscious man in charge of my housekeeper, we all three went down to the deadly lagoon. On the shingle there was piled a little heap of towels and clothes left by the stricken man. Slowly I walked round the edge of the water, my comrades in Indian file behind me. Most of the pool was quite shallow, but under the cliff, where the beach was hollowed out, it was four or five feet deep. It was to this part that a swimmer would naturally go, for it formed a beautiful pellucid green pool, as clear as crystal.

A line of rocks lay above it at the base of the cliff, and along this I led the way, peering eagerly into the depths beneath me. I had reached the deepest and stillest pool when my eyes caught that for which they were searching, and I burst into a shout of triumph.

"Cyanea!" I cried. "Cyanea! Behold the lion's mane!"

THE strange object at which I pointed did indeed look like a tangled mass torn from the mane of a lion. It lay upon a rocky shelf some three feet under the water, a curious waving, vibrating, hairy creature, with streaks of silver among its yellow tresses. It pulsated with a slow, heavy dilation and contraction.

"It has done mischief enough. Its day is over!" I cried. "Help me, Stackhurst! Let us end the murderer forever."

There was a big boulder just above the ledge, and we pushed it until it fell with a tremendous splash into the water. When the ripples had cleared, we saw that it had settled upon the ledge below. One flapping edge of yellow membrane showed that our victim was beneath it. A thick, oily scum oozed out from below the stone and stained the water around, rising slowly to the surface.

"Well, this gets me!" cried the inspector. "What was it, Mr. Holmes? I'm born and bred in these parts, but I never saw such a thing. It don't belong to Sussex."

"Just as well for Sussex," I remarked. "It may have been the southwest gale that brought it up. Come back to my house, both of you, and I will give you the terrible experience of one who has good reason to remember his own meeting with the same peril of the seas."

When we reached my study, we found that Murdoch was so far recovered, he could sit up. He was dazed in mind, and every now and then shaken by a paroxysm of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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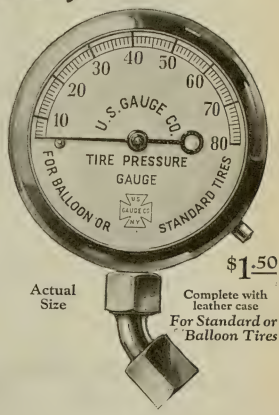

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

pain. In broken words he explained that he had no notion what had occurred to him, save that terrific pangs had suddenly shot through him and that it had taken all his fortitude to reach the bank.

"Here is a book," I said, taking up the little volume, "which first brought light into what might have been forever dark. It is Out of Doors, by the famous observer, J. G. Wood. Wood himself very nearly perished from contact with this vile creature, so he wrote with a very full knowledge. *Cyanea capillata* is the miscreant's full name, and he can be as dangerous to life as, and far more painful than, the bite of the cobra. Let me briefly give this extract:

"'If the bather should see a loose, roundish mass of tawny membranes and fibers, something like very large handfuls of lion's mane and silver paper, let him beware, for this is the fearful stinger, *Cyanea capillata*.' Could our sinister acquaintance be more clearly described?

"Wood goes on to tell of his own encounter with one when swimming off the coast of Kent. He found that the creature radiated almost invisible filaments to a distance of fifty feet, and that anyone within that circumference from the deadly center was in danger of death. Even at a distance the effect upon Wood was almost fatal. 'The multitudinous threads caused light scarlet lines upon the skin, which on closer examination resolved into minute dots or pustules, each dot charged as it were with a red-hot needle making its way through the nerves.'

"The local pain was, as he explains, the least part of the exquisite torment. 'Pangs shot through the chest, causing me to fall as if struck by a bullet. The pulsation would cease, and then the heart would give six or seven leaps as if it would force its way through the chest.'

"IT nearly killed him, although he had been exposed to it only in the disturbed ocean and not in the narrow, calm waters of a bathing-pool. He says he could hardly recognize himself afterward, so white, wrinkled, and shriveled was his face. He gulped down brandy, a whole bottleful, and it seems to have saved his life. There is the book, Inspector. I leave it with you, and you cannot doubt that it contains a full explanation of the tragedy of poor McPherson."

"And incidentally exonerates me," remarked Ian Murdoch with a wry smile. "I do not blame you, Inspector, or you, Mr. Holmes, for your suspicions were natural. I feel that on the very eve of my arrest I have cleared myself only by sharing the fate of my poor friend."

"No, Mr. Murdoch. I was already upon the track, and had I been out as early as I intended, I might well have saved you from this terrific experience.

"I am an omnivorous reader, with a strangely retentive memory for trifles. That phrase, 'lion's mane,' haunted my mind. I knew that I had seen it somewhere in an unexpected context. You have seen that it does describe the creature. I have no doubt that it was floating on the water when McPherson saw it, and that this phrase was the only one by which he could convey to us a warning as to the creature that had been his death."

"THEN I, at least, am cleared," said Murdoch, rising slowly to his feet. "There are one or two words of explanation which I should give, for I know the direction in which your inquiries have run. It is true that I loved the lady; but, from the day she chose my friend McPherson, my one desire was to help her to happiness. I was well content to stand aside and act as their go-between. Often I carried their messages, and it was because I was in their confidence and because she was so dear to me that I hastened to tell her of my friend's death, lest someone should forestall me in a more sudden and heartless manner. She would not tell you, sir, of our relations, lest I might suffer. Now, with your leave, I must try to get back to The Gables, for my bed will be very welcome."

Stackhurst held out his hand. "Our nerves have all been at concert pitch," said he. "Forgive what is past, Murdoch. We shall understand each other better in the future."

They passed out together with their arms linked in friendly fashion. The inspector remained, staring at me in silence with his oxlike eyes.

"Well, you've done it!" he cried at last. "I had read of you, but I never believed it. It's wonderful!"

I was forced to shake my head. To accept such praise was to lower one's own standards.

"I was slow at the outset—culpably slow. Had the body been found in the water, I could hardly have missed it. It was the towel that misled me. The poor fellow had never thought to dry himself, and so I in turn was led to believe that he had never been in the water. Why, then, should the attack of any water creature suggest itself to me? That was where I went astray. Well, well, Inspector, I have often ventured to chaff you gentlemen of the police force, but *Cyanea capillata* very nearly avenged Scotland Yard."

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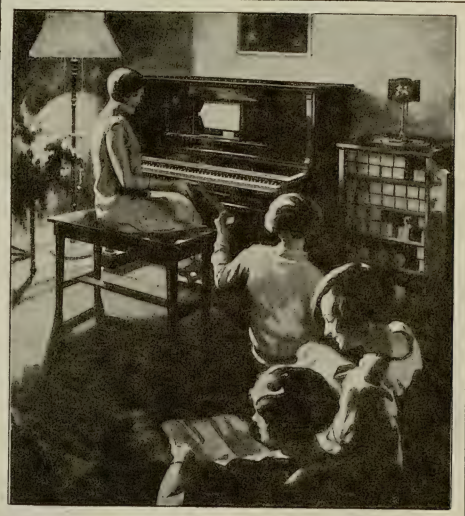

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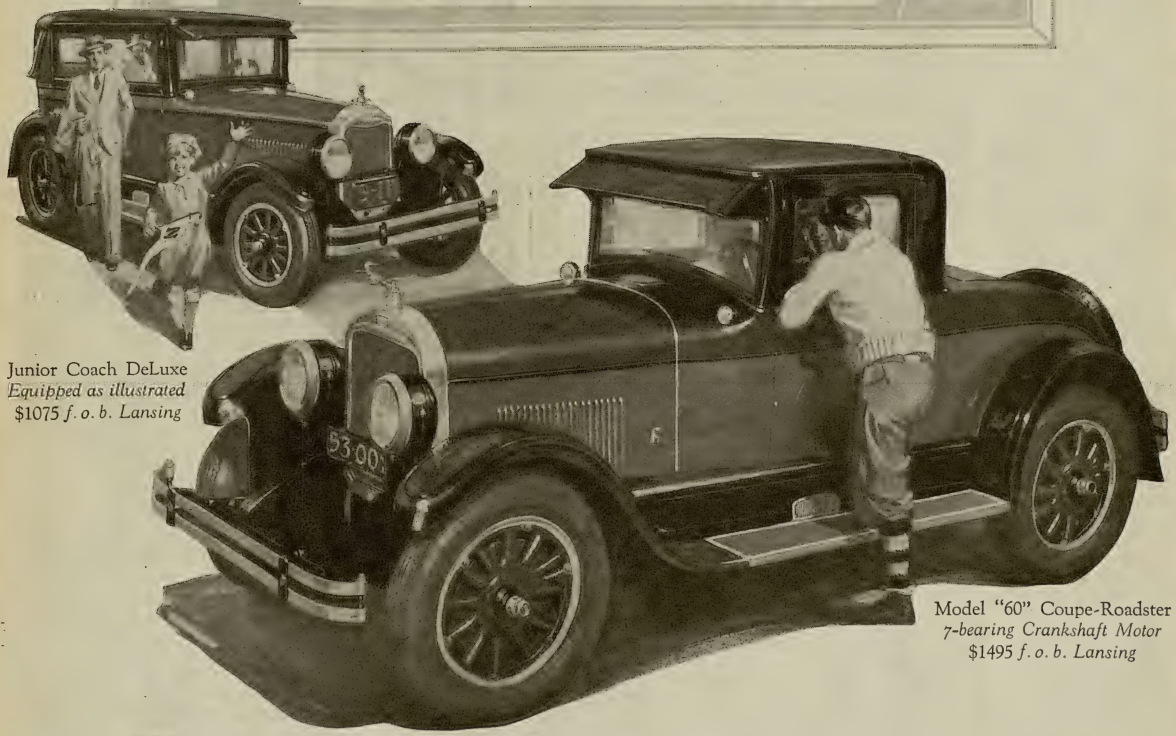

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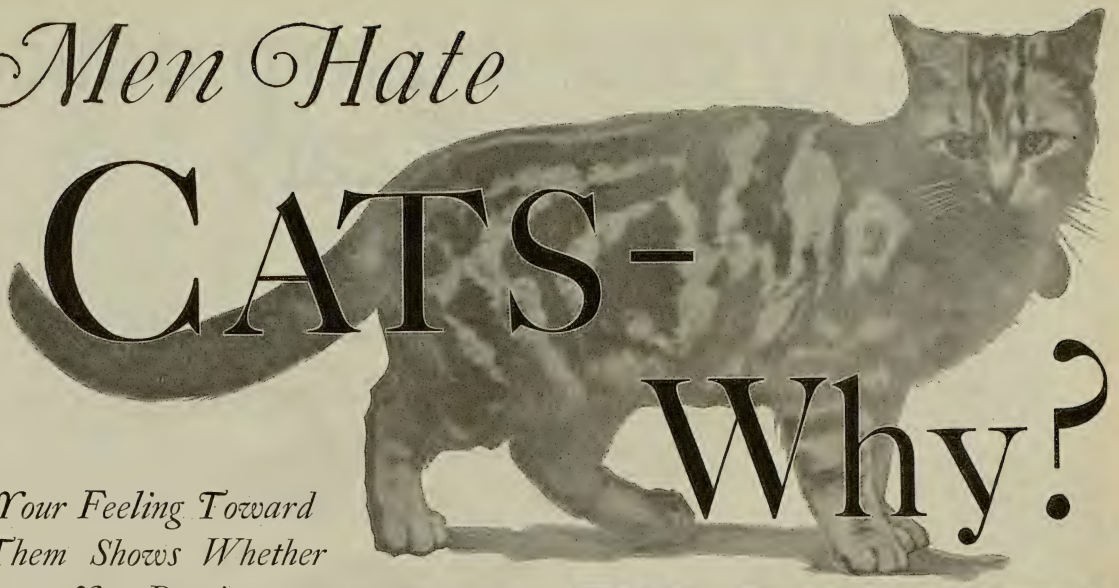
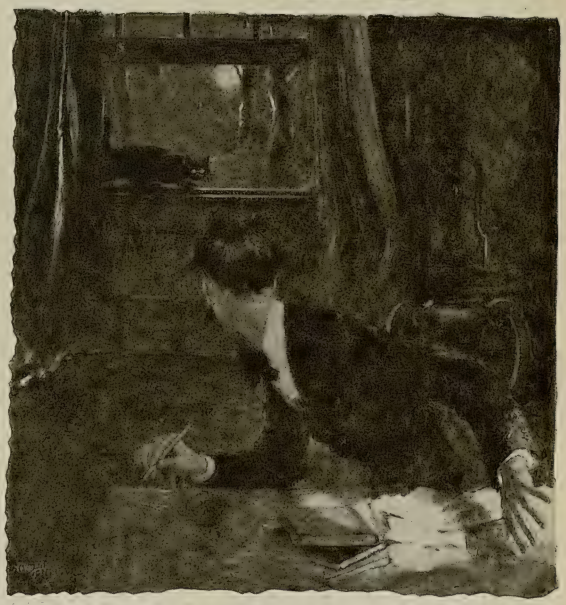
Men Hate CATS—Why?



Your Feeling Toward Them Shows Whether You Retain Your Savage Instincts



THE cat's ability to see her way in the dark is another unconscious grievance of man's against her.

An Article by

Albert Payson Terhune

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

IN Canada, some years ago—a score of Ontario men will tell you the yarn with many variations and with loud laughter—a cat show was planned in connection with the annual dog show. Few genuine entries were made. So boys were sent through the town by night to gather up all available cats and put them in the show's entry cages.

These stray cats were labeled with flowery names and pedigrees; and they formed an interesting exhibit. When the show was over they were tossed out of the windows into an alleyway in a yowling, fighting heap, and were left to get home as best they could.

The story of thus disposing of the several hundred cats is regarded as funny. But suppose the laughers should hear of a dog show at the conclusion of which several hundred helpless and friendly dogs were tossed bodily out of an upper window and left to find their way home?

Instantly the laugh would be wiped from every face.

Why? Because normal man loves dogs and because normal man abominates cats.

Before I go on, will you let me say I don't share this aversion at all? Thus I am not voicing my own conceited likes and dislikes, but am telling impartially of the hate of man for cats—and trying to explain, if I can, why it exists.

As to cats at large, I can take them or leave them. I neither love nor loathe them. I am tolerantly indifferent to them as a race. They are nothing in my life; though there are three or four wistful little furry feline ghosts lurking in the memory shadows at the back of my brain, whose feelings I should not care to hurt by condemning their whole breed.

There is something about a cat that rouses an active distaste in the average man. I think this feeling goes back to the dark ages of the cave dwellers, an era from which more of our instinctive feelings date than we realize.

Prehistoric man made a chum and housemate of the dog. That is shown by fossil bones found by modern scientists. There are no cat bones among those hearthside fossils. The cat did not share the cave man's home.

But when night came on and darkness brought forth from the jungle the beasts of prey to prowl around the hut or the cave or the treetop house of our ancestors, then it was the cat, great and small, that those ancestors most dreaded.

The tree or the cliffside cave was safe from non-climbing marauders. But every wild species of cat, from saber-toothed tiger to cougar, could and often did scramble up the tree trunk or the cliff face to snatch its human prey from the ill protected abode.

Night brought with it this terror of the great cats—the beasts that could see in the dark and could scale obstacles impossible to the day animals; the cats that robbed caves as their smaller descendants rob birds' nests.

That, I think, was when and how man learned his instinctive hate for the cat tribe. Just as that was the era when he learned to fear the dark in which his feline foes could see to attack and in which he could not see to protect himself and his mate and his brood.

Fear of the dark is a hereditary instinct that still tortures hundreds of thousands of children. They outgrow it as they become older. But at the age when they are closest in mind and in nature to their primordial ancestors, those ancestors' horror of darkness still grips the baby descendants.

Did you never dream of falling from a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

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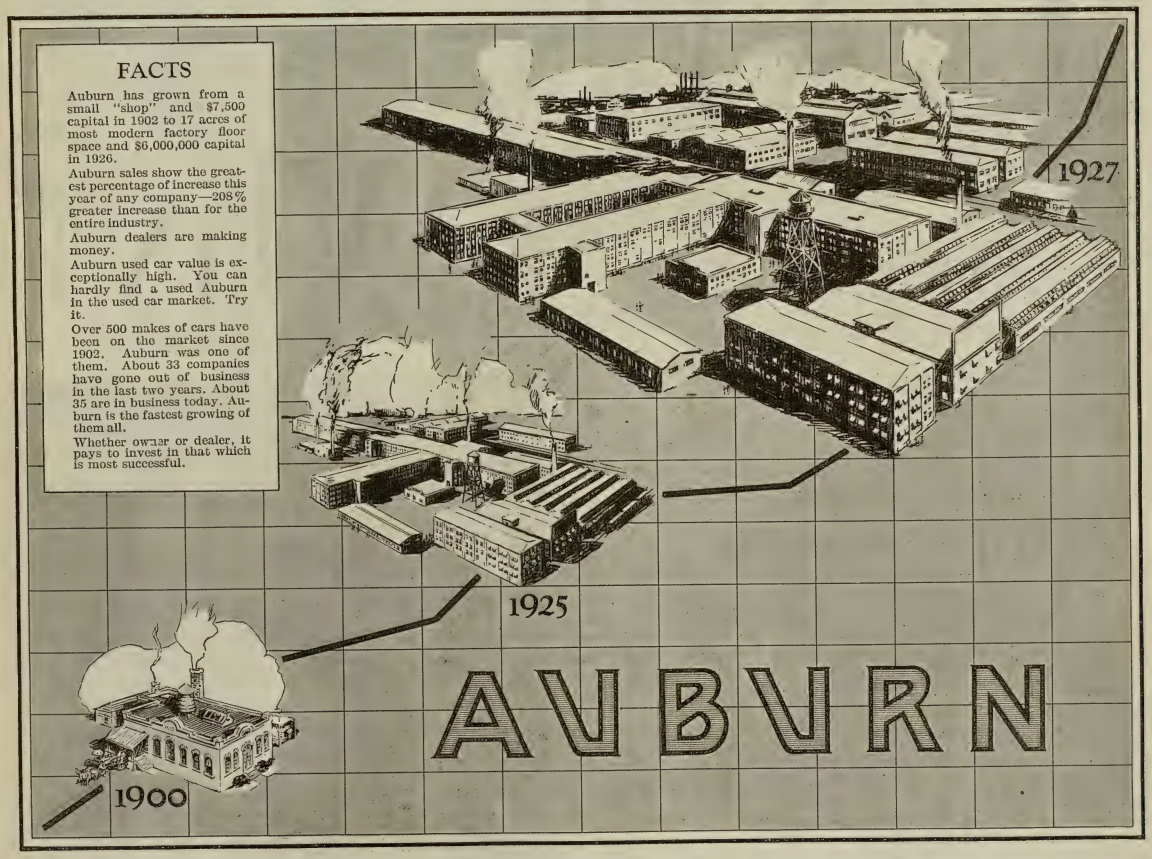

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

height, and then wake up with a start of fear just as you were about to strike the ground far below? That dream comes from those same tree- and cliffside-dwelling ancestors of yours. Once let them lose their balance on the tree crotch or roll out of their shallow cliff-side caves, and the prowling and night-seeing members of the cat family were waiting below to rend them.

The peril of falling must have been the thought uppermost in the minds of all cave men as they went to sleep. It comes back in dreams to terrify their million-years-later offspring.

In those long and lightless prehistoric nights, the giant cat was man's deadliest foe. The dog was man's guardian—ever ready, by barking, to give the alarm when one of the cats crept near his master's unsafe abode.

I think that is why the present-day dog hates the present-day cat more than he hates any other domestic animal. I think he realizes instinctively that the cat is his master's hereditary enemy—perhaps is still his master's secret enemy.

Oh, yes; I know there are dogs and cats that get on beautifully together. But, like the men who love snakes, they are the rare exceptions.

The dog hates the cat. He hates no other animal. Why does he loathe her, if not because she is the former enemy of his master—the enemy against whom Towser guarded the cave doorway for so many centuries? Yes, and I believe he regards her to this very day as the foe of man.

Perhaps that is absurd. I have no way of proving my belief, unless my own dogs' hot aversion to the cats around Sunnybank is a proof of it.

But why is it that the yowling of a nocturnal cat sets every near-by dog to furious barking? He does not do that when a cow moos or when a horse neighs. When the cat yells by night, the dog knows his master's enemy is abroad.

(You'll have noticed that here I am doing as everyone else does: I am referring to the dog as "he" and to the cat as "she." I wonder why we do that? Often I have wondered. All over the world the same custom obtains. Dogs are forever masculine and cats forever feminine in the speech of human beings.)

HERE is something that, perhaps, accounts for some of man's distrust and distaste for cats:

The cat is the only animal that man has not been able to conquer. Did you ever stop to think of that? It is true. Here is the idea:

Man became the ruler of the earth. There were certain animals that would not accept his rule—such as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the bear, and others of the wild beasts. So man drove them to the uttermost parts of the earth. Of old they roamed the world at will. Now they must hide in jungles or in mountain fastnesses if they would not be exterminated. They are beaten to a standstill and they are exiled to the wilds.

Other animals—the sheep, the goat, the swine, the horse, the donkey, the cow, and so on—admitted man's mastery. They serve him, more or less willingly, in return for food and lodging. They surrendered, many centuries ago, to man's dominance. They are his slaves.

The dog alone came into camp of his own accord—giving not mere servile obedience to the man who is his god, but hunting down other four-legged creatures for man's benefit. The dog elected to be man's chum and his slave. The other domestic beasts did not choose such service. It was forced upon them and still is forced upon them.

So we have the wild animals, driven into the farthest corners of the earth. We have the domestic animals, which are meek enough to be slaves to man. We have the dog, which not only serves, but loves and sacrifices.

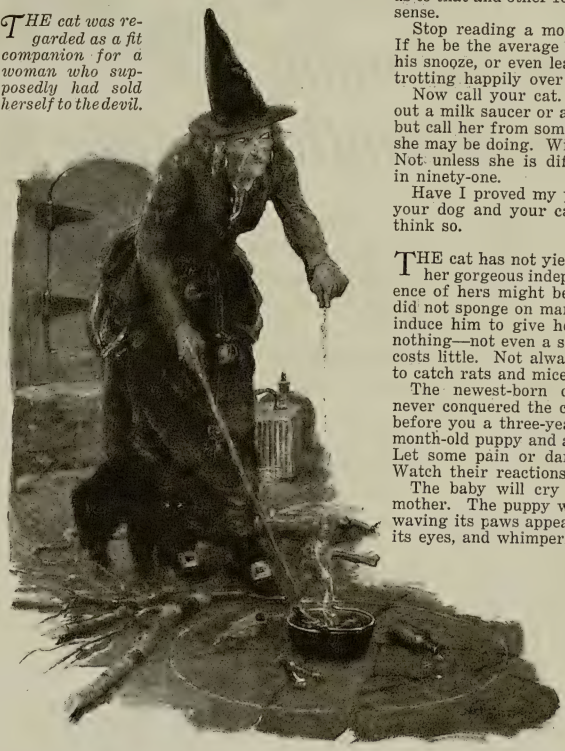
What remains? The cat.

When the wild animals fled to the scanty and perilous livelihood of the jungle, the cat refused to accompany them thither, to go hungry and uncomfortable and to be shot down by hunters.

When the domestic animals were coerced into serving man by giving him their service or their flesh or their milk or their hides or their wool, the cat refused to enslave herself.

SHE is not good to eat. She is not ranked as a fur-bearing or hide-giving beast. She will not do a lick of work.

(True, she catches mice and an occasional rat. But she does not catch them for her master. She catches them for the selfish fun she gets out of the chase and out of the subsequent playing with her half-dead victim—a form of play that is rank torture and that no beast but the cat will deign to inflict. And she eats the rat or mouse she has caught, after playing it to death. She does not turn it over, usually, to the man or woman who cherishes and owns her.)



THE cat was regarded as a fit companion for a woman who supposedly had sold herself to the devil.

No, she won't be driven away from the comforts of civilization, and she won't do a thing toward the upkeep of civilization. She grabs all civilization's benefits—of food and of warmth and of shelter and of friendship and of security—without contributing one atom toward any of those benefits.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: We can't agree. Wise farmers — especially dairy farmers — have cats to keep down the rodents, which otherwise would take too heavy toll of the grain. Look around a good dairy barn and you'll see half a dozen cats and kittens, lapping a bit of milk, to be sure, but policing rats and mice off. Without the cats—phooey!—the place would be overrun with vermin. They're ten times as efficacious as dogs in a barn for protection.]

She will not confess herself man's open enemy, and thus be driven to the jungle or to the mountain peaks along with man's open enemies. She wants the best; and she gets it. She gets it without surrendering any of her boundless self-ownership and without joining man's army of animal toilers.

She will be mildly civil, even coaxingly affectionate, to man—when she wants something from him. She will rub lovingly against his ankles and purr loudly when he approaches with her dinner; or when his lap, at the fireside, chances to be more comfortable than the floor boards.

But let man get up from the cozy fireside on a cold and wet evening, and start forth on a walk. Will she follow him? Try her! Not she!

His dog, of course, will forsake gladly his snug hearthrug and accompany his master out into the storm. But that is because he is only a dog and has no better sense than to prefer to be uncomfortable with his human god than supremely comfortable without him.

The cat could give the dog many wise tips as to that and other forms of practical common sense.

Stop reading a moment and call your dog. If he be the average dog he will get up from his snooze, or even leave his dinner, and come trotting happily over to you.

Now call your cat. No, I don't mean hold out a milk saucer or a bit of fish and call her; but call her from some selfishly pleasant thing she may be doing. Will she come at your call? Not unless she is different from ninety cats in ninety-one.

Have I proved my point? Or, rather, have your dog and your cat proved it for me? I think so.

THE cat has not yielded to man one grain of her gorgeous independence. That independence of hers might be laudable enough if she did not sponge on man for everything she can induce him to give her. In return she gives nothing—not even a sentimental devotion that costs little. Not always will she even consent to catch rats and mice, unless she is underfed.

The newest-born catkin knows man has never conquered the cat. Here is proof: Set before you a three-year-old child and a three-month-old puppy and a three-month-old kitten. Let some pain or danger threaten all three. Watch their reactions to it.

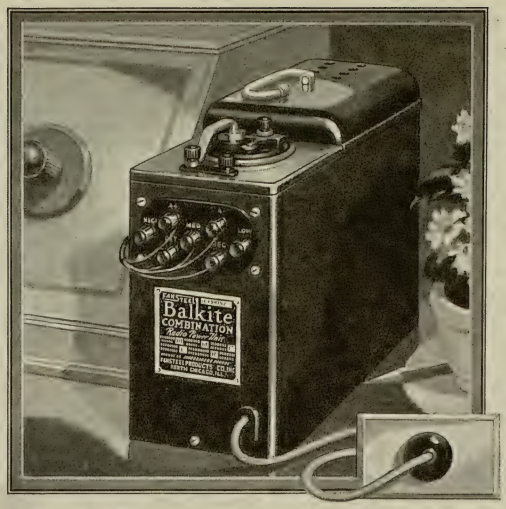
The baby will cry aloud in terror for its mother. The puppy will roll over on its back, waving its paws appealingly in air and rolling its eyes, and whimpering for mercy. The kitten will arch its back and spit furiously, ready to fight if it can't run to safety. Get the difference?

To go on piling up proofs of the cat's unconquerableness, watch the next "animal act" at some vaudeville show. (Personally, I refuse to watch such acts.)

At these exhibitions you will find that all the really clever and difficult tricks are performed by dogs, or by other animals than cats. If there are any cats on the stage, these do only the very simplest and briefest stunts. This does not mean, necessarily, that a cat has not sense enough to learn the more complicated tricks. It means the cats won't take the trouble to learn them and that they can't be tortured into learning.

A puppy, as a rule, can be beaten and otherwise tortured to make him learn. Pain and fear make him pathetically anxious to please his human tyrant. So he is taught accordingly. Too often he is also tortured accordingly. Mongrels, rather than thoroughbred dogs, are used for these performances—not only because mongrels often are brighter and more quick to learn, but because their tougher constitutions can withstand more pain, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]



The new Balkite Combination supplies all radio power automatically from the light socket

Now you can operate your radio set from the light socket. Merely by adding the new Balkite Combination Radio Power Unit. Once connected to your "A" battery and set and plugged into the light socket, it *supplies automatic power to both circuits.* You need not even turn it off and on for it is controlled by the filament switch already on your set and is entirely automatic in operation. Whenever you turn on your set you will find it always ready to operate with full even silent power. It will give you a constant quality of reception to be secured in no other way.

Balkite Combination can be installed in a few minutes, either near the set or in a remote location. Small and compact, it occupies very little space. Like all Balkite Radio Power Units it has no tubes, nothing to replace or renew, is a permanent piece of equipment, and is built to conform with the standards of the Underwriters' Laboratories. It is noiseless in operation. It will serve any set now using either 4 or 6-volt "A" batteries and requiring not more than 30 milliamperes at 135 volts of "B" current. This includes practically all sets of 8 tubes or less, including power tubes. It operates from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles.

Add Balkite Combination to your radio set and convert it into a light socket receiver. Know the pleasure and convenience of owning a set always ready to operate at full power. Price $59.50. [$83 in Canada.] Ask your dealer. *Fansteel Products Co., Inc., North Chicago, Ill.*

The Balkite
Radio Symphony Concerts with WALTER DAMROSCH *and the New York Symphony*

These concerts are broadcast every other Saturday Evening. On intervening Saturdays Mr. Damrosch gives one of his famous piano recitals on Wagner's great music dramas. At 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, over a group of 13 stations: WEAF, WEEI, WGR, WFI, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WWJ, WGN, WCCO, KSD, WDAF, WOC.

A New Balkite "B" at $27.50

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. Three models, Balkite "B"-W at $27.50 for sets of 5 tubes or less requiring 67 to 90 volts, Balkite "B"-X for sets of 8 tubes or less including power tubes—$42. Balkite "B"-Y for any radio set—$69. (In Canada: "B"-W $39; "B"-X $59.50; "B"-Y $96.)

The New Balkite Charger

MODEL J. Has a low trickle charge rate and a high rate for rapid charging. Can thus be used either as a trickle or as a high rate charger. Noiseless. Special model for 25-40 cycles. Price $19.50. West of Rockies $20. (In Canada $27.50.)

Balkite Trickle Charger

MODEL K. Can be left on continuous or trickle charge thus automatically keeping the battery at full power. Converts your "A" battery into a light socket "A" power supply. Rate about .5 ampere. Price $10. West of Rockies $10.50. (In Canada $15.)

All Balkite Radio Power Units operate from 110-120 volt AC current with models for both 60 and 50 cycles. Also special model of the Balkite Charger for 25-40 cycles.

Balkite Radio Power Units

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

because if they die under it the financial loss will not be so great.

A cat can't be taught by pain. Hurt her and she won't do a thing for you. She will quit cold. There is only one way whereby the trainer can teach her, except possibly by kindness; and that one way is by starvation. Sometimes, sooner than starve, she will learn her simple trick; sometimes—but oftenest not. It has been said that twenty-seven kittens are starved to death to every kitten that consents to learn tricks through starvation.

So you see the average of the conquered is something less than 4 per cent; and that the one surviving kitten in the twenty-eight is not yielding to threat of harm, but merely to her overweening desire to live and to eat. She is not actually surrendering: she is merely accepting an easy compromise in return for food.

The cat's chief claim to greatness, in my opinion, is that she has solved the unsolvable problem of doing no work and of acknowledging no master, and yet of getting her full share of all the good things of life. I wish I knew the secret of it. Nobody knows it except the cat herself. She won't tell. She is the most secretive creature alive.

I have heard people say that a cat's marvelous ability to find her way home from a distance is a proof of her superiority. It is a proof of nothing of the kind. In the first place, not all cats have this gift, by any means. Many a cat is taken from home by heartless owners and is left somewhere on the roadside to starve, and never finds her way back. Neither, as a rule, does she starve. She is an inspired forager and cadger.

Hundreds of dogs, taken far from home, have found their way back again quite as cleverly as could any cat.

IF you lose your cash and are forced to give up your comfortable home and move into some bleakly cheerless hovel, your dog will go with you. He will sleep cold and eat crusts for the foolish privilege of being with you. Your cat will give the new abode a critical glance. If it does not please her she will be found sitting on the doorstep of the pleasanter old home next morning, waiting to fawn on its new occupants for a living.

Keystone photo

I think that is another reason why man hates the cat. Man may not be a particularly loyal and grateful creature himself, but he admires loyalty and gratitude in others; and he detests its opposites, as exemplified in the cat.

It was man's hate for cats that made him endow the witches of old with black cats as their secret companions and counselors.

ALSO, in the old records of the crazily unjust witchcraft trials you will read of men swearing they saw a witch change herself into a cat, or a cat into a witch. The cat was regarded as a creature of darkness and of sinister mystery—a fit comrade for a woman who supposedly had sold her soul to Satan.

I spoke a while ago about our atavistic fears and dislikes, inherited from prehistoric days. The most violent of these is centered around the cat. Ask any physician whose practice is large, and he will tell you of people—not of one or two, but of many of them—who know by instinct when a cat comes into a room behind them and who are thrown into agonies of ungovernable fright or even sharp pain by it.

This must be a straight throwback to the earliest days. I can think of no other explanation for it. Within two miles of Sunnybank I know no fewer than three such people. They are not hysterical or illiterate or unbalanced in any way. All of them are highly cultured and well bred and of steady nerve. Two are college graduates.

If any of the three is in the same room with a cat—even if the cat is lying unseen behind some chair or table—the animal's presence is known at once.

One of the three called on me last month. He came into the living-room and advanced several steps; then halted and grew pale. I could see he was putting a strong restraint upon himself not to turn and run. Knowing his peculiarity, I said to him:

"This time it's only your imagination. The only cat that ever comes into this part of the house is Tippy, my wife's Persian. And I'm pretty sure she's somewhere upstairs."

"Excuse me," he contradicted, "but she is in this room."

As he spoke, the Persian cat came mincingly out from under a couch in a far corner. The man could not possibly have seen her there; but he had known beyond all doubt that she was in the room.

More than once I have asked such people how they knew of the presence of a cat that they could not see or hear. None seemed able to give me a clear explanation, but all of them assured me they were never mistaken about it; and that it was mental and physical torment to them. What is this queer trait, if it is not a throwback to the days when man had very logical and very vital reasons for hating and fearing the cat?

There is a gruesome feline angle I don't care to touch on. The nearest I wish to come to it is to remind you that a dog frequently is allowed to guard the coffin of his dead master. A cat is not admitted to a death chamber.

Then, too, the cat's ability to see her way in the dark is another unconscious grievance of man's against her. Few men there are who do not feel a little momentary instinctive thrill of repugnance when their motor lamps or flashlights or match flares happen to pick up the double glint of green fire in the darkness which betokens the presence of a prowling cat.

Perhaps this, too, dates back to the time when the gleam of green eyes, reflected from the prehistoric camp fire, told of a giant feline enemy crouching for a spring at the human beings who sat around the blaze.

Or perhaps it is only the average man's natural distaste for anything that is abnormal. And a cat probably is the most abnormal creature, judged from human standards, in the whole universe.

She seems akin to that other abnormal and uncanny night wanderer, the owl. You will recall that the owl, as well as the cat, was supposed to be the familiar of witches.

The ancient Egyptians worshiped cats. But then, the ancient Egyptians worshiped several things that you and I would be put in jail or in an asylum for worshiping. So that proves little.

HAVING made out my case against the cat, I am going to spoil the effect of much I have said. I am glad to do this, because there are at least a million people in America—more than 95 per cent of them women—who love cats and to whom these cats are their dear household companions.

I would not for worlds hurt or anger this feminine army of cat-lovers. I have been saying that man, as a rule, dislikes cats. I referred only to man, not to woman. For some reason best known to themselves, countless women are devoted to cats. And there is nothing more unkind or unfair than to defame the housemate and chum of so many thousand good people without giving the other side of the case too.

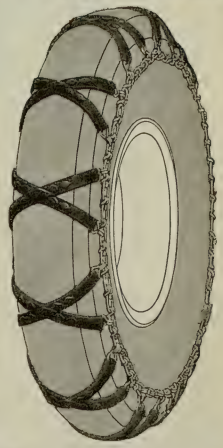
I said at the outset that I have no personal like or dislike for cats, as a race. Out of the innumerable cats here at Sunnybank, during the long years of my life, a few stand forth as my good pals and adorers. I must admit, though, that these few were the most uncatlike cats imaginable.

Juliet and Eyolf were twin sisters, born in our stables. Their mother was an unlovely pinkish stable cat, Clarice by name. She was a morbid feline, addicted to keeping the barn clear of rats and to dodging the collies. Never did she come near the house.

I had not seen her kittens, nor known of their existence, until,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

With this chain you still ride on RUBBER



GOODYEAR Rubber Tire Chains overcome the two main objections to ordinary chains. They are *quiet*, and they *wear long*. And you can leave them on all Winter. They are saving of tires. You can go from mud to wet and dry pavements, to snow—all on gripping quiet rubber traction. Easy to apply. Especially suited to balloon tires.

Quietness: There's no clanging on the pavement or banging on the fenders with Goodyear Chains. *Rubber cross links take the place of steel.*

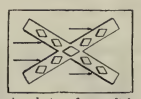
Long Wear: Mile for mile, one set of Goodyear Chains will, in most cases, outwear several sets of ordinary tire chains.

Tire-Saving: The broad rubber cross links guard against cutting or bruising of the tire tread, and especially in deep ruts give valuable protection to tire sidewalls.

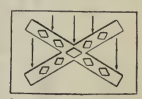
Ease of Application: Goodyear Chains are easy to apply. You put them on and leave them on—over mud, wet and dry pavements, or snow.

Security: Goodyear chains employ the non-skid principle of the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread magnified for maximum gripping action. Scientifically designed to *resist skidding in any direction.*

Convince yourself of these facts by having your car equipped with Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.



Angularity of cross links sets up effective resistance to skidding sidewise.



Squeegee action of rubber cross links holds the car firmly on wet pavement.

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR TIRE CHAINS

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

D-10

D-10—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Very selective and sensitive. Mahogany cabinet, mahogany lined. Finish, rich brown. Without accessories, $100.00

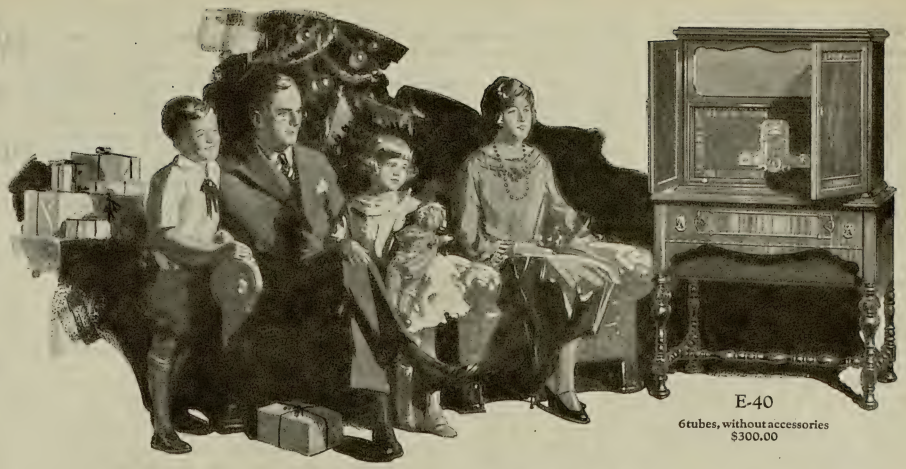
D-5—Console. As illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match the D-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with gliders, $30.00

D-40

D-40—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Built-in speaker. Deep, rich tone quality. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet. Ample battery space. Without accessories, $200.00

The Greater Federal Line includes many models, ranging in price from $75 to $400, and four custom-built models retailing at $600 to $1000. B and C models have space for all batteries, also for current supply devices which operate from electric light sockets. C models are completely self-contained and portable.

Federal Retailer Designator



E-40

6 tubes, without accessories $300.00

Have a Federal Ortho-sonic *in your home on Xmas morning!*

RADIO! Of all gifts the most enchanting. Beautiful. Enduring. Eloquent of thoughtfulness. Bringing comfort to lonely, far-distant souls—and joy to the near and dear.

For Mother, that her burden may be lightened with music. For Daddy, that his mind may be switched from the cares of the day. For the children, that the Bedtime Stories may bring peace and quiet . . .

The world's finest entertainment—radio, of course! But make sure it is a *Federal*. For what thrills come in with those famously lifelike Ortho-sonic tones. What selectivity, what power, range. With the single dial and centralized controls, what ease of station finding—what glorious simplicity of operation.

Here is radio approved and preferred by music critics and radio experts everywhere. Built by Federal wireless, telephone, and navy radio engineers of twenty-five years' standing. And the *only* radio with the *Ortho-sonic circuit*. A circuit magnificently constructed and shielded—patented—one that has revolutionized all standards of radio-tone perfection; of ruggedness, dependability, value.

Classic designs of individuality unite with rich hand carving, inlays and exclusive duo-tone wood effects to create distinctive radio furniture.

You can now select just the radio set you want at the price you would like to pay. Simple—or in harmony with the loveliest room settings. Table or floor type. Loop or antenna operated. But always *Ortho-sonic!* Go to your Federal retailer for a demonstration. Go in time for a Christmas delivery.

Look for the store displaying the *designator* shown on the left.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

FEDERAL'S 14 POINTS

1—Ortho-sonic receiving sets made complete in Federal factories assures perfect matching of parts.

2—Built around Federal's own patented circuits.

3—Ortho-sonic tone quality—the result of years of acoustical research.

4—Rugged all-metal construction—will last a lifetime.

5—Cabinets of carefully selected mahogany and walnut.

6—Multi-shielding. Provides isolation of all circuits from one another and from extraneous influences.

7—Simplified control with the maximum efficiency.

8—Razor-edge selectivity; allowing reception of distant stations through locals.

9—Illuminated, self-indicating scale, acting as a pilot light.

10—Uses dry battery tubes, also standard tubes, without adjustment.

11—Re-radiation proof—does not interfere with your neighbor's receiving set.

12—Includes a model for every purse and a design for every setting.

13—A precision instrument built by Federal telephone and radio experts.

14—Backed by a solid, substantial company—can never become an "orphan."

Federal ORTHO-SONIC* Radio

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*The fundamental exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

one morning, a pair of two-month-old morsels of fluff came forth from the stable to greet me as I was on my way to the lake. Solemnly they followed me down to the water. They were waiting for me as I came back from my swim. That was the beginning of a long friendship.

WE named the kittens, and we taught the dogs to leave them alone. The two never tried to enter the house, but always they were waiting on the veranda for my wife and me when we came out. They had odd personalities, wholly canine. For example—and here I shall brand myself as a liar—when I went out in a boat, one morning, both cats walked out into the water after me. When it became too deep for walking, they swam. I halted the boat and waited till they came alongside; then I lifted them in.

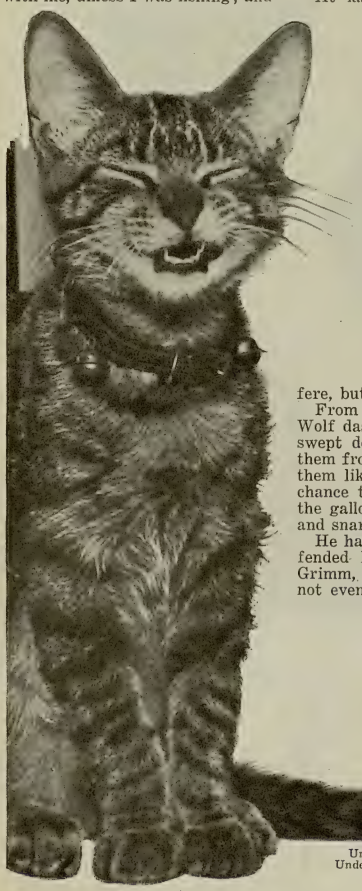
I told the story, and I could see nobody believed me. Next morning I had three people standing on the bank to watch the odd performance. To my relief, both cats again swam out to my boat, fifty feet or more, before I lifted the drenched swimmers aboard. Thereafter I used to take them along with me, unless I was fishing; and they seemed to enjoy the boat rides hugely.

Also, through heavy rains and over ground an inch deep in slush and snow, they would follow me for miles on my forest walks. Cats hate wetness and chill. Juliet and Eyolf braved these elements gladly—doglike—for the fun of tramping with me.

Juliet, too, would catch rats and squirrels and field mice and lay them at my feet; then, stepping back with the crooning sound a mother cat makes when she brings food to her kittens, she would look up at me as if prepared to enjoy my delight in such palatable morsels. She seemed aggrieved because I would not accept the gifts.

Then there was Peter Grimm, the Mistress' temperamental gray cat. Peter and our collie, Wolf, were born about the same time. From babyhood they were chums, and they remained so for three years. They devised a game which they used to play together by the hour. Wolf would chase Peter for perhaps a hundred feet. Then he would pause, and Peter would chase him the same distance. Then they would repeat this, all over, a dozen times or more. It was not much of a game; but they invented it, and they delighted in it.

At last a new collie came to Sunnybank—a dog Wolf did not like and with which he would not associate at first. One day, Peter Grimm and Juliet were hunting field mice in the orchard. The new collie caught sight of them. He rushed gleefully forth to the chase.



Underwood & Underwood photo.

THE two big cats drew aside. As he ran between them, they wheeled, as if by prearrangement, and flew at him, one from each side. It would have been a case of gouged eyes for the valuable dog if help had not arrived. I ran to interfere, but I was too far away.

From nowhere in particular, Wolf dashed on to the scene. He swept down on the cats, driving them from their prey and herding them like sheep—giving them no chance to turn, keeping them on the gallop until they ran spitting and snarling under the porch.

He had chased and mortally offended his lifelong chum, Peter Grimm, in defense of a dog he did not even like.

By way of punishment, neither Peter nor Juliet ever again would have anything to do with him. If Wolf ventured near either of them, there was an instant arching of back, a snarl, and a slap of clawshod paws. In vain he would try to lure Peter Grimm into the old-time game—only to back ruefully away with a set of scratches on his nose.

Then there is Tippy. Tippy is nearly twelve. You may figure out for yourself her birth year when I tell you her full name is Tipperary. She is a gray Persian cat and she looks like the fluff that careless maids sometimes sweep under a bed. She too is more dog than cat in nature, wholly free from guile or craft or from any other form of cattiness. There is something very appealing and lovable about her. She has made herself a strangely important member of our family.

THE house dogs have been taught from birth to let her as severely alone as if she were one of the fur rugs or part of the furniture. They understand this as the law, and they obey it as such. If she slaps at a wagging collie tail as it brushes past her, if she chooses the canine cave under the piano as a sleeping place, if she drinks out of the five-gallon jar that is kept always full of fresh water for them in a corner of the music-room—the dogs bear it all with stoical if pained contempt that is wholly masculine.

Yet if they should catch Tippy out of bounds (she is not allowed outside the house except on the arm or shoulder of one of us) they would kill her with great enthusiasm. Twice she has got out on the lawn. Both times the very dogs that ignore her in the house have rushed murderously at her and forced her to climb high in a tree for her life. Three minutes later the same dogs stalk coldly past her, indoors, without a glance in her direction. They know the law; but, like man, they hate cats.

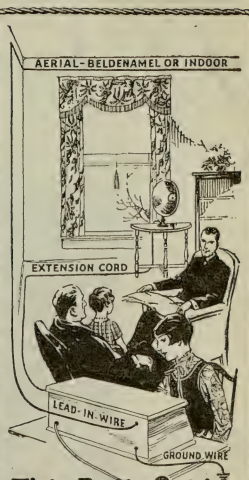
Yet—on a cold night there is something wondrous cozy and picturesque in the sight of a purring cat in front of the hearth fire. To a lonely woman there must be vast comfort in the presence of a sleek and friendly cat in the home.

I have been thinking about such women throughout this whole rambling article, and hoping I was not making them unhappy by the way I have been speaking of their pets. I hope they will remember I have not been writing about my own personal likes and aversions, which would be of no interest to anyone but myself. I have written only of a general dislike that the average man feels toward cats; and I have been trying to explain his logical reasons for such a dislike. That is all.

By the way, here is an unexplainable thing: A fluffy puppy is every bit as pretty and likable as is a fluffy kitten. If you call a woman a kitten, she is more or less pleased, especially if she be fat or aging. But if you call a man a puppy, he is murderously angry.

Why? Score one for the cat!

THE END



This Radio Set is properly Installed

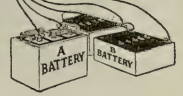
Is Yours?

FOR an outdoor aerial, use a Beldenamel Aerial. It cannot corrode or deteriorate. For indoor aerials, use the Belden Indoor Aerial Wire. And do not forget Belden Lead-In and Ground Wire to finish the job. All of these items are included, if you wish, in the new Belden Superadio Antenna Kit.

The Belden 20-foot Loudspeaker Extension Cord brings the loudspeaker where you want it. For safety to tubes and batteries, and protection against fire, use a Belden Fused Battery Cord.

Ask your nearest dealer to explain how Belden Radio Accessories help you get better results from your set.

Belden Fused Radio Battery Cord



Mail the Coupon for Illustrated Booklets on Belden Radio Accessories.

Belden Manufacturing Co.
2334 A. So. Western Ave., Chicago

I surely want to keep up-to-date on radio, so please mail me your folder describing the new Belden Fused Radio Battery Cord.

Name.....

Address.....

Dueber-Hampden leads again, in Ind

DUEBER-H

LARGEST COMPLETE WATCH FACTORY IN THE WORLD—CANTON, OHIO, ESTABLISHED IN 1865. B

...ducing a New Ladies' Wrist Watch

Lady Grace

$55

This announcement is without parallel in the entire history of American watch making.

For the first time a Ladies' fine wrist watch, this small, at anywhere near the price, bears an American manufacturer's name.

Any other Ladies' wrist watch, this small, either of European or American make, worthy of comparison to the new Lady Grace, costs several times more for the movement alone. That is why the introduction of the Lady Grace at $55.00 is an epochal achievement in the watch industry.

The Lady Grace is a rectangular miniature watch, less than one inch long and one half inch in width, the most fashionable size and shape. With white 14 carat solid gold case—either plain or engraved, exquisite ribbon and 14 carat solid gold buckle. Fifteen Jewel adjusted movement, of the very finest workmanship. It bears the unimpeachable name of one of the oldest and most reputable watch factories in the world today—Dueber-Hampden. And Dueber-Hampden guarantees and stands back of the Lady Grace watch unequivocably.

Every Lady Grace watch has this guarantee: "This watch is guaranteed to be made of the very best materials and was cased, carefully adjusted and carefully timed at our factory."

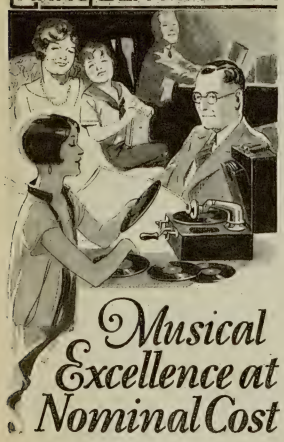
Ask your jeweler to show you the Lady Grace today. He will order it for you if he has not already got it in stock.

"The Time of Your Life"

THE IDEAL GIFT—*Lady Grace is appropriately encased in a beautiful rich Jade velvet box. Its daintiness and refinement is silhouetted against the sheen of a black silk bottom. The top is lined with white satin.*

HAMPDEN

...RE AND TUNE IN ON DUEBER-HAMPDEN HOUR EVERY WEDNESDAY, 8:30 P. M., WJZ NEW YORK

CARRYOLA MASTER

Musical Excellence at Nominal Cost

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1—What President of the United States coached the Princeton and Wesleyan football teams?—*J. C. Wilton, Roanoke, Va.*

2—What is face powder?—*Archie Rice, Walton, N. Y.*

3—How many Federal Reserve banks are there? Where are they?—*Mrs. C. C. Corpening, Morristown, Tenn.*

4—Give the nicknames of the following States: Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas.—*Mary J. Kadel, Terre Haute, Ind.*

5—What weapon was used to murder Julius Caesar?—*Mrs. G. L. Miller, Fort Worth, Tex.*

6—How does the United States pay homage to the author of The Star-Spangled Banner?—*Mrs. Mabel Vandevelde, Dyersburg, Tenn.*

7—In what State is the right to vote restricted to those who own a stated amount of property?—*A. C. Taylor, Jr., Stanley, N. C.*

8—What was the "cheesebox on a raft"?—*Stanley D. MacDowell, Lyndhurst, N. J.*

9—What early American colony was known as New Sweden?—*J. S. Fowler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

10—What was Plato's real name?—*Helen Salee, St. Paul, Minn.*

11—Where do women have plural husbands?—*Mrs. W. E. Blake, Goldsboro, N. C.*

12—What is the official name of Westminster Abbey?—*Mrs. Joseph J. Kreger, Trenton, N. J.*

13—What was the longest big league ball game ever played?—*C. A. Sheldon, Chicago, Ill.*

14—In what State has the Governor not the right of veto?—*William J. Azelby, Bridgeport, Conn.*

15—When and where was the first fire insurance company organized?—*Aston Hilly, Baltimore, Md.*

16—What small-town lawyer was the father of four kings?—*Mrs. E. E. Pfanstiel, Carlisle, Ky.*

17—How high can a horse jump?—*E. J. Elwood, Fort Tilden, N. Y.*

18—What error is common in pictures of bird dogs?—*Earl A. O'Hara, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

19—What President had the first bodyguard?—*Valliere G. Decker, Spearfish, S. D.*

20—What is the hottest region in the world?—*Horace G. Bloom, Toronto, Ont.*

Watch for Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—Why do people kiss the Blarney Stone?—*Harley W. Kraus, Menominee, Mich.*
A.—It is supposed to impart fluent powers of speech to whoever kisses it.

2—When did the Air Mail service begin?—*Alina Carmouche, Newton, Kan.*
A.—On May 15, 1918, between New York and Washington.

3—What bug flashes a red light on its head and a green one on its tail?—*Mrs. Amy Balsinger, Uniontown, Pa.*
A.—The traffic bug of Brazil.

4—How much water is there in an inch of rain?—*R. J. Livingstone, Sharon, Conn.*
A.—A little more than 27,000 gallons to the acre.

5—What is the largest flying bird?—*George W. Ryan, Deland, Fla.*
A.—The California condor, which has a wing spread of from nine to twelve feet. It is almost extinct.

6—How many murders were committed in the United States last year?—*Miss Elizabeth Butts, Palatka, Fla.*
A.—About 12,000.

7—How did O. K. originate?—*Mrs. Belle Reid, Columbia, Tenn.*
A.—From the Choctaw word "okeh," meaning "It is so and not otherwise."

8—From what plant do we obtain mucilage?—*Ronald M. Sherin, Excelsior, Minn.*
A.—The marsh mallow plant.

9—Where was the first public library founded?—*Mrs. Joe Craven, Marion, Ohio.*
A.—In Athens, 527 B. C.

10—What noted battle took place Christmas night, 1776?—*Josephine E. Ferrell, Sistersville, W. Va.*
A.—The battle of Trenton, New Jersey.

11—How long is the Lincoln Highway? How many States does it connect?—*Mrs. W. L. Glassecoe, Celeste, Tex.*
A.—Thirty-four hundred miles. Twelve States.

12—How many home runs were made by Babe Ruth in big league and World's Series games up to the end of the fourth game of the 1926 series?—*Mrs. William H. Zinn, Stillwell, Ill.*
A.—Three hundred and sixty-three.

13—When and where were movies first presented?—*Alice Hiller, New York, N. Y.*
A.—In April, 1896, at Koster & Bial's Music Hall, when Edison's vitascope threw moving pictures on a small screen.

14—Why was March 4 chosen as the date for Presidential inauguration?—*Roy K. Awiek, Oshkosh, Wis.*
A.—Benjamin Franklin found that this date fell on Sunday fewer times than any other during the next two centuries.

15—Which of Shakespeare's characters has the greatest number of lines to speak?—*Mrs. R. P. Anderson, Utica, N. Y.*
A.—*Hamlet*; 1,569 lines.

16—What is the "lead" in the ordinary pencil?—*Mrs. Cleveland S. Smith, Memphis, Tenn.*
A.—A mixture of graphite and clay. The process was devised by N. J. Conte of Paris, in 1795.

17—When and by whom was the Red Cross Society organized? —*Galt, Calif.*
A.—In 1881, by Clara Barton.

18—What State in the Union was formerly called Franklin?—*Nell S. Williams, Birmingham, Ala.*
A.—Tennessee was known as the State of Franklin for four years.

19—Where did the term "bootlegging" originate?—*Eugene B. Norton, Providence, R. I.*
A.—In the South, where moonshiners, seeking to avoid payment of Federal taxes on distilled spirits, would deliver bottles in the legs of their boots.

20—What was the first submarine used in warfare?—*Thomas H. McDill, Little Rock, Ark.*
A.—The Nautilus, built by Robert Fulton in 1800, and used successfully by Napoleon.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

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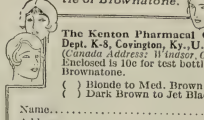

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Nuns and Madonnas

The Stories of the Stars of THE MIRACLE

An Article by
RUDOLF KOMMER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: There are two fascinating dramas within a drama in this installment of Mr. Kommer's story. One is that of Rosamond Pinchot, beautiful and gifted daughter of Amos Pinchot, New York lawyer. The other is that of an obscure German girl, the wife of Friedrich Schirmer, pupil of Humperdinck and principal composer of the musical score of The Miracle. Miss Pinchot was discovered on board ship by the clairvoyant eye of Max Reinhardt, and her marvelous characterization of the *Nun* in The Miracle took New York City by storm. Frau Schirmer, from giving humble assistance at rehearsals, became the *Madonna*, and won acclaim second only to that showered upon Lady Diana Manners. The author here relates the almost fairy-tale romance of their discovery.]

PART TWO

IF it was difficult to cast the *Madonna*, it seemed almost impossible to cast the *Nun*. April, May, June, and July had seen us searching for a *Nun* in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. She was to be young, beautiful, and emotionally expressive —three elementary qualities that we found scattered among thousands of stage-struck and stagy ladies, and ladies of the stage, but never united in one.

There were the young ones and there were the beautiful ones, and there were the young and beautiful, and then there were the emotional ones who had no means of expression, or the emotional expressive ones who were not beautiful. But where, where was she to be found—she who was young and beautiful and emotionally expressive in one?

The Nun from the Upper Deck

IT was August, and we were at Leopoldskron, preparing the producing of The Miracle. One day Max Reinhardt had a Hungarian visitor, the well known novelist and playwright, Eugen Heltai. At luncheon Heltai was telling theatrical news from Budapest, when suddenly Reinhardt and Gest looked at each other and exclaimed simultaneously: "The *Nun!*"

The name of the young person of whose talent Eugen Heltai had been reporting miraculous news was Lili Darvas. She was in Seville at the moment, and I was to go there and to engage her to act the *Nun* in The Miracle. In his Oriental, autocratic manner, Morris Gest advised me to marry her if need be, but not to come back without a *Nun*.

I engaged Lili Darvas, who certainly was young, beautiful, and emotionally expressive. I took her to Leopoldskron. I freed her of an engagement at a Budapest theater. I obtained a passport for her, and an American visa. I reassured her anxious mother. I made a special notary agreement with her — she being under age—and I was attacked by the Budapest papers for robbing Hungary of her young queen of the theater. I did all this—only to be told by wire two months later, four days before I had to leave for New York, that Lili Darvas could not carry out her contract on account of illness. This sudden attack of illness was violent enough—it was a love affair with Franz Molnar, the poet of Hungary, of Liliom, Swan, and Guardsman fame.

There was no time to be lost. Four days in Europe and six weeks in America before the opening date of The Miracle—and no *Nun* yet! Max Reinhardt went to see some more prospective *Nuns*—actresses and dancers—in Vienna and Paris. I did the same in Berlin and London. We were to meet again, after four days, on the Aquitania.

Lili Darvas, the Budapest beauty, who refused the role of the Nun because of a love affair with Franz Molnar.

No *Nun* in Berlin, no *Nun* in Vienna, no *Nun* in Paris, no *Nun* in London. But when Max Reinhardt stepped on board at Cherbourg, he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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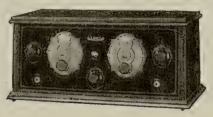

[NUNS AND MADONNAS Continued from Page Forty-three]

said: "I have seen the ideal *Nun*." "Where?" I asked. "In Paris?" "No; on the tender—on the upper deck of the tender." "Who is she?" "I don't know. A young girl."

And then he went to bed, succumbed to *mal de mer*, and was not seen for three days.

Two ladies passed our table on the fourth day, and Max Reinhardt whispered to me: "The ideal *Nun!*" She was a tall, beautiful young girl of athletic appearance, with a very distinguished looking lady who might have been her sister. Striking as her appearance was, I could never have sensed the girl's possibilities as the *Nun*.

The Flair of Genius

IT requires a mysterious flair, the irrational intuition of the talent-finder, to see women as *Juliets, Portias, Rosalinds, Nuns, Madonnas*, or—theatrically, at least—as nonentities. I was rather disappointed, however, to learn from the steward that the young girl was Rosamond Pinchot, not an actress, and that the other lady was her mother. But Max Reinhardt's composure was not to be shaken, and he said:

"Actress or not—I feel absolutely certain that she is the ideal *Nun*."

The conductor of The Miracle, one of Reinhardt's designers, and other members of the party objected. She seemed too tall to one, too broad-shouldered to another, too tomboyish, too bobbed, too virile, too this, and too that. Max Reinhardt smiled, and I relied on his smile.

I induced an old Englishman to present me to Mrs. Pinchot, and I asked her—the fear of family in my heart—if she would consent to her daughter's appearance on the stage. To my great surprise, Mrs. Pinchot assured me that nothing could please her better.

"Rosamond has just concluded her last term at a finishing school," she added. "She is a girl of exuberant vitality and explosive temperament, who cannot and must not remain idle. I have arranged for her to take part in a scientific expedition to Labrador; but if Professor Reinhardt thinks that he can use her in his production, I shall certainly prefer The Miracle to Labrador—and so will Rosamond."

SO far, everything sounded perfect; but Mrs. Pinchot continued:

"I am afraid, however, that Professor Reinhardt is greatly mistaken. Rosamond has never shown any talent for or interest in the stage."

Mrs. Pinchot smiled encouragingly, but no ray of hope came from frank statement. We arranged, however, to meet Max Reinhardt next afternoon, and when this meeting took place every word Rosamond Pinchot uttered poured icy water on his expectations.

A Charming Child

SHE had never, never thought of going on the stage; she did not remember any emotional parts or passages from any play; she was not quite sure whether they had read Romeo and Juliet at school or not; she had no objection to acting in The Miracle, but she did not know whether she could do it; she could not say right off whether she could sob at will or not, but she saw no reason why she shouldn't be able to do so; she did not know the Lord's Prayer by heart, she would gladly look it up. She would be perfectly willing to have an emotional outburst, but she would find it rather difficult to have one while reciting the paternoster.

Wide World photo

Rosamond Pinchot, niece of Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, on her way to the theater.

It was all very charming and childlike, but it was not *du theatre*. Her willingness to try the part of the *Nun* sounded just as if she were consenting to ride a white horse instead of a brown one.

Max Reinhardt's face grew

longer and longer. But the worst was yet to come.

The young lady declared that it would be a waste of time to look for a suitable text from a play to be spoken by her as a test, and that she would find it much easier to tell a story from her own life, which would afford her ample opportunity to sob, to cry, and to lament.

The naivete of this suggestion was disarming. To think it easier to use a story of one's own as a dramatic vehicle, than to use an effective passage from the work of a great dramatist, seemed the peak of forlorn innocence. Max Reinhardt had met his Waterloo on the Atlantic. He considered himself the worst fool afloat. As a matter of good manners, however, as a mere amiable formality, it was arranged to meet again in twenty-four hours to go through the test.

The two ladies retired and Max Reinhardt went to his cabin to sleep. I joined a game of bridge. Hardly had I played my first hand when I saw Rosamond Pinchot racing up and down the deck, looking for somebody. It did not occur to me that she might be looking for me, but she found me quickly enough. Without any consideration for the four aces and three kings I was holding, she butted in, declaring emphatically that she could wait no longer.

"Wait for what?" I ventured to ask meekly.

"I cannot wait until tomorrow for the test. I must know right away whether I really have any talent for the stage or not," she fairly hurled at me.

"Why, if I may ask, must you know this right away?"

"Because I have to make my week-end arrangements, and if I should have to rehearse for The Miracle I must cancel a bunch of engagements."

A Story Never Told

CONVINCING enough, but what was I to do about it? She explained. She wanted the test to take place at once. Why waste twenty-four hours and keep her on edge? Why indeed? As a last appeal to reason, I asked whether she had written down the story she was going to recite.

"No," she replied, sincerely astonished. "Why should I write down a story that I have lived through myself? It is a real story; I haven't made it up."

For the first time in my life, I conquered the weakness of reasoning with fools. I left my gorgeous cards to the fury of my partner and went with Rosamond Pinchot to Max Reinhardt's suite. He was asleep. No matter. With the determined cruelty of the disturbed bridge player, I woke him and asked him to clear up the mess he had made by discovering talent from a distance. He was furious, but there was no escape. He got up and dressed, while Rosamond Pinchot, her mother, and I waited in his drawing-room.

The presence of her mother embarrassed the budding *Nun* and she insisted on her leaving the cabin. I took Mrs. Pinchot to an adjoining room, and we waited there for twenty minutes or so while Rosamond told her dramatic story to the Magician of Leopoldskron. We could not distinguish the words, but we sensed the rhythm of a terrific crescendo.

THE feeling of absurdity that had dominated me at the outset left me suddenly during this inaudible recital. It was in the air that something momentous and memorable was happening. And when the door opened and the two appeared—Rosamond still trembling with emotion, Max Reinhardt silent and touched to the core—we needed not to ask any questions. If she were able to transmit only one particle of the emotional vehemence of her recital into the part of the *Nun*, a great tragic actress would have come to the stage again. This was the substance of Max Reinhardt's verdict.

The story told by Rosamond Pinchot to Max Reinhardt in those strange moments will never be known to anybody. God alone and she herself know it, and nobody else. As to Max Reinhardt—he did not understand a single word of English.

If I had set out to write a melodramatic yarn of theatrical adventure, I should wind up this report with a glowing description of Rosamond Pinchot's glorious first night as the *Nun* in The Miracle, of the morning after, with its avalanche of superlatives hurled against her modesty and simplicity.

But the days between that November afternoon on board the Aquitania and that evening in January seem to me infinitely more significant, if less colorful and glamorous. That she worked day and night or, to put it concisely, twenty hours each day for eight or nine weeks—rehearsing, dancing, reciting—goes without saying.

That she gave every breath, every thought, every beat of her heart to the task set by herself was only natural. Her physical endurance, which baffled understanding, was a quality that she had the good fortune to possess, and for which she may not deserve any special praise.

That she was called the blue *Nun* because her body was covered with bruises caused by the incessant violent movements, throwing herself to the floor, kneeling, being carried, dragged, pushed, hurled through her miraculous adventures, may not be considered a heartrending hardship. Many a girl of her age would gladly submit to all the bruises necessary if she were only to be rewarded with the triumph of that first night.

But what will always remain unforgettable to me, far beyond her feats of talent, beauty, endurance, are the emanations of character and will, of a nobility of soul and mind, that were singularly touching in a girl of nineteen.

A Fairy Tale Comes True

DURING the first weeks of the rehearsals it was, of course, uncertain whether Max Reinhardt's bold experiment would succeed. The tremendous financial responsibility involved in so vast a theatrical scheme compelled Morris Gest to continue his search for a *Nun* among professional actresses. While Rosamond Pinchot was exerting herself to the bitter utmost to reward her master's confidence, negotiations and trials went on with stars like Ina Claire, Eva Le Gallienne, and Marion Davies, all of whom Reinhardt admired greatly, but who, for some reason or other, could not disentangle themselves from previous engagements. Others admitted frankly, after watching a few rehearsals, that the task of acting the *Nun* was, artistically and physically, too difficult for them.

All these activities were not in the least kept dark. Rosamond Pinchot was fully aware of them. But she was not at all perturbed, or, at least, she did not show it. Out of hundreds of minor applicants, about twelve or fifteen were selected. These were asked to watch the principal rehearsals and to be ready to be

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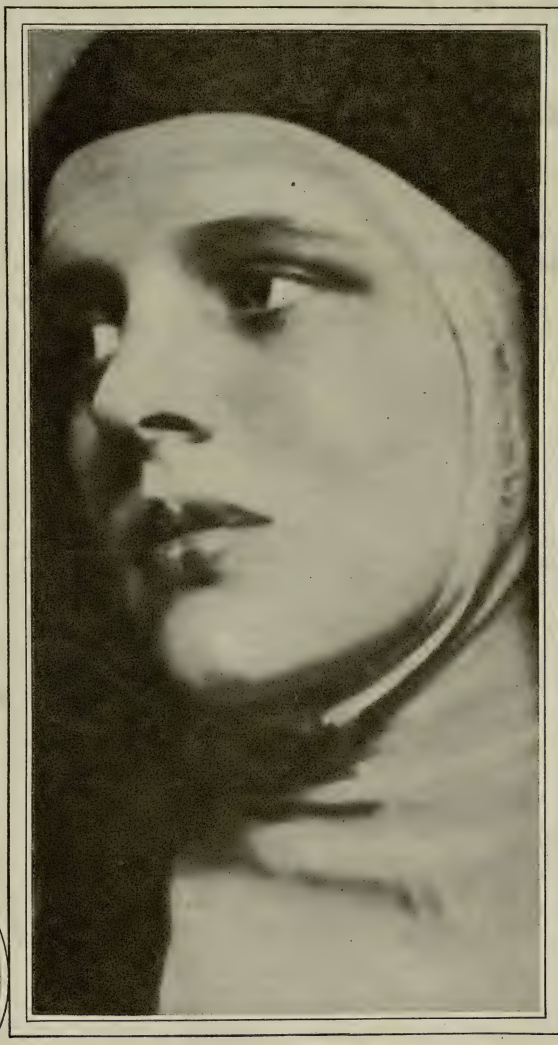

Rosamond Pinchot as the Nun in the New York production of The Miracle.

Rudolf Kommer.

Friedrich Schirmer.

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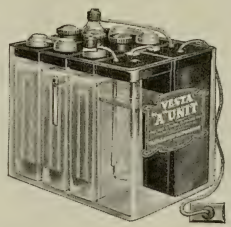

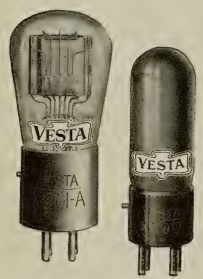

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[NUNS AND MADONNAS Continued from Page Forty-five]

called at any moment to take the place of Miss Pinchot. They were called the "*Nun* possibilities," or the "prospective *Nuns*," and a special inclosure was erected for them, from which they watched Reinhardt's rehearsals with Rosamond Pinchot. Like a menacing cloud, like the black shadow of fate, like a sinister group of ill wishing spirits, they must have appeared to the poor *Nun* Rosamond, pouring her soul out down there to give life to an ancient poet's vision. How she must have suffered from the sight of these sisters of hers who were waiting for her to fail!

But did she suffer? It did not appear so. She never complained; she never asked any questions; she was never worried, nervous, jealous, restless, impatient, doubtful. She worked—fearfully hard. It seemed as if she had resolved to give every ounce of her strength and vitality, in those cruel weeks, to an attempt at what experience considered impossible, and to leave everything else to her star, or to Max Reinhardt.

It was a fairy tale. There was the day on sea when a young girl who had never thought of the stage was asked whether she would like to act the leading part in one of the biggest productions ever undertaken, and then came a morning, only two months later, when she awoke to find herself a theatrical celebrity in the metropolis of the world. If Lili Darvas, the Hungarian, had not fallen in love with Franz Molnar—if Max Reinhardt had not sailed on the Aquitania—if—if—if!—Rosamond Pinchot would possibly never have seen the footlights from the proper side. If——

Morris Gest.

Karl Vollmoeller

A Ghost of Music

SINCE the days of the birth of The Miracle in London, there was a German musician attached to it of the name of Friedrich Schirmer. He had been the favorite pupil of Engelbert Humperdinck, had carried off the famous Rome prize for composition, and had attained a distinguished reputation as a composer.

When his master, Humperdinck, became seriously ill during the preparations for the original production of The Miracle, Schirmer was called to London to finish the score and to direct the final musical arrangements. He did his work so well and remained so loyal to the spirit of his teacher, that no one, not even Humperdinck himself, could say where the fragments ended and where the supplementary additions began. After the death of Humperdinck, his score came under the guardianship of Friedrich Schirmer, as it were, and there had been no production of The Miracle since without his taking charge of the musical side of it.

In June, 1923, Max Reinhardt decided to ask Friedrich Schirmer to compose an entirely new second act for the New York production of The Miracle. But nobody seemed to know what had become of the quiet, forlorn musician during the war and the revolution. It took some time and a great deal of writing and wiring to discover that he was living as a professor of composition at the Conservatory of Koenigsberg in East Prussia.

When he finally arrived in Salzburg, none of his former friends and collaborators recognized him. A ghost of the man Schirmer stepped into Reinhardt's study and presented himself as the professor of composition from Koenigsberg. It was the cruel time of German inflation. The mark was hardly worth the paper it was printed on, but the salaries of the professors in Koenigsberg and elsewhere were still solemnly paid in pre-war figures. A monthly income was not sufficient to keep body and soul together for a day.

Friedrich Schirmer stared incredulously at his first dinner in Schloss Leopoldskron—but he did not dare to touch it. He had not tasted meat for a year or more; bread and water had been his principal fare. But it was not only his body that was emaciated; his spirit also was crushed. When the possibility of his going to America was mentioned, he smiled sadly and did not believe it. America! One might just as well have talked of Paradisian trips to an atheist.

Another Madonna

SEVERAL weeks later I was waiting, full of anticipation, for Friedrich Schirmer at the Hotel Adlon. I had wired him to stop in Berlin on his way from Salzburg back to Koenigsberg. He was to go to America; his contract was ready to be signed by him; passport papers and other documents were prepared. I was longing to see at least one happy face on a bleak morning in a city that was straining its utmost to conquer despair by fierce determination.

But when he came into my room there was no trace of the joy I had expected.

"Going to America means saving my life," he said. "In Koenigsberg I would have died of hunger. I am very happy. I am most happy. But——"

"But?"

"I am leaving behind my young wife in Koenigsberg, and who—and who can tell when I shall be back from America?"

I had not known that Friedrich Schirmer was married. None of his friends in Salzburg had known it. In his sensitive shyness he had

kept secret what he vaguely considered a daring presumption on his part. To marry in such times! At home, in the city of Immanuel Kant, he somehow felt vaguely that a man who could not make his living should not be loving. It had never occurred to him to take his young wife with him to America—an enterprise as impossible for him to finance as the funding of the debt of Europe.

Under these circumstances, it was still possible for me to see one happy face on that bleak morning

Elizabeth Schirmer, who stepped from an empty banana box into the role of the Madonna.

in the distressed city of Berlin. On behalf of Morris Gest, I advanced to Friedrich Schirmer a sum of money sufficient for his wife and him to travel across the seas of hope to a happier continent.

Two or three months later the couple arrived in New York. The rehearsals with Rosamond Pinchot had just begun, and Elizabeth Schirmer, not knowing a word of English, and without any friends or acquaintances in the bewildering, gigantic city, spent her mornings, days, and nights in the rehearsal room at the side of her husband—a silent, smiling, untiring, unnoticed audience of one.

Lady Diana Manners had not yet arrived from England. Max Reinhardt worked exclusively with Rosamond Pinchot. The atmosphere was loaded with expectation, nervousness, anxiety. To mark the statue of the *Madonna*, toward which the erring *Nun* Rosamond had to run a thousand times during a hard day of rehearsal, in front of which she had to kneel, to pray, to hope, to despair, was an empty banana box standing in the vast hall, no one knew why. But as there were quite a number of these empty banana boxes, it happened time and again that the *Nun* Rosamond addressed herself to the wrong box. To make it easier for her Max Reinhardt asked the solitary lady sitting near the piano—Elizabeth Schirmer—if she would be kind enough to step upon the banana box and to mark the missing *Madonna*. She did. She did it for many, many endless hours.

At first, one was considerate enough to ask her to rest once in a while. She refused. She said that if Rosamond Pinchot were not exhausted from her violent exertions, she certainly could easily continue to stand—merely to stand—on a box. In a few days she was taken for granted. She was standing there, less than a super, a piece of property, less than a piece of property, for she did not even necessitate the help of a stage hand to be moved and removed.

All one had to do early in the morning was to call: "Frau Schirmer!" and there she was, smiling, charming, silent. She stepped upon the box and remained there for three, six, twelve, fifteen hours. When the rehearsal was over, nobody thanked her, nobody even took the trouble to tell her that the rehearsal was at an end. A most comfortable, a priceless piece of property.

After three weeks or so, Frau Schirmer's place was taken by Lady Diana. When, however, at the desire of Max Reinhardt, Lady Diana began to study the part of the *Nun*, Frau Schirmer was in demand again and took her place on the box as if she had never left it. Unnoticed at first, there was a great change in her attitude. Unconsciously she began to imitate Lady Diana—or rather, to use the professional term, to "do the business of the part." A few days later Max Reinhardt happened to look in the direction of the box and he suddenly exclaimed:

"*HERR GOTT!* A Flemish Madonna!"

And that she was! If Lady Diana's incarnation of the miracle-working statue seemed the most sublime, the most classic Gothic, her humble sister from Koenigsberg appeared like the Holy Virgin of the early Dutch and Rhenish masters. A few days more of rehearsals confirmed Max Reinhardt's impression beyond any doubt. A new *Madonna* had been discovered! An understudy at first, Elizabeth Schirmer very soon advanced to the dignity of an alternative *Madonna*. In all performances in which Lady Diana acted the *Nun*, Elizabeth Schirmer represented the Lady of Sorrow.

There were two other *Nuns* in the New York production, one an outsider like Rosamond Pinchot, the other a great professional. Both verified again Max Reinhardt's judgment. Miss Humphries, the amateur, succeeded fully in touching the audience; but Alla Tarasova, the great tragedienne of the Moscow Art Theater, was far more exquisite and skillful than convincing.

Each revival of The Miracle brought new names to shed luster upon its distinguished roll. The romantic discovery of two more Nuns, Iris Tree and Elinor Patterson, is described in the final installment of this series. In next week's LIBERTY.

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For the Love o' Lil

JUST below on this page is printed the chapter of For the Love o' Lil that is illustrated on the cover of this issue. Leslie Thrasher is keeping up the picture story of Lil Morse and Sandy Jenkins in response to a wide appeal from readers. Some time later, LIBERTY may have another cover contest. You will want to join it, of course, so here's your chance to keep up with what's going on (and that's a lot) in the lives of Lil and Sandy. Now go on with the story:

For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XXIV *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

EVERY pretty girl likes to be noticed. She may not admit it, but she detests being merely one of a crowd—particularly when she knows she's looking her prettiest. And that's why Mr. Hammerschlosser made his big hit with Lil.

Mr. Hammerschlosser was fat and at least forty, and a widower. But he was one of Lil's boss' best out-of-town customers. And for that reason, when he came to town and invited her to dinner, she almost had to accept, although she prophesied a dreary evening for herself. Yet, no sooner had they seated themselves in the main dining-room of the Ritz, than a uniformed page came up to their table and bawled out: "Call for Mr. Hammerschlosser." And Lil found everybody in the place gazing at them.

It was a triumph for Lil that was repeated half a dozen times. And each time Mr. Hammerschlosser waved the boy aside importantly with: "Too busy now; tell 'em to leave their number."

Later, when Lil tucked herself into bed, she compared Mr. Hammerschlosser with Sandy. Had Sandy taken her to the Ritz, nobody would ever have noticed them. But Mr. Hammerschlosser—he was SOMEBODY. And—she thrilled at the thought—he had asked to call at her home the next night.

(To be continued next week)

Sylvia Treads Among *The* Goulds

By Viola Brothers Shore

SOCIETY'S skeletons come to life when little *Tessie Drury* prods them with her biting wit. You'll remember Tessie from *Sandy Hooked.* Don't miss her adventures.

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Jealous of the DEAD

Pictures by C. G. Taffs

"IS that so?" returned the enraged Clem. He rose, crossed the room. At the door he paused, hat in hand.

Proving That a Wife Is Nevertheless a Woman and Her Husband a Man

A Short Story by

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

IT was raining—a dim, dreary, persistent August rain that left the brownstone-fronted streets sloshy and depressing. As Clem O'Meara left his office in upper Broadway, his eyes contemptuously raked the queue of bedraggled human beings waiting in morbid curiosity along the streaming street. For blocks the queue extended. Girls and men, old women and little children, they waited with incredible persistence, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the dead screen actor whose passing, the day before, had stirred thousands.

Clem thought he appreciated the drama of the man's death. Even one as little interested in Valentino as he was could not help feeling a purely impersonal thrill of response to the sheer melodrama of the event. Priests and great doctors had hovered over the sick room. Even a nurse, it was reported, had so far forgotten her professional detachment as to weep.

But Clem was a healthy American male, scorning sentimentality and morbidity.

Still in his mood of robust contempt for the sensation-seekers, he opened the door of his Washington Heights apartment to find his young wife, Kathleen, struggling with unwonted tears.

"What's up?" Clem wanted to know, with some concern. He loved Kathleen.

"Did you ever," inquired Kathleen dramatically, "in all your life see anything so wonderful?"

ASTOUNDED, he could only accept from her hand the newspaper on whose front page the stupendous, and to him revolting, aspects of the scenes following the actor's death were featured.

"What's wonderful about it?" he demanded crossly, putting down the sheet with a brief, expressive gesture. Kathleen was dishing up the cauliflower. He had followed her to the kitchen, and was watching appreciatively the picture she made in the spick and spanness of that interior. She tossed back an unruly lock before replying.

"You're not going to tell me, surely, Clem O'Meara," she said indignantly, setting the hot dish carefully down on a mat—"you're surely not saying you aren't impressed by the perfectly marvelous tribute the poor boy is getting from everyone—rich and poor——"

She paused to whirl the steak, on its silver platter, into a strategical position before the master's seat at the trim little dining-room table.

Clem sat down. He began, almost savagely, to cut and serve.

"I guess you don't know what you're talking about," he told her dispassionately. "If you'd seen that crowd as I did——"

"*If* I'd seen it," mimicked Kathleen, tears vanished, eyes flashing danger signals at him. "You never thought I sat at home twiddling my thumbs today, with all that going on! I was down at the funeral church, of course."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

"You!" Clem suddenly lost interest in his steak and the well seasoned vegetables. The thought of his Kathleen in that putrid crowd sickened him. Kathleen in her little tweed suit, with the green hat set saucily, a frame for her black curling hair and blacker eyes!

"Not you," he went on thickly, slowly, trying to sense it all. "You *didn't* go in!"

KATHLEEN looked her disappointment.

"It began to rain," she said defiantly. "Mary Moore and I never thought to bring an umbrella, and the men were pushing, and all. We came on home."

Clem was staring at her almost as at a stranger.

"I'd never have believed it if you hadn't told me yourself," he said heavily. "If one of the boys at the office had come and said he'd seen you there, I'd have laughed at him—or knocked him down, maybe," he added reflectively.

"What's it mean to you, anyhow"—he demanded, on a rising note—"this man's dying?"

Kathleen refolded her napkin, her dinner virtually untouched, and surveyed him with a spirit that matched his own.

"You, Clem O'Meara," she told him, "I believe you're jealous of that poor boy!"

Clem uttered a sound that polite people would term a snort.

"That remark's in poor taste, I must say," he flung. "After all, the man is gone, and I've always been taught to speak respectfully of the dead. But, since you started this, let me say that if I'd start being jealous of anyone, let me tell you it wouldn't be one of these sheiks."

He banged his hand on the table, struck with the suddenness of his thought.

"By George!" he shouted. "I believe that's what got you and Mary Moore and all the rest of the girls. The kind of man he represented on the screen wasn't the kind any of you picked to marry, I notice. What was that sheik, anyhow, but the filthiest kind of a brute, an Arab black who took a white girl and kept her against her will, and finally made her like it. She went nuts about him in the end. Well, then, what's it mean? Where does a white man—and a white man's ways—get off? Where does this sheik fit into that picture? Answer me that."

Kathleen was scarlet with indignation. "You're disgusting—yes, perfectly disgusting," she said between her teeth.

"That's all right," said Clem thickly. "But where was this hero when the rest of us were in France? Tell me that."

"He was rejected on physical grounds," said Kathleen with dignity.

"Rats!" snorted Clem.

"You can read about it in tonight's paper, if you don't want to take my word for it."

"Divorced twice, too," pursued the husband. "And you make a fool of yourself over him."

"You watch out, Clem O'Meara," said Kathleen ominously, "or *you'll* be divorced *once*."

They faced each other darkly across the shining table.

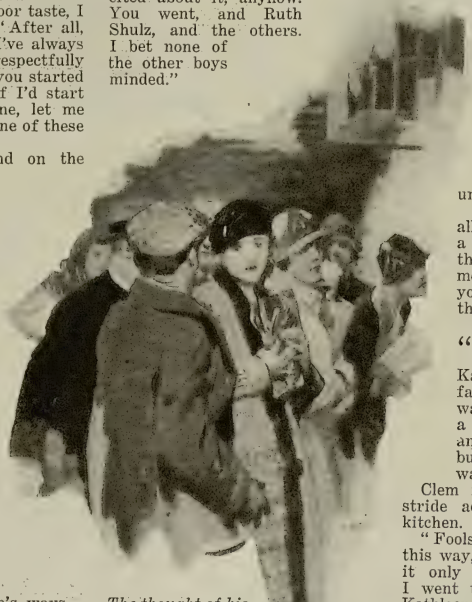
"Is *that* so?" returned the enraged Clem.

Deliberately he rose, crossed the room. At the door he paused, hat in hand. "If that's the way you feel about it," he told his wife—"if you'd talk to me like that over a man you've never even seen, I'm through."

And Kathleen found herself alone with the untouched dinner and the newspaper on which was blazoned the news of a screen actor's death.

"BUT of course you were a fool," said Mary Moore placidly, surveying her friend's reddened eyes and pink-tipped nose with affectionate contempt. "The idea of letting a good man like Clem O'Meara go off in a row over such nonsense. I'm surprised at you."

"It was the things he said," defended Kathleen, between sniffs "He didn't need to get so excited about it, anyhow. You went, and Ruth Shulz, and the others. I bet none of the other boys minded."



The thought of his Kathleen in that putrid crowd sickened him.

"And he hasn't turned up since last night?" interrupted Mary, healthily curious.

"I walked the *floor*," Kathleen cried, choosing a fresh handkerchief. "It never *occurred* to me he wouldn't come back. And I'd never stayed alone in the apartment before. He knows I'm afraid. I don't see how he could be so cruel!"

"Maybe Clem was right, after all, about you admiring the bold, lawless type," put in Mary slyly. "He's always been so gentle with you—even your mother says that. I guess you always took him for granted."

At four-thirty that afternoon Kathleen could bear the suspense and silence no longer.

Timidly she called Clem's office. His voice, icily unresponsive, answered.

"This is Kathleen," she ventured, as mildly and inoffensively as she could. "I wonder—would you mind stopping around for a few minutes tonight to see me, to talk things over?"

It was as if she had never known him, she thought, trembling with relief when he coldly agreed to her proposal.

She was too nervous to set the scene, so when he came he found her on her knees, scrubbing the tile under the kitchen stove, trying to become engrossed in anything that would keep her teeth from chattering at thoughts of the impending interview.

She sat back on her heels as he stalked in, hat aggressively atilt.

"Weren't we silly about last night?" she began engagingly.

"When people begin talking about divorce," returned Clem darkly, "there's just one thing to do—get! I got."

"I never said—I didn't mean—" protested Kathleen, standing upright, tremulous in her pink gingham. "The trouble was, Clem, you took the whole thing so seriously."

He stood, bleakly unresponsive.

"It was serious enough, all right," he averred, after a moody pause. "I never thought you'd fling out at me that way, say the things you did, all over an affair that touched us so little."

"BUT that was just *it*, don't you see?" begged Kathleen impatiently. "The fact that the whole thing was like a scene played in a theater, sad and tragic, and affecting you terribly, but in the remotest kind of way. Can't you see?"

Clem reached for her in one stride across the shining little kitchen.

"Fools we both are, fighting this way," he said brokenly. "If it only affected you a little—I went through hell last night, Kathleen—I thought we'd come to the finish."

So they kissed and made up, and life went on for them again.

But in Kathleen's heart Valentino remained Romance, though she would never again say it. And in Clem's heart he remained jealous of Valentino.

Though he would never again say it.

THE END

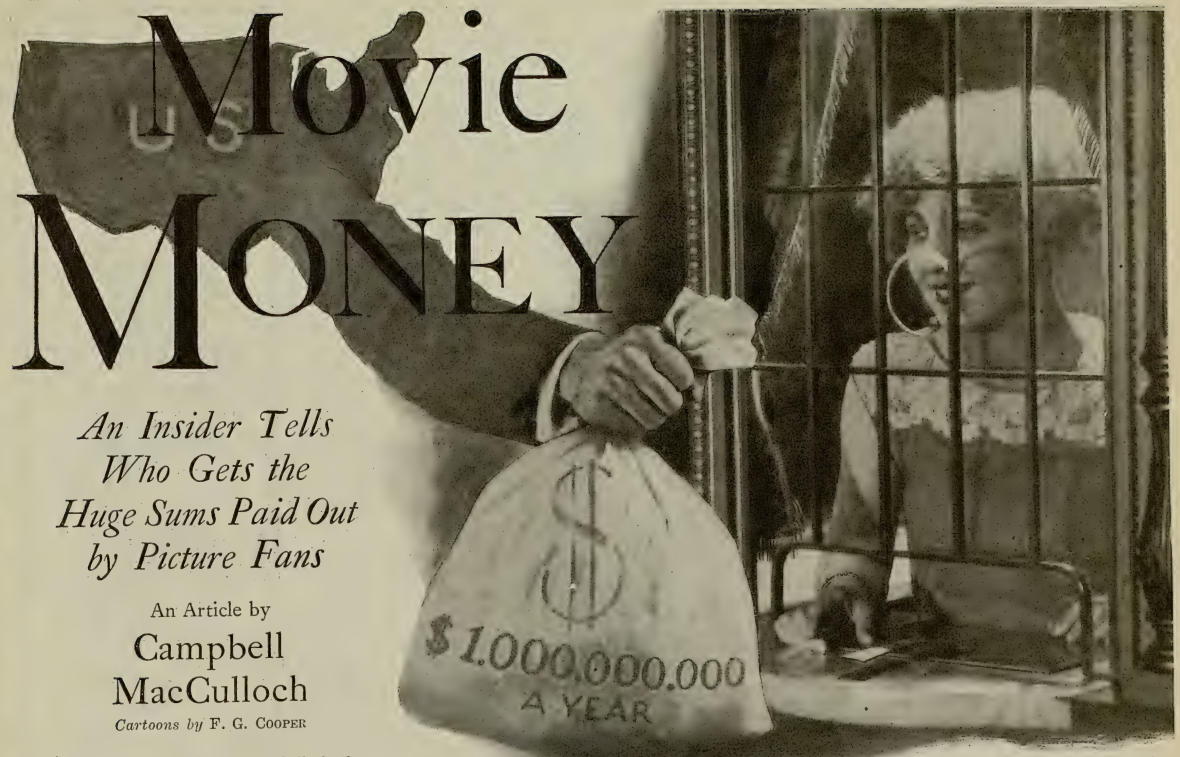
Movie Money

An Insider Tells Who Gets the Huge Sums Paid Out by Picture Fans

An Article by

Campbell MacCulloch

Cartoons by F. G. Cooper



Lazarnick photo

[Editor's Note: Campbell MacCulloch, the author of this article, has been for many years identified with the production and distribution of motion pictures. He is familiar with the workings of the movie studios as well as the business departments of the big cinema corporations in New York and Hollywood. The figures he gives are from actual ledgers and cost sheets, not a repetition of hearsay picked up "on the lot."]

THE American people spend $1,000,000,000 a year for moving-picture entertainment, and the rest of the world contributes some $400,000,000 more annually to the support of this same national industry. Roughly, $1,500,000,000 of movie money.

How is this huge sum collected, who gets it, and how is it spent?

Admittedly, a business with a gross annual turnover of that size is a *big* business, taking rank with agriculture, the railroads, oil, and the automobile; and yet, in the United States not more than 20,000 persons find regular employment in the making of pictures.

Wide World photo

Adolph Zukor, dean of the movie magnates.

True, some 20,000 more hang on the edges and find occasional opportunity; but they may work twenty weeks a year or they may not work two. They are the horde of the hopeful known as the extras. About 80,000 more find work in the picture theaters of the country.

The romance and the big money, however, fall to the production end of the industry, and once more it is demonstrated that humanity will pay far more for a laugh than it will for a loaf.

The Department of Commerce is authority for the statement that there are 18,000 moving-picture theaters in the forty-eight States of the Union, and that each day approximately 17,000,000 people patronize them. At an average of twenty cents each, these movie goers pay about $3,400,000 daily to watch some 10,000 or 12,000 feet of celluloid unroll before their eyes. Let those who insist Americans are not amusement mad, laugh that off.

So the next time you push your silver change across the glass shelf toward the marcelled young person with the martyred air and the rolls of colored tickets, just remember that you are making your individual contribution to the annual $1,000,000,000 in this country that finances Gloria Swanson's new Long Island home, Mary Pickford's tour around the world, and Tony Moreno's castle in Hollywood's hills.

The theaters collect the $1,000,000,000, retain about $300,000,000 for their operating expenses and profit, and turn the balance over to the distributing companies. These deduct $250,000,000 and deliver the balance to the producers, the men who scheme and plan and devise the pictures that are the outcome of one of the most fascinating methods of making and spending money that art and commerce together have managed to conceive.

But is it really fascinating, this movie business?

"It's the greatest game in the world, this picture making," said the president of one of the biggest banking chains on the Pacific Coast. "Nothing like it for interest has ever been devised. While you're in it, spending millions for ideas and personality and temperament, and trying to fix them on a strip of film, nothing is too fairylike. No motor car is too fine to buy, no home too palatial to plan. The days are just a succession of gorgeous business rainbows."

He sighed and shook his grizzled head.

"And the trouble is that just a few months' experience with the movies knocks the everlasting romance out of every other occupation on earth. Nothing else has quite the same kick or thrill to it ever again. Eh? Oh, yes. We in the bank here have had our experience with the movies, and we've held up our good right hands and sworn, 'Never again.'"

"And which particular picture company's balance sheet do you keep in the desk drawer there?" he was asked. Whereat he threw back his head and laughed.

"You win," he chuckled. "It's there, but I won't tell you which outfit. Do your own guessing."

Time was when an invitation to lend money to a moving-picture concern was likely to throw a

[Cont'd on Next Page]

Wide World photo

Carl Laemmle, veteran head of Universal.

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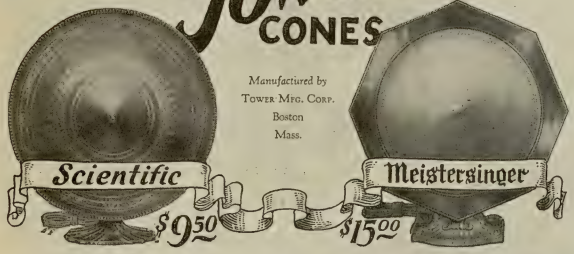

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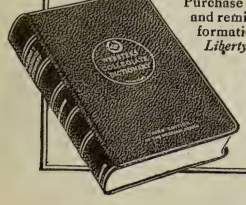

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MOVIE MONEY
[Continued from Page Fifty-one]

banker into a nervous chill. To begin with, the picture business had no standing whatever—and, like Gunga Din's raiment, rather less than that to end with. There were no physical assets that would serve as collateral. True, there was an idea for a picture, some more or less definable agreements, and perhaps a distribution contract of the "if, as, and when" variety, with quite a portion of intangible conversation thrown in. To the banker of that day these were wholly inadmissible as financial equivalent. In fact, the movies just wasn't a business at all.

But today all this is changed.

The banks have learned something of the values that may lie in a contract with a famous star, a story by a famous author, or an agreement with a nationally known director. In New York and Los Angeles, the twin motion-picture capitals, a dozen financial institutions are intimately affiliated with the movies and would unquestionably finance such a combination as that just mentioned.

In New York, the Motion Picture Capital Corporation, the chief source of money for the independent producers, is a big picture factor, though J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the Central Union Trust Company, the Harriman National Bank, the Pacific Bank, and the Bowery-East River National Bank are also well known in cinema circles. Several of these institutions have representation on the directorates of big movie companies.

SOME idea of the operations of the Motion Picture Capital Corporation may be gleaned from its last financial statement, issued a few months ago, which follows:

ASSETS	
Cash	$755,757
Notes and Accounts Receivable After Reserve	6,317,654
Advances	212,548
Accrued Interest Receivable	107,846
Accrued Commissions Receivable	68,034
Investments	36,250
Furniture and Fixtures	4,020
Deferred Charges	135,498
Negotiable — "Her Market Value"	1
Total	$7,637,608

LIABILITIES	
Notes and Accounts Payable	$4,561,380
Dividends Payable	15,466
Federal Income Tax, 1926	31,702
Accrued Interest Payable	14,521
Guarantee Deposits	2,370
Reserve for Federal Tax	26,043
Deferred Credits	143,792
8 per cent Preferred Stock (par $25)	613,400
175,462 no par Common Shares	2,078,230
Surplus	150,704
Total	$7,637,608

Individual financiers operate

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

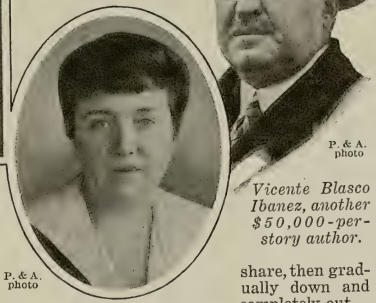
along the same general lines as the banks, though they are more inclined to extract a heavier bonus. Within two years an officer of one of the New York national banks did a large personal business in motion-picture loans and made the operation wash both hands. His plan was to handle the loan as an individual—borrow the sum from his bank on suitable collateral, paying the regular 6 per cent. Then he'd charge the extreme legal rate to his movie client, plus a bonus for the loan, payable immediately, and a share in the profits. All pretty good, but he went further. The client might run foul of a motor car or something, or the star might be the victim of picture hazard, and so their lives had to be insured. The gentleman, in addition to his other operations, was a life insurance agent, so he wrote the policies and collected the commissions on them.

On the Coast, the Bank of Italy, the Commercial National Trust and Savings Bank, the First National Bank, and the Pacific Southwest Trust and Savings Bank are all more or less intimately interested in picture financing, while the Federal Trust and Savings Bank of Hollywood is almost an out and out picture institution, having half a dozen famous movie names on its directorate.

Of late years the movies have swum strongly into the financial ocean and have become recognized as extremely important commercial fish. To an extent this is due to the widening vision of the banking fraternity, and largely to the swiftly growing importance of amusement in the daily life of the nation. Ten or twelve years ago the banker looked with suspicion on the pictures because it was difficult for him to gauge their values. Then gradually he became educated to these and, as he did so, his viewpoint on collateral and intrinsic worth changed.

Rex Beach, who gets $50,000 each for the film rights to his stories.

Fannie Hurst, who got $50,000 for the picture rights to Manequin.



P. & A. photo

Vicente Blasco Ibanez, another $50,000-per-story author.

P. & A. photo

Mary Roberts Rinehart, paid $75,000 for one story.

THERE is a large difference between the situation of 1913 and the situation of 1926. The following comparisons are interesting:

	1913	1926
Invested in the industry	$230,000,000	$1,500,000,000
Taxable property — studios and theaters	105,000,000	750,000,000
Spent in advertising	5,000,000	67,000,000
Average cost of features	12,000	200,000
Rental charges per picture (average)	10	200
Salaries	12,000,000	100,000,000

Of course, fourteen years ago, bankers were dimly conscious that there was such a thing as the motion picture, but that was about all. Adolph Zukor had organized the Famous Players Company, and by sheer persistence and hard work had pounded it into a place where it simply had to be reckoned with from the money standpoint. Carl Laemmle had welded the independent movement into the Universal Film Corporation, and was consolidating his position.

Then Harry E. Aitken, a former real estate operator from Wisconsin, got control of two small companies in New York, and went down into Wall Street with his plans for the Mutual Film Corporation. This was the first picture excursion of its kind, and he got the money. The Vitagraph Company, under the tutelage of Messrs. Smith, Rock, and Blackton, had been growing steadily, and the high and mighty old Biograph Company was beginning to slip into the doldrums. The picture business was beginning to smell of money.

But the banks were still very uppish—so uppish, indeed, that when Aitken left Mutual in 1915 and began to put the famous Triangle together, the bankers could hardly hear him at all—due perhaps to the failure of Mutual to pay any of the expected dividends. So Aitken went direct to the public with his promotion, and succeeded in driving his combination of David W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, and Mack Sennett from five dollars par up to nine dollars on the New York Curb, from which eminence it slid with dazzling rapidity to fifty cents a share, then gradually down and completely out.

About 1917 movie money was beginning to chatter in large numbers. Charlie Chaplin had contracted for ten pictures, for which he was to receive $1,000,000 within a year, and Zukor had signed a contract with Mary Pickford by which he agreed to pay her $520,000 a year. Wall Street could hear the fascinating noise made by the picture dollars.

So it was not so hard for Mr. Zukor to interest Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and for the first time the movies became financially respectable, and the respectability grew.

Then came the master stroke when Marcus Loew, with his chain of vaudeville theaters throughout the country, bought the Metro Pictures Corporation and convinced J. P. Morgan & Co. that United States Steel and foreign loans were not the sole sources of profit.

Quite suddenly the movies had been accorded the accolade of financial recognition. The pictures now "belonged." And the present-day organizations are sound to the core.

Motley H. Flint, executive vice president of the great Pacific-Southwest Trust and Savings Bank combination, one of the biggest financial interests on the Pacific Coast, is credited with being an exceptionally well informed motion-picture financier.

"Strictly speaking, there is no big financing of picture companies today," Mr. Flint said to the writer. "The half dozen or so premier organizations have their capital and are in excellent business shape, as their published balance sheets show. Their financing has been accomplished, and it is doubtful whether there will be other large promotions. Mergers and combinations, no doubt, and consequently some refinancing; but that is all I see on the picture horizon.

"While it required some time, bankers have learned to appraise and understand movie values; so when, recently, one of the big companies wished to absorb a competing concern, two banking firms made no difficulty about supplying the two or three millions of cash required. The year earlier this company had shown profits of more than $1,500,000. This year's financial statement showed a deficit of about equal size; but that was not in any sense alarming, since it represented cash outlay for a going concern and a couple of theaters.

"THE banking judgment was to put these in as a direct operating charge, and to absorb the whole outlay in that year's business. The next statement will tell a different story, with well over a million on the profit side of the ledger.

"The big companies have consolidated their positions as industrial leaders. To some extent, this has been accomplished by striving for quality of product, and by providing for a definite sales outlet in their ownership of first-run theaters. These companies are in good strategic position, and to break into their field would be a long and expensive task.

"Famous Players-Lasky, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, Universal, William Fox, and First National are producing companies each with its own sales organization. They have millions invested. They have acquired a clientele, a technique, and certain affiliations difficult to duplicate today. They spend millions, of course, but they earn millions.

"Always there will be companies and individuals to make up an independent movement; but the cream of the business is skimmed by the big studios."

The six companies named by Mr. Flint produce together about 250 pictures of feature length each year; so in number they represent about one-third of the output, hardly constituting a monopoly, whatever the belief may be. In actual dollars as expressed in sales, they probably get close to half the business, and most assuredly 80 per cent of the top rentals. It is estimated that some 700 feature pictures are produced each year, but not all of these get on regular release programs or schedules. Some are "wildcatted," and some are entirely unworthy of distribution at all.

Among the regulars of standing who deal more in short-length pictures are Mack Sennett, Al and Charles Christie, and Hal E. Roach. They are almost exclusively comedy producers. And then there is the small but very select group composed of Douglas Fair-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MOVIE MONEY
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

banks, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin, who are one-super-per-year folk—meaning that they confine their efforts to making one multiple-reel picture that is entitled to and receives special exhibition, often in regular theaters, at prices from two dollars downward. Actually, the trio just mentioned are independents, and their pictures are distributed through the agency they themselves control, the United Artists Corporation. Griffith was once a member of this combination also; but, since he is out of individual production, only his older features are so handled.

In the second division of importance are F. B. O. and Metropolitan Pictures, Inc., and then on down the line to the dozens of smaller organizations making anywhere from ten to one picture a year.

IT is usually estimated that about $400,000,000 is turned over to the picture producers of the country each year. Where does this money go?

To the making of more pictures and the payment of dividends.

What does a good feature picture cost? How great is the "extravagant waste," and do the picture players really get the salaries the press agents say they do?

Let's take these in their order.

First, a five-reel or six-reel feature picture costs anywhere from $5,000 to $200,000, the former being the down limit for an inconsequential, partially faked production on "Poverty Row," and the latter for a fair picture from the studio of one of the "big six."

One studio in the forefront of the industry turns out more than forty feature pictures a year, at an average cost of $187,643.22; and of this sum it is known exactly where each dollar goes, specifically what it is spent for, and what it represents in finished product. Top-notch accounting and engineering alone accomplished this result.

Let us take a sample estimate cost sheet as prepared by the budget committee of a studio. Every known potential factor is taken into consideration, and it has been the work of days to put it together. The story has been prepared, plans have been drawn in the drafting-room, the costumes designed, and the sources of material determined. Even the number of days to be permitted for "shooting" the film is figured. Then 10 per cent is added for contingencies. When it is all estimated we have something like this:

Picture No. 000 Production
Title: White Topaz days: 25
Director: James Whoosis

1. Director, cast, and story	$51,185.43
2. Salaries — Production manager and assistants	875.00
3. Salaries — Assistant directors and clerks	$2,670.00
4. Salaries — Camera men and assistants	7,082.74
5. Salaries—Editors and cutters	3,739.32
6. Salaries—Extra talent	5,116.25
7. Compensation insurance—Staff and cast	349.41
8. Continuity (screen version of story)	8,774.72
9. Salaries — Scenario department	175.15
10. Designing sets—Labor and material	3,756.75
11. Sets — Construction and labor	13,557.67
12. Sets—Material	7,591.97
13. Sets—Operation and maintenance	318.82
14. Sets—Trucking, striking, etc.	20.15
15. Properties — Purchases	3,415.75
16. Properties—Outside rentals	1,064.30
17. Properties—Special construction	2,104.50
18. Properties — Prop men, pick-up men, etc.	2,940.61
19. Wardrobe — Purchases	1,763.12
20. Wardrobe — Studio construction	1,254.84
21. Wardrobe—Outside rentals	341.71
22. Electricians—Wages	2,991.43
23. Cameras — Outside rentals	300.00
24. Auto and truck hire not included elsewhere	251.61
25. Hotel, travel, and meals	2,832.33
26. Location fees and expenses	6,719.15
27. Negative raw stock.	7,732.22
28. Negative laboratory expense	5,881.22
29. Positive raw stock.	1,732.22
30. Positive laboratory expense	3,483.41
31. Titles—Salaries	300.00
32. Titles — Stock, expenses	853.25
33. Publicity—Salaries.	983.33
34. Publicity—Expenses	489.08
35. Still photographs	373.88
36. Miscellaneous expense	2,705.78
37. Workmen's compensation insurance	293.55
38. General studio overhead	15,400.00
39. Special art work	113.33
40. Exploitation	829.42
Total	$171,890.97

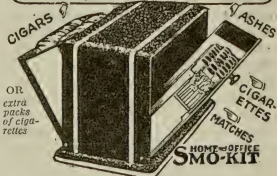
Actually, the picture referred to in the above schedule ran $2,396.51 under the estimate, though often a picture will run over. Extravagance and waste are the criticisms of the ignorant, and it is doubtful whether any line of industry is more carefully watched in those items definitely known.

BUT there are unknown factors, such as time, accident, temperament, inspiration, etc.

The Big Parade was scheduled, as a regular feature picture, to cost $175,232. About one-third through the picture the vice president of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Here's a Clever New Idea in a GIFT for SMOKERS



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

the company caught a glimpse of a big idea peeping through the scenes that had already been made. An hour later the whole plan of the picture was changed, the expense limit removed, the scope tremendously enlarged, new sequences outlined, and plans made to enlist the co-operation of the War Department. The final cost was close to $400,000, but the results have fully justified the gamble, for gamble it was. On a conservative estimate, this picture will earn anywhere from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000.

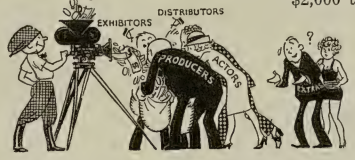
Ben-Hur was a different tale. The costs of this production were staggering, greater by far than any other photoplay ever filmed. Two managements over a period of nearly three years wrestled with it. To the second management it came as a heritage with $1,500,000 already spent. The question was whether to junk the picture and take the great loss, or face the expenditure of at least $2,000,000 more and gamble on the outcome.

It speaks much for the courage of Marcus Loew, Nicholas M. Schenck, Louis B. Mayer, and their associates that they had the nerve to see the thing through to a finish that will entertain and instruct the world for years to come.

P. & A. photo
Marcus Loew.

Wide World Photo
Louis B. Mayer.

Nicholas M. Schenck.



AND on the other side of the cinema costs highway lies Poverty Row, previously referred to—a section of moviedom that huddles around Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street in Hollywood.

The top cost for a feature picture on the Row is $50,000 and the far more usual limit is $30,000. Not infrequently one of these efforts smites the popular bull's-eye with a resounding clangor that heartens all the rest of Poverty Row to renewed activities.

But the Row game is getting more difficult because the trend of costs is upward. Salaries rise; and this year story prices are up, a good tale suitable for screen use bringing anything you like to name. The rights to Ben-Hur are said to have cost $1,000,000. A dozen stories in the last year have brought better than $100,000.

Blasco Ibanez gets $50,000 flat for the picture rights to his tales; Rex Beach takes down a similar amount; Mary Roberts Rinehart has reaped $75,000; and Fannie Hurst got $50,000 for Mannequin.

The Row operator can't stand costs like those, so he has to search carefully for something that can be had for around $2,000, and now and again he finds it.

But if Poverty Row can make a picture for $50,000 or less, why do the big studios spend $175,000? A fair enough question.

In the first place, the crux of the problem is one of quality. Few Row films ever get into the first-run theaters.

Secondly, the big studios operate on a quantity schedule—forty or fifty pictures a year—while the Row operator has but one or two.

One studio comprises fifty acres of ground, the land alone being worth $1,500,000. Its monthly pay roll exceeds $500,000, while the materials that go into picture making—the stories, electricity, lumber, cement, extra players, celluloid raw film, paint, hardware, photography, flowers, wardrobe, furniture, motor transportation, gardening, and so on—reach another $500,000. Even the scenario department costs over $400,000 a year.

Add to these costs the New York office charges, advertising, distribution expense, taxes, and so on, and the annual costs have shot a hole in $20,000,000, that would pass a five-ton truck. If the studio makes fifty pictures a year—and few reach that total—gross receipts for each feature must reach $400,000 to break even. As to whether they do or not, reference is made to published dividends.

In 1924 Famous Players-Lasky paid dividends of $65.32 on its preferred stock and $18.81 on its common. In the same year First National Pictures paid $46.68 on its preferred and passed its common dividend, due to setting up a reserve for construction of a new studio. Loew's, Inc., controlling both theaters and studios, earned a net profit of $5,018,817.66 in 1925. Fox Film Corporation earned net profits of $2,224,161 in 1924, and Universal Pictures Company earned a net of $1,785,011.

BUT who gets the individual money?

Well, the stars get some, the producers get some, and the directors do not do so badly. One genius, who has a special facility in gauging the public wants, draws a modest $250,000 a year for his services. He is Irving Thalberg of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and he is twenty-six years old. A dozen and a half players, among whom may be enumerated Conway Tearle, Antonio Moreno, Charles Ray, Lon Chaney, Lewis Stone, Sydney Chaplin, Dorothy Gish, and Anna Q. Nilsson, receive $2,500 a week and upward for their services, and a select few touch $10,000 a week.

Rudolph Valentino's contract called for $10,000 a week and 25 per cent of the profits on his pictures. Corinne Griffith has a contract that sets her weekly emolument at $10,000 plus certain dividends from her stock holdings. Gloria Swanson, now producing for United Artists, heads her own company, and her contract provides that her minimum salary shall be $10,000 and the maximum $15,000. In addition there are dividends.

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S agreement with Producers Distributing Corporation calls for $6,000 a week and a percentage of the profits. David W. Griffith has a similar arrangement, minus the dividends, with Famous Players-Lasky. James Cruze, King Vidor, Ernst Lubitsch, Fred Niblo, and several others draw from $2,000 to $2,500 a week for their directorial efforts, while a goodly company can beat $1,000.

The camera men are slowly but surely coming into their own. For each continuity that either turns out Frances Marion and Marion Fairfax take down $15,000. There are lesser lights getting from $7,500 down to $1,000. Title writers are not excepted from the big money. Art directors, production managers, and special photographers are by no means cheap.

And what do the movie folk do with their money? Various things. For example:

The Federal Trust and Savings Bank is a Hollywood institution. Its president is Joseph M. Schenck, picture magnate and husband of Norma Talmadge. The directorate includes Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Norma Talmadge, Louis B. Mayer, Sid Grauman, and Fred Niblo. That group owns a majority of the stock.

Antonio Moreno owns a large hill tract in Hollywood, known as Moreno Highlands. Charlie Chaplin, during the war, bought $1,000,000 worth of British Government securities, and when the United States went in he put a similar amount in Liberty bonds. He has considerable real estate also.

Douglas Fairbanks buys bonds

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MOVIE MONEY
[Continued from Page Fifty-five]

and good industrials. He has some realty holdings, and he and his wife, Mary Pickford, have probably $1,000,000 tied up in their studio. Also there is property in Beverly Hills.

Mae Murray has extensive land holdings, as have the Beery brothers, Noah and Wallace. Conway Tearle, in addition to owning considerable land, is president of the Conway Tearle Realty Company, and is interested in a large mortgage company.

Marion Davies has invested heavily in Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, and the San Fernando Valley, as well as in good industrials.

One of the big real estate corporations of Hollywood has incorporated no fewer than fourteen subsidiary operating companies, and to a great extent the stock of these is held by the motion-picture contingent. One of these subsidiaries conducting a suburban development recently declared its second dividend of 127 per cent.

Two big operations largely financed by picture capital are the new Roosevelt Hotel and the new Chinese theater, both on Hollywood Boulevard and almost opposite each other. Also garages, office buildings, manufacturing companies, and local utility corporations are largely financed by movie money.

The public impression that the picture people are irresponsible and improvident hardly holds water. Pretty generally they are careful business people, making plenty of hay while the sun shines.

In California movie money is vitally important. To contemplate the loss of it gives Pacific Coast bankers spinal tremors, and even the rank and file of the population realize how much it has done for Los Angeles as a city and the southern part of the State in general.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All in the Point of View

Barbara, aged three, was playing none too gently with her kitten, when her aunt said:

"Barbara, don't pull the kitten's tail."

Her reply was: "But, auntie, I'm not. I'm just holding the kitty's tail and she's pulling."—Mrs. D. H. B., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

* * *

Mother Loses Out

Marvin, Jr., aged six, had been punished and was "thinking it over" in his room. Soon he called:

"Mother, I'd like to speak to you."

Mother went in and Junior confided:

"I had intended to buy you a nice watch or ring with my savings, but now, of course, I can't."—Mrs. M. McC., Ocean View, Va.

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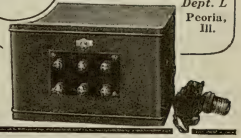
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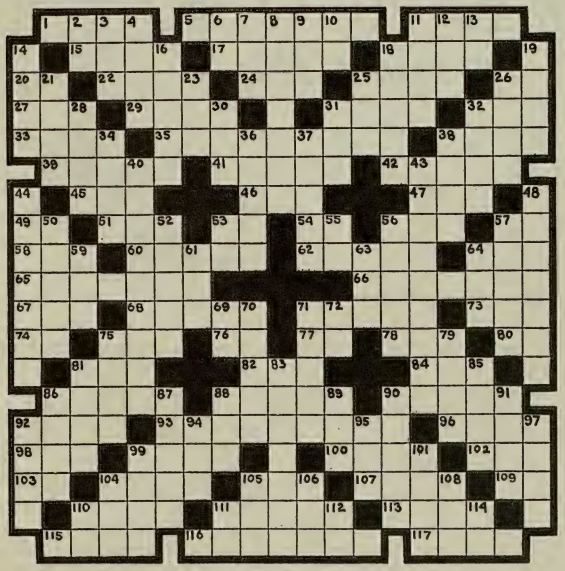
$25 for Cross Words

SEND in your puzzles—but, remember, avoid obsolete and technical words, and make sure that all parts of your puzzle interlock. Address your contribution to Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 12

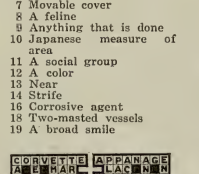
BY SERGEANT L. T. PAYNE, Schofield Barracks, Hawaii

HORIZONTAL

1 The linden tree
5 That which gives stability
11 Stuff
15 The male parent of a beast
17 A kinswoman
18 A kind of internal decay in fruit
20 God of the watery element in Babylonian mythology
22 A heavy harrow, for breaking up ground
24 Woman's marriage portion, or dowry
25 Small nail
26 Else
27 Pulpy fruit of the grape kind
29 Light-colored spot in the forehead of a horse
31 Precipitated moisture
32 A species of monkey
33 Feminine proper name
35 Rivaling
38 Bereft
39 Fresher
41 Drilled
42 Floats
45 Collection of articles belonging together
46 A poem
47 To practice mendacity
49 Syllable sounded in solmization
51 A pronoun
53 One, indefinitely
54 A letter of the Greek alphabet
56 Spanish champion of Christianity in the eleventh century
57 A pronoun
58 Constellation known as the Altar
60 Antagonist
62 A billet of wood
64 To invest one's self with
65 Violent wind of French Mediterranean provinces
66 Amatory
67 A small tumor or swelling
68 A Malay-Negrito of Luzon
71 Raver
73 Ever
74 A pronoun
75 A gypsy
76 A measure of type
77 A gulf of northwestern Siberia
78 A South American wood sorrel
80 A note of the diatonic scale
81 A moor
82 To prepare skins of sheep for gloves, etc.
84 The haunch
86 Crude
88 Imitates
90 A country under the mandate of France
92 To abound
93 Ferocious
96 Sear
98 A pronoun
99 A convention or congress
100 Small skin tumor
102 Unrefined
103 A pronoun
104 Made crooked
105 Title of the ruler of Tunis
107 A defile
109 To partake of reality
110 Confront
111 At a time to come
113 Father
115 To assume an appearance
116 A Californian rockfish
117 Precipitate

VERTICAL

2 Lives
3 Occupying a middle position
4 Strays
6 One
7 Movable cover
8 A feline
9 Anything that is done
10 Japanese measure of area
11 A social group
12 A color
13 Near
14 Strife
16 Corrosive agent
18 Two-masted vessels
19 A broad smile
21 A river in England
23 A visit between whalers at sea
25 A prohibition
26 Rows
28 Metric measures of area
30 Chafe
31 Free from
32 Sensitive
34 Controls by inspiring dread
36 Crazy
37 The years between twelve and twenty
38 Placed
40 Supposed gas in the air (plural)
43 Government by the few
44 A cetacean
48 Not specific
50 Assam silkworms
52 To embrace
53 A form of to be
55 From the coast toward the interior
56 Gem carved in relief
57 Mean dwelling
59 A viper
61 Syllable used in the original sol-fa system
63 Tatter
64 Expire
69 A pronoun
70 Grotesque
71 Part of a spur
72 A month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
75 To countersink
79 Displays ostentatiously
81 Unfettered
83 Talismans
85 Wharf
86 A United States coin
87 To restrain within certain limits
88 An Egyptian goddess
89 To repair or attach by thread
90 Strop
91 One of a Semitic race
92 Labor arduously
94 To immerse
95 Villous surface of a fabric
97 A jug
99 Consider
101 A sovereign
104 An insect
105 The profession of a lawyer
106 Yes
108 Mineral spring
110 A pronoun
111 Behold!
112 Japanese measure of length
114 In accordance with



Answer to Puzzle No. 11

Don't you think?

IT IS by no means strange that men who want "something better" in cigarettes turn to Fatima. All things considered: tobaccos, aroma, subtle delicacy, it would be extraordinary if they didn't

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

$4000.00 In Prizes
Be One of 1055 Winners

Enter the Great Liquid Veneer Contest now. Tell us in less than 150 words what you have found to be the outstanding quality of Liquid Veneer. Or tell us of an unusual use for Liquid Veneer.

$500.00 FOR 5 MINUTES' WORK

If yours is the best answer received you will win the first prize of $500.00. If not, you have a chance to win one of 1,054 other prizes. Each tieing contestant will receive duplicate award. Three prominent Buffalo men will act as judges. Contest closes Dec. 31st, 1926.

If you are one of the million that use Liquid Veneer you have found that it is not sticky. Tell us about it. Or you may have discovered that a few drops on your cloth used in dusting has preserved your furniture for years and kept the finish like new. Write your experience.

Obtain Contest Blank from your dealer. It contains full rules. If he can't supply you, write us. Don't miss this opportunity.

Contest Editor,
Liquid Veneer Co.
81 Liquid Veneer Bldg.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
☐ Send free Blank for Liquid Veneer Contest.
☐ Send free for two weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer.
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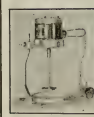
Street.....
City..... State.....

A Practical Gift For Friend Wife



She is sure to appreciate the new KITCHEN MECHANIC. It stirs fluit batters and dressings, whips cream, beats eggs, and mixes drinks. Adjustable to various sized receptacles. Simply plug cord in any lamp socket. (Operates on 110 volts, A. C. or D. C. current.) Beautifully finished in Gray and White Enamel, nickel trimmings. If your dealer can not supply, send direct to factory.

Price $7, prepaid. May be ordered sent Parcel Post C. O. D. You pay the postman.

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Skin Troubles

Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers' itch, eczema, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE tried and tested in over 100,000 cases—used like toilet water—is simply magical in prompt results. You can repay the favor by telling your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

E. S. GIVENS, 478 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

What the mirror reveals to you hundreds of others will see!

Dancing eyes; alert to follow every play on the field. A touch of bright color in each cheek, painted by the magic brush of a brisk fall wind. Your whole countenance aglow with the excitement of the game and the crowds, a vivid picture under a becoming little hat and cupped in a mass of fur. Yet it is possible for one little thing, the result of carelessness or procrastination, to rob you of that confidence in your appearance that everything else has helped to build up. Instead of a gay heart, receptive to the attention of your friends and the admiring glances of the crowd, you are left sensitive and self-conscious.

BETWEEN THE HALVES, and at the fraternity house after the game, old friends will come up to greet you and new ones will be introduced. As you meet them, will your eyes fall or will you meet their glances with confidence and self-assurance? Will they see a clear, beautiful skin, unmarred by blemishes of any kind, or will the charm of perfection be broken by a glance at your face?

Skin blemishes do not belong there under any conditions. Although, in many instances, you can't prevent them, they may be quickly banished with RESINOL, that pleasant, soothing ointment that has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years, for skin and scalp troubles. Quickly the soreness will vanish and the ugly blemishes disappear. It is very easy to convince yourself of the truth in this statement. We will gladly mail to you without charge a sample of Resinol Ointment and small guest cake of Resinol Soap.* Simply mail in the attached coupon.

(Apply Resinol Ointment with the finger tips, allow to remain for an hour or more and then wash off with Resinol Soap. Repeat daily until the complexion is cleared.)

*You will delight in the mild, cleansing action of Resinol Soap, which preserves the delicate, protective oil in the skin.

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Kindly send, free of charge, samples of Resinol Ointment and Soap.

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Address.....

City.....

Eileen Bourne's BEAUTY Question Box

HAVE you a question on beauty or personal hygiene upon which you need advice? Miss Bourne will help you. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Exercise Most Important

Do you advise the use of bran to correct constipation? My color is bad and though healthy and strong in every other respect I am afflicted with this ailment. I get very little exercise and I know that is one of the reasons.

PEARCE, Houston, Tex.

If the digestive apparatus is in a fairly healthy condition but evacuation irregular, the taking of bran is beneficial. As a breakfast cereal, with cream and sugar, it is quite appetizing. If you drink liberally of cold water early in the morning, you will find this additionally helpful. And exercise, as you recognize yourself, is absolutely necessary, particularly exercise of the trunk muscle upon which intestinal action is dependent.

For Excessive Perspiration

I perspire so dreadfully under my arms that I ruin every dress. Happily, there is no unpleasant odor from it. Is there any remedy? Mrs. PERCY K., Macon, Ga.

Astringent lotions are used for the purpose of checking excessive perspiration. There are good preparations on the market, but when you use one, be sure to follow directions about its application, which are plainly presented. It is not wise to over-use any of them. Nor are they to be used immediately before putting a frock on, or after shaving under the arms, or after using a depilatory. A 25 per cent solution of aluminum chloride in distilled water makes a good astringent. Use twice a week for a couple of weeks and then only once a week to prevent return of the trouble.

Calories for the Housewife

How many calories a day does a woman require who does none of the heavy work around the house but is fairly actively engaged? HOUSEWIFE, Florida.

From 2,000 to 2,500, depending on how actively engaged. A housewife who puts in a full day on work that calls for a real output of strength might indulge as high as 3,000 calories. That would include heavy work, such as laundry, or during strenuous housecleaning days. Ordinarily, the 2,200 mark takes care of the apartment housekeeper who has the heavy work done for her. This is not a reducing standard, however.

Wants the "Slicker" Bob

I am twenty-eight, blonde and fairly large; weight 138 to be exact. My features are regular, but I am no beauty. My hair is bobbed and have worn it rather full around the face, but I would like to wear the "slicker" bob, short cropped, tight, with ears showing. Have a natural point at nape of neck. What is your advice?

ELEANOR A., Cleveland, O.

The blonde is rarely cast by nature for the extreme boyish bob. It is a brunette style. Whether blonde or brunette, its wearer should be either young or have striking beauty. If one is large, the effect is mannish rather than boyish, consequently most trying. A soft framing of the face is kinder to the mature girl or woman. If the hair has a natural point in the back, keep it. Keep that back line as soft as possible. Don't shave it or use clippers there.

Good Home Shampoo

How can you make a good home shampoo? And is it better to dry the hair by hand than over the radiator or before the gas oven?

P. R. M., Erie, Pa.

Make a liquid of a good, pure soap. Shave it fine, pour water over it, and let it simmer until the soap is all dissolved. Lay aside to cool. Wet the hair first in the washbowl. Pour the liquidized soap on fairly generously. Then work a lather with your hands. Rinse, repeat the soap application, and rinse three times in clear water. An inexpensive spray is a great help for the rinsing. Have on hand at least two Turkish towels and rub the hair dry with these. The improved circulation in the scalp makes this method of hair drying preferable to others.

LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne, has 48 pages of practical advice for every woman interested in looking her best. Use the coupon to order one today. It costs only 10c.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
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Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.

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Proportion Is Nine Points of the MODE

By Mary Brush Williams

ALL other subjects of conversation failing, returned travelers may resort to the favorite argument as to whether skirts are worn shorter at home or abroad. Americans are inclined to believe that in Paris they mount higher, just because they saw one skirt that looked as if it were trying for the altitude record, or a group of them soaring for it at a fashion show, or perhaps because they fancy they just naturally ought to be shorter than ours.

The most careful, the most unprejudiced scrutiny in the streets of Paris, however, leads me to the contrary conclusion. Taken as a unit, skirts are not as short as ours. At least, they abide by a rule that this writer has tried to suggest for Americans to follow, but which is frequently ignored. So many of us know only one way of jazzing up a costume and that is by shortening the skirt. Parisians never do this without at the same time bringing up the waistline to a level proportionate to the lessened skirt length.

Another important detail Parisians look out for is to make armholes as small as possible. Great, loose, ill-fitting armholes and short skirts do not look pretty together. The dolman effects must be more carefully done, or else the skirt lengths must be brought down. We might almost say, dolman effects having been most carefully done, skirt lengths must be brought down anyway.

Kimono sleeves and short skirts are not pretty unless made very well indeed. Let the material draw tightly across the hipline just where the hip bone goes widest and do not permit the back to blouse too low. Americans are inclined to put the band too far down across the back and at the underarm seams, thereby taking away all possible chance of permitting the blouse to narrow where the small of the back nips in so prettily. Our way of blousing is likely to make of the back a pillow-shaped outline as wide above the hips as at the shoulders.

With our midi blouses we are likely to evade the issue of giving our backs a delicate outline and we often let them cover up both defects and virtues in an oblong shapelessness. It isn't fair to us, since American backs usually are good. Flat across the shoulders and delicately tapering above the wide, tight hip belt is the ideal to aspire to. Having persuaded the blouse to nip in nicely at armholes and small of back, a fine point is to permit it to flow amply elsewhere, notably across the bust.

WITH this silhouette you may have your skirts as high as you please—that is to say, saving one other consideration. High, skimpy skirts and long, spindly legs beneath them do not look pretty. And this abiding truth I can back up by an incident. Twice I asked well known French artists to redraw pictures for us of which some American girl artists had made sketches. We had selected the models together as designs that would interest you. Somehow the dresses didn't look just right in the sketches.

The French artists were men skillful and impartial and keenly observant, and both shook their heads dubiously.

"The skirts should be longer," each said in his separate studio and unbeknown to the other, as he regarded the sketches. "Or else the legs ought to be shorter," each appended in his authoritative way. It always seems as if the people with the spindliest legs crave the shortest skirts. And this is the message of the week: The law of proportion should be observed even in dealing with the styles. Accompanying this article are pictures that a very well known European artist offered as embodying his idea of the lines that are good for American women.

AT the same time let us add that skirts are considered to have reached the shortest and the tightest lines they can ever attain in Paris, and to satisfy this acknowledged law of proportion, some skirts blouse (in the same manner as bodices) over tight hems. In such instances, however, the dress goes straight at the belt.

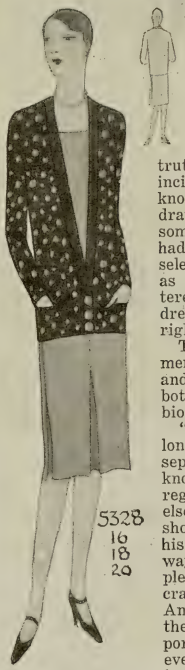
Often falling panels go lower than these very short, tight slips of skirts, and with their swinging motion give a sense of breadth. Sometimes these narrow underslips are veiled in fringe several inches longer, and this overdrop carries movement with it. These are some of the devices for preserving correct proportions while short skirts are in vogue.

Proportion in dress means that the lines of the neck, the shoulders, the sleeves, and the waistline form a harmonious whole with the skirt, and so express the lines of the wearer's figure that beholders are conscious of neither mode nor modiste, only of the delight that is felt before any work of art.

A COAT of green velours de laine trimmed with bands of velvet of the same color, the collar and cuff bands of squirrel.

DULL and shiny plum-colored satin is used in the smart dress at extreme left. Good lines and correct proportions are well in evidence.

THE frock at left is of beige-colored crepe de Chine, with a suede leather belt of a darker shade of brown.



SIMPLE beige-colored slip with a brown velveteen jacket embroidered in wooden paillettes. The jacket is supposed to be worn as a part of the sports dress.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by Mary Manton

Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number. Send with your full address to:

LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THIS nasturtium velvet beret from Marthe Regnier, with brown and orange pompoms, is one of those age-subtracting models.

Will Your Winter Hats ADD or Subtract?

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

A BLACK velours helmet from Jane Blanchot. It droops below the ears and offers a charming frame for certain types of faces.

YOU don't have to be good at mathematics to add to your age or subtract from it. You may not have passed beyond five plus five in school, but you can add—or subtract—ten or twenty years to your looks, just by the simple act of putting on a hat.

There are two great rules: Select the right hat and wear it in the right way.

Fashion is always with you, but you have to know how to make use of the styles offered in order to operate the rules to your own advantage. The most important thing is to avoid a style in millinery, however good, if it makes you look older or less attractive, because there is always some equally good style that will act in the opposite direction, and you have only to use patience and intelligence to find the particular style that suits you.

The present fashion of high-hatting women is one of the most dangerous to youthful appearance. High-crowned hats are smart, but so are berets, with their crush crowns, which are never too severe, and any woman can take her choice.

Most of the smart hats for winter are either brimless or have narrow brims, which is as it should be, for with the big collars or fur scarfs we all wear, the wide-brimmed hat not only creates a disagreeable line, but tacks on a few years by putting the face in half eclipse. A small brim is necessary for certain faces, where there is an excess of fat or of angularity.

Most women can wear the beret of this season, which flares decidedly from the top of a wide band, and which any one can adjust to a becoming slant.

REBOUX'S adjustable beret, of rose satin and black velvet, is arranged to suit the style of the wearer.

PARIS likes the bright hat this season, but again, as in the case of clothes, allows the neutral colored or black hat an important place. Color is of the greatest importance in erasing age from the face, and the deep reds and nasturtiums, the royal blues and browns of the mode are excellent antidotes for the harshness that is so frequently produced by somber or neutral shades. Also, there is no more flattering device known to millinery genius than the placing of trimming or the arrangement of brim low on one or both sides of the head. This adds freshness and charm to any face, young or old.

There is a well known maxim among Frenchmen to the effect that the age of a woman never can be judged with her hat on, and this has arisen from the fact that the Parisienne usually knows just how young a hat she can wear. No woman who looks more than thirty should wear the Agnes hat illustrated here. It belongs exclusively to women who are beyond twenty and who do not look thirty.

Just as important as selecting a hat is the process of wearing it, and no hat is either becoming or youthful when worn on the back of the head. The forehead should be at least two-thirds covered, and most particularly is this true when years are to be subtracted. If you pull your hat over your eyes you look bizarre, and if you push it to the top of the forehead you appear silly.

Hats with a little brim can be worn farther back than any beret. The little pie-crust crinkled brim helps to frame the face, but it shouldn't be set so low as to put it in shadow. This hat is a descendant of the Gigolo and one of the most popular of Paris hats, probably because it is youthful and flattering. It can be worn gracefully by many types of women of differing ages, and with the result of augmenting a youthful appearance. What more can be said?

Most women look younger in soft hats, and also with the grace of a certain amount of trimming. Avoid stiff headgear unless you are absolutely certain that it does not do damage to your appearance.

Finally, and above all, see that your hat fits your head all around; not too tight or too loose. A smart hat must form an irreproachable outline, no less perfect than that of a fine glove or shoe.

AGNES makes high-crowned felt hats of strips of beige, brown, and orange felt, with narrow brims.

A SUCCESSOR to the Gigolo is this Blanchot hat of green felt with a one-inch crinkled brim.

Delicious! Pie! Cake! Pudding! Cookies!

made from

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

THREE recipes that won big prizes in our $1250 National Recipe Contest! You'll agree that they're worth every bit of the money; for they make the most delicious plumy pudding, fruity cookies and delightful None Such Fruit Cake you've ever tasted. Think of it—the pick of 19,400 recipes for your family! We doubt if a single recipe in any cook book in America has undergone such rigid tests as these. Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, Dean of the College of Home Economics, Syracuse University, which judged the contest, certifies that they are not only most delicious in taste but exceptional in food value.

Prize Recipes

None Such Pudding

Ingredients—1 cup finely chopped suet; 1 cup molasses; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 cup sweet milk; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1 package None Such Mince Meat; ½ teaspoon salt; 2½ cups flour sifted. *Method*—Mix and sift dry ingredients keeping some of flour for mince meat. Whip egg, add molasses, milk and suet; combine mixtures and add finely broken floured mince meat. Turn into greased molds and steam three hours. Serve with Hard Sauce or any liquid sauce.

None Such Cookies

Ingredients—1 cup butter; 1½ cups sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; 1½ tablespoons hot water; 3¼ cups flour; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 cup chopped walnut meats; 1 package None Such Mince Meat which has been broken up in very small pieces. *Method*—Cream butter; add sugar gradually, add eggs well beaten. Add soda dissolved in hot water, and ½ of flour, mixed and sifted with salt. Then add nut meats and None Such and the remainder of flour. Drop by spoonfuls an inch or two apart on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven 350° until golden brown. Remove from oven when still soft and cover before entirely cool.

None Such Fruit Cake

Ingredients—½ cup shortening; 1 cup light brown sugar; 2 eggs; ½ cup milk; 1¾ cups flour; 3 teaspoons baking powder; ¼ cup water; 1 package None Such Mince Meat; ¾ cup seedless raisins. *Method*—Cream shortening; add sugar; add egg yolks, milk and mince meat which has been softened with water. Sift flour and baking powder together and add slowly; add the floured raisins and fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Put in greased loaf tin and bake in a slow oven 300° to 325° from 60–90 minutes.

Fruits from California, beef from Texas, cider and vinegar from New York, spices from the West Indies—all the world has been searched and countless combinations of ingredients tried to make None Such delicious for your use.

Your Thanksgiving Pie

Thanksgiving would not be Thanksgiving without turkey and Mince Pie! If you have never made a NONE SUCH Mince Pie you'll be surprised how easy it is to make. And it can't be more delicious. We have tried every combination in our test kitchens. If Mince Meat could be made more perfect we'd make None Such that way.

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a holiday's Apollo day

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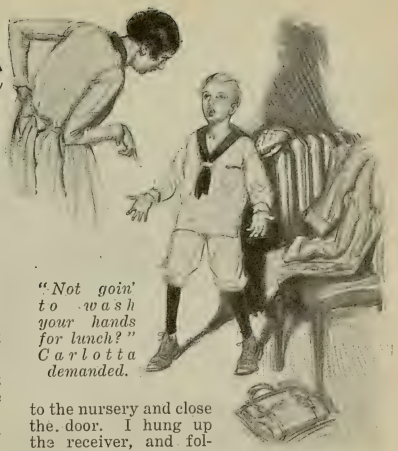
The Treachery of Eddie

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story for Children

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF



"Not goin' to wash your hands for lunch?" Carlotta demanded.

EMMY, Nicholas, and I had settled ourselves at the table for lunch, as usual, before Greg arrived.

He came in, finally, all hot and breathless.

"Not goin' to wash your hands for lunch?" Carlotta demanded.

Greg cast a guilty look at his hands and then a pleading look at me. But I pretended not to see, so he went off reluctantly and came back slightly cleaner.

"Walked home from school with Jimmy Donovan," he announced in a businesslike way as he seated himself and began to play with his food. "An', Muzzer," he went on, "may I go to see him this afternoon? I told him I would."

"I suppose so," I assented. I seldom promise anything definitely—I've learned better.

Soon Nicky and Emmy dashed off to school and Greg went upstairs to do his lessons with me. He finished them in short order, and at about half-past two he started off to visit Jimmy.

It was dark before he came back. Emmy had come home, done her lessons, and gone to spend the night with Gran. Nicky had walked around with her to Gran's. Apparently he met Greg on the way home, for they entered together, much excited.

"I *know* she won't let us!" Nicky was saying hopelessly as they came upstairs to find me.

Greg hurled himself at me, a little bundle of thin arms and legs and large, eager eyes.

"Muzzer, you *will*, won't you? You *will* let us go to the movies wiz Eddie Holt? We haven't been to the movies for a year!"

"Wait a minute," I gasped, untangling him. "Tell it to me from the beginning."

"I met Eddie Holt on my way home," Greg began, "an' he axed me if I'd go to the movies wiz him tonight, an' his fazzer an' muzzer are goin' to take us in their car, an' I said I wouldn't 'less Nicky could go too, an' he said Nicky could go if you paid for him, an' then I met Nicky an' we came to ax you, an' they're goin' to the early show so we'll get home early, an' we haven't been to the movies for a year, an'—oh, please, *please* let us go!"

"Did his mother know he was going to ask you?"

Greg wavered. "He *said* she did. An' they're goin' early, so we'll have to be quick; but he said they'd wait for us to get over zere."

I ROSE. "I'll telephone to Mrs. Holt, and if it's all right you may go."

"Oh, you're so *good!*" they squealed.

Dancing with joy, they followed me to the telephone and stood listening. Eddie's big brother answered the telephone.

No, he said; Mrs. Holt wasn't in.

No, Mr. Holt wasn't in, either. Gone to the movies.

Yes, about fifteen minutes ago. Anything the matter?

Oh, goodness! Eddie was always doing that. No, he didn't say a word about it.

But when they heard me say, "Gone already!" Nicky and Greg had fled. I heard them run down the hall to the nursery and close the door. I hung up the receiver, and followed them.

Greg was flat on his face on the bed, his arms flung over his head in an ecstasy of misery. Nicky was not in sight, but I knew where to find him. I opened the closet door, and there he was, 'way back in a corner, his face hidden in his knees. I pulled him gently out and tried to console them by talk of Christmas and future happiness. But they were so sunk in gloom that I could make little impression, so I returned to my room, knowing they would soon follow.

They did—within five minutes. Nicky fell into the big armchair, his favorite seat, his chin on his breast, while Greg strode up and down the room, clenching and unclenching his fists.

"Makes me feel," said Greg, "'s if I'd like to do just the same sing to him.

"Nex' time I see Eddie Holt," went on Greg, choking with helpless anger, "an' he axes me to go to the movies wiz him, I'll say: 'I won't ever go anywhere wiz you, 'cause you——'" Here he paused, baffled. "Now, what's 'at word?" He stopped in his stride. "What's it he did to me?"

Nicky looked up for the first time.

"Tricked?" he suggested helpfully.

Greg shook his head impatiently.

"No, not *twicked!*"

"Betrayed?" asked Nicky, now really interested.

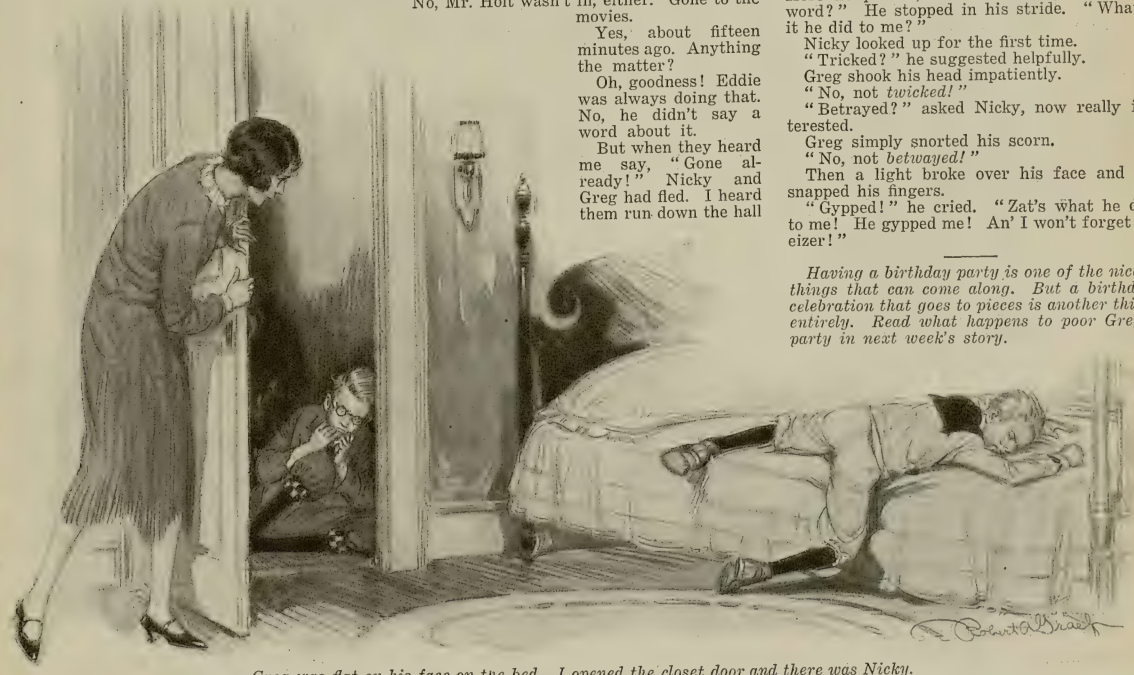
Greg simply snorted his scorn.

"No, not *betwayed!*"

Then a light broke over his face and he snapped his fingers.

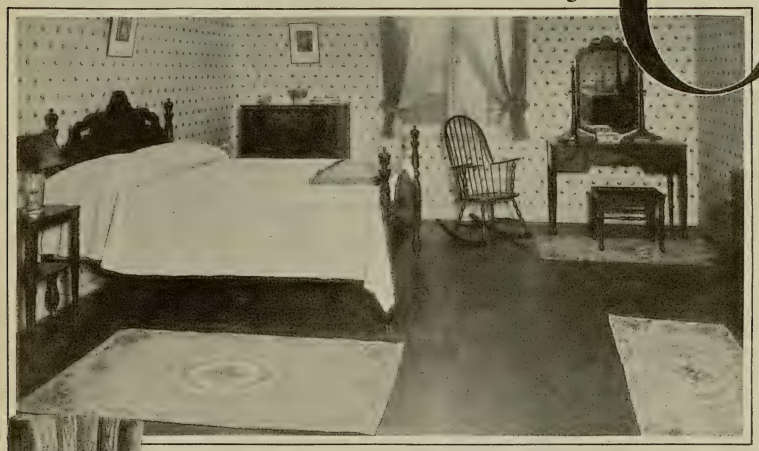
"Gypped!" he cried. "Zat's what he did to me! He gypped me! An' I won't forget it, eizer!"

Having a birthday party is one of the nicest things that can come along. But a birthday celebration that goes to pieces is another thing entirely. Read what happens to poor Greg's party in next week's story.



Greg was flat on his face on the bed. I opened the closet door and there was Nicky.

Some Secrets of CHARM In Home Decoration



The Visks' quaint bedroom displays no apparent effort in arrangement.

Showing the decorative barrel chair, which lends itself to grouping.

An Article by
GRACE L. DAGGETT

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the eighth—and last—of a series of articles by Grace L. Daggett, internationally known interior decorator. In this series she has been telling how LIBERTY'S homes in Bronxville, N. Y., Kansas City, Milwaukee, and Spokane were made livable and beautiful. In the present article she discusses "the art which conceals art."]

LOOKING into the home of George and Johanna Visk of Spokane as it is today, the observer will see charming color effects and groupings, combined with no apparent effort. This impression of ease and restfulness belies the actual study required to achieve such a result.

The hours spent by Mrs. Visk in thinking out the minute details of each room have been lost sight of in the present reality of harmonious settings. This is just as it should be. The success of a well decorated room is dependent upon the natural and seemingly unstudied development of effects. The camouflaging of effort requires expert thought, and every principle of decoration must be skillfully juggled in accomplishing this worthy deception.

The earnestness of Mrs. Visk in choosing her backgrounds has already been described. Her next move was to turn the searchlight on her old furnishings. All sentiment was banished. To look at one's belongings with an analytical and unbiased eye takes real courage.

What to keep and what to throw out is such a personal question that only the owner can consider the relative merits of a belonging and make the sacrificial offering. Just because an object has been cherished for years by someone else is no reason why it should disfigure another home if it has no definite purpose there. What function does it perform and is it beautiful? If neither of these qualities is evidenced, cast it out.

Old bric-a-brac, poor pictures, and presents of other days have no place in the home that stands for broader and better development. This is exactly the line of reasoning Mrs. Visk took, and she was consistent in her decisions. The articles having possibilities were set aside for future consideration.

The living-room davenport and chair to match had always been out of scale in the old house, but in the larger quarters the proportions were better. A fine sense of scale relationship is one of the subtle points of decorating.

In applying this principle, it is possible to accomplish all sorts of tricks. A room may be made larger or smaller by the careful choosing of its units. Having realized that the sofa and chair were usable, it was decided to dress them up in smart attire. There are slip covers and slip covers, as everybody knows, and the home-made variety are not successful as a general rule. Like a tailored suit, they must be most carefully fitted. In making these particular covers it was decided to use a chintz like that of the window curtains.

These hangings were made in a striking imported design of brilliant mulberry and green-blue on a black ground. They hang by wooden rings from an exposed wooden pole, painted in green-blue. This color accent is carried still further by bindings of plain blue on the sides and bottom of the curtains. The view from the many windows of the large living-room is so remarkable that the Visks decided not to obstruct it. Accordingly, very thin glass-curtains of gold gauze were chosen to adorn these windows.

The plain taupe Wilton rugs have been made more luxurious by a lining of Ozite, a carpet cushion that is becoming popular for several reasons. It prevents the slipping of the rugs and prolongs the life of them by relieving the wear and tear. At each end of the room a small Sarouk rug, in the rich rose mulberry and blue colorings common to this weave, adds variety and accent to the floor.

This black and jade-green table is relieved by touches of gold.

Some chairs are more decorative than others, and a barrel design covered in mulberry antique velvet is an interesting note in this room. A wing chair of graceful proportions in green-blue antique velvet has excellent lines and offers a color complement. On high-backed chairs figured materials of large design give a most pleasing effect. The pattern breaks the severity and maintains an appearance of formality. A Charles II chair, covered in taupe-and-green damask, is used by Mrs. Visk, and serves as a good illustration of this rule of interior decoration.

Other furnishings consist of the spinet desk from a corner of the old house and the large library table, greatly improved by its new cover of brocade—a happy resting-place for the new blue pottery lamp, with its delicately painted parchment shade, in a conventional Italian design that had caught the eye of Mrs. Visk in her shopping tours. On one of the several small tables a porcelain elephant, beautifully mounted in ormolu, carries a charming silk shade. These novelties, useful and decorative, were originated in France, and have become popular with us. Painted in blue, a coffee table of Queen Anne design stands in front of the couch and holds magazines, etc.

In the olden days in merrie England, when the taverns were the popular resorts of the hearty country squires, a large chair was designed for the lounging of the master upon his return home. This was known as the "drunkard's chair," and it was considered no disgrace to possess one. In our present day, with different ideals, these chairs are known as "love seats" and are popular in decorating.

At the end of the room, the mantel with tiled facing, carefully planned, is protected on each side by the arched, built-in bookcases. These are painted blue inside and on the top shelf of each stands a decorative porcelain bird of brilliant plumage. Hanging above the mantel and just filling the space, is an antique gold mirror with a painted panel decoration, emphasizing the colorings of the room. The complete effect is rich and delightful.

The same apparent lack of effort in arrangement characterizes the cozy bedroom, with its Windsor rocking-chair and quaintly figured wall paper. Right through the house the schemes have been most carefully planned and developed. To the casual onlooker there is an appearance of comfort and homey charm. This is the secret of decorating, and only the most careful study can create this atmosphere. The hours of labored effort, while well spent, are gracefully hidden in the accomplished purpose of a well appointed, comfortable home.

THE END

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GRETA *finds* Herself

A Little Swedish Schoolgirl Skyrockets to Fame in Hollywood

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

TWO foreign actresses have just established themselves on the American screen, each in a single picture. One was the fair Hungarian, Vilma Banky, who arrived in The Dark Angel. The other is the beautiful Swede, Greta Garbo, who crashed into view with The Torrent.

Far be it from me to make comparisons. Miss Banky has since played opposite the ill-fated Rudy in The Son of the Sheik. And Miss Garbo has duplicated her first hit with her new film, The Temptress. There have been no new native hits, save Dolores Costello, to equal Vilma and Greta.

* * *

Miss Garbo very easily may be the big screen star of tomorrow. She has more to offer the films than Pola Negri, Lya de Putti, or any others of the foreign host. Curiously, if stories are true, Miss Garbo came near sailing back to Sweden without a hearing. It is an interesting tale.

Miss Garbo is just twenty. She was born in Stockholm. It is said she went to a dramatic school in Stockholm. Maurice Stiller, then a successful director with the Svenska Film Industrie, came to the school to watch the dramatic exercises.

Stiller was fascinated by the slender, blonde Greta. At the moment he was casting The Atonement of Gosta Berling, built from Selma Lagerlof's Nobel Prize story. He selected Miss Garbo for the star role. That was in 1922. Greta Garbo was sixteen.

* * *

Prints of The Atonement of Gosta Berling drifted to New York and film officials looked them over. They were impressed with Stiller's direction. A contract was offered by Metro-Goldwyn to the director and last year he came to America. At his suggestion Miss Garbo came, too.

Once in New York the negotiations held fire. Miss Garbo didn't ask much of a salary, but the film dictators couldn't see her at the price. Finally, after more than a month's delay, and just as she was to be sent home, a contract was handed to her.

A story goes that when she alighted in California from the cross-country train she was asked where she would like to live.

The beautiful Greta and Roy D'Arcy in a love scene from The Temptress.

"Can I have a room with a nice, private family, please?" she is said to have inquired in a mingling of Swedish and English.

Of course, that may not be true. Anyway, she arrived in Hollywood unheralded. Nobody had heard of The Atonement of Gosta Berling —or of Greta. She was cast in Vicente Blasco Ibanez' The Torrent.

Irving Thalberg, the guiding force of the Metro-Goldwyn lot, looks over the film shot each day by the various directors. His eye caught Greta Garbo. He was impressed. Special attention was given the production. After it was completed, Miss Garbo was slated to appear in Ibanez' The Temptress, with Stiller directing.

Greta Garbo, heralded as the screen's latest sensation.

Miss Garbo did The Temptress, but something happened to the direction. Stiller was succeeded by Fred Niblo and, shortly after, left the Metro-Goldwyn lot. Now he is to direct for Famous Players and Pola Negri is to be his subject.

Thus the present odd situation. The stepchild who wasn't wanted is now looked upon as the find of the Metro-Goldwyn lot. And the director who fought to get her a hearing is working somewhere else.

* * *

When Miss Garbo first went to California, she expressed amazement at all things cinematic. She couldn't understand the temperamental outbursts. The studios were too vast for comprehension. For herself, she was satisfied to live in the Scandinavian colony. She just wanted to work by day and listen to the beat of the sea at night.

Hollywood works wonders, however. Miss Garbo isn't quite the Swedish hermit she was a year ago.

She gives a surprisingly fine performance in her new film, The Temptress. As *Elena*, the strange woman who turns men's heads and wrecks their souls, she is electrical. It is a sensitive, sensuous, persuasive performance, giving a whole lot of vitality to a wandering, melodramatic, and frequently preposterous tale. There are other good characterizations, but The Temptress is all Greta Garbo.

Brief Comment

You'd Be Surprised: This new Raymond Griffith comedy is a satire upon police methods. The Sultana necklace disappears, then its owner is murdered. Griffith is the coroner who solves the mystery. Neatly amusing.

Do you know that—

Estelle Taylor, wife of the gentleman who forgot to duck, is playing in New York for Famous Players? . . . New York is the name of the film and Ricardo Cortez and Lois Wilson are in the cast? . . . Blanche Sweet has been signed by William Fox? . . . The title role in The Music Master, to be directed by Allan Dwan for William Fox, is still vacant? . . . Colleen Moore has been making scenes for her new picture, Orchids and Ermine, in New York?

The Small BACHELOR

The Funniest Story Ever Written by the Master of Comedy

A Serial by

P. G. Wodehouse

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

FANNY drew the blind aside an inch and looked cautiously out.

HUMAN actions take on a noble or ignoble character largely because of the motives that govern them.

Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington's frantic endeavors to prove George Finch guilty of philandering might have been praiseworthy had they not been motivated by blind prejudice and a determination that no artist should wed her stepdaughter, Molly. Mrs. Waddington's choice of Lord Hunstanton as chief lieutenant in her enterprise did not lend it dignity or sincerity.

The failure of the marriage of Molly and George to come off as scheduled hurried the climax of a tangled skein of events.

Four of the leading characters in this drama are now converging, like so many arrows of fate, upon the Greenwich Village apartment house that shelters the unsuspecting Finch. Let us enumerate them: Mrs. Waddington, seconded by Lord Hunstanton; Molly, seeking vindication for "dear, darling Georgie"; Mr. Waddington, hoping to find the policeman from whom he sheared $300; and finally Ferris, on an errand of dark import. J. Hamilton Beamish, of course, without whom no important problem can be solved, is likely to arrive on the scene at any minute.

If there are any skeletons in George Finch's closet, he'd better get them out of the way promptly. A prejudiced woman is twice as determined when she is convinced that she is acting for the best.

PART ELEVEN

"HOW about a sand—" Hunstanton suggested.

"You were present at that appalling scene this afternoon," said Mrs. Waddington, "so there is no need to describe it to you. You will not have forgotten how that girl came into the room and denounced George Finch. You recall all she said."

"I do indeed. It was the real ginger."

"But, unfortunately, untrue."

"Eh?"

"It was a ruse. She was a thief. She did it in order to steal a pearl necklace belonging to my stepdaughter, which was among the wedding presents."

"No, really? I say! Fancy that!"

"Unfortunately, there seems to be no doubt of it. And so, instead of being appalled at George Finch's moral turpitude, my stepdaughter looks upon him as a much injured man and wishes the marriage to take place as arranged. Are you listening?"

Lord Hunstanton started. There had come frolicking toward him from the dining-room the smell of good food, and his attention had wandered.

"Sorry," he said. "Thinking of something else for the moment. You were saying that Miss Waddington was appalled at George Finch's moral turpitude."

"I was saying precisely the reverse. She is not appalled."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

"No? Very broad-minded, these modern girls," said Lord Hunstanton, turning away and trying not to inhale.

"But," proceeded Mrs. Waddington, "I am convinced that, although in this particular matter this Finch may be blameless, his morals, if we only knew it, are as degraded as those of all other artists. I feel as certain as I am that I am sitting here that George Finch is a loose fish."

"Fish!" moaned Lord Hunstanton.

"And I have made up my mind that there is only one thing to do if I am to expose the man in his true colors, and that is to go to the den which he maintains near Washington Square and question his manservant as to his private life. We will start at once."

"But, I say, you don't need me?"

"Certainly I need you. Do you imagine that I propose to call at this man's lair alone?"

Across the landing at the top of the stairs there passed a waiter bearing a tray with a smoking dish upon it.

Lord Hunstanton followed him with haggard eyes, and, having watched him enter the restaurant, wished he had not done so; for there by one of the tables stood another waiter, carving for a party of four what looked like the roast chicken of a lifetime—one of those roast chickens you tell your grandchildren about. His lordship uttered a faint, whinnying sound and clenched his hands.

"Come!" said Mrs. Waddington. "Let us go."

The thought of defying this overpowering woman did not enter Lord Hunstanton's mind. Nobody ever defied Mrs. Waddington. And so, some little time later, a cab drew up outside the Sheridan Apartment House and two figures proceeded to climb the stairs—for it was one of the pleasing features of the Sheridan that the elevator was practically always out of order.

ARRIVED at the top floor, Lord Hunstanton rang the bell. The sound echoed faintly within.

"Seems to be out," said his lordship, having tried again.

"We will wait."

"What, here?"

"On the roof."

"How long?"

"Until this Finch's manservant returns."

"But he may be hours."

"Then we will wait hours."

Lord Hunstanton's aching interior urged him to protest. "Be brave!" it gurgled. And, while still not sufficiently courageous to defy, he nerved himself to make a suggestion.

"How would it be," he said, "if I just pushed round the corner somewhere and snatched a bite? I mean to say, you never know whether this manservant fellow won't turn nasty. Sticking up for the young master, I mean to say. In which case, I should be twice the man with a bit of food inside me. With a dish of beans or something nicely poised within, I could do my bit."

Mrs. Waddington regarded him scornfully.

"Very well. But kindly return as soon as possible."

"Oh, I will, by Jove! Just want to pack away a hasty prune. I'll be back before you know I've gone."

"You will find me on the roof."

"On the roof. Right! Well, tinkerty-tonk for the moment," said his lordship, and pattered off down the stairs.

Mrs. Waddington mounted another flight, and came out under the broad canopy of heaven.

She found herself with a choice of views—the glittering city that stretched away below and the dark windows of the Finch lair. She chose the windows and watched them narrowly.

She had been watching them for some considerable time when suddenly the middle ones, the French windows, lit up. And, as she stepped forward, her rosiest dreams were realized.

Across the yellow blind there passed a shadow which was plainly that of a young female person—no doubt of a grade of morality so low that in any other place but Washington Square it would have provoked the raised eyebrow and the sharp intake of the breath.

Mrs. Waddington advanced to the window and tapped upon it imperiously.

There was a startled exclamation from within. The blind shot up, revealing a stoutish man in sober black. The next moment the window was opened, and the stoutish man popped his head out.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"I am," said Mrs. Waddington.

"Jiminy Christmas!" said the stoutish man.

* * *

FREDERICK MULLETT had been in a nervous frame of mind all the afternoon—more nervous even than that of the ordinary bridegroom on his wedding day. For he had been deeply exercised for many hours past by the problem of what his bride had been up to that afternoon.

Any bridegroom would be upset if his newly made wife left him immediately after the ceremony, on the plea that she had important business to attend to and would see him later. It was not so much the fact that he had planned a golden afternoon of revelry, including a visit to Coney Island, and had had to forgo it, that disturbed him. That the delightful program should have been canceled was, of course, a disappointment; but what really caused him mental anguish was the speculation as to what, from the viewpoint of a girl like Fanny constituted important business. Her reticence on this vital question had spoiled his whole day.

He was, in short, in exactly the frame of mind when a man who has married a pickpocket and has watched her go off on important business does not want to hear people tapping sharply on windows. If a mouse had crossed the floor at that moment, Frederick Mullett would have suspected it of being a detective in disguise.

He peered at Mrs. Waddington with cold horror.

"What do you want?"

"I wish to see and question the young woman who is in this apartment."

Mullett's mouth felt dry. A shiver ran down his spine.

"What young woman?"

"Come, come!"

"There isn't any young woman here."

"Tut, tut!"

"There isn't, I tell you."

Mrs. Waddington's direct mind was impatient of this attempt to deceive.

"I will make it worth your while to tell the truth," she said.

Mullett recoiled. The thought that he was being asked to sell his bride on the very day of their wedding revolted him. Not that he would have sold her at any time, of course, but being asked to do so on this day of all days made the thing seem, as Officer Garroway would have said, so peculiarly stark and poignant.

With a frenzied gesture of abhorrence, he slammed the window. He switched off the light, and with agonized bounds reached the kitchen, where Mrs. Mullett was standing at the range, stirring a Welsh rabbit.

"Hello, sweetie!" cooed his bride, looking up. "I'm just fixing the rabbit. The soup's ready."

"And we're in it," said Mullett hollowly.

"Why, whatever do you mean?"

"Fanny, where did you go this afternoon?"

"Just down into the country, dearie. I told you."

"Yes, but you didn't tell me what you did there."

"It's a secret for the present, darling. I want to keep it as a surprise. It's something to do with some money that's coming to us."

Mullett eyed her wanly.

"Fanny, were you doing a job this afternoon down there in the country?"

"Why, Freddy Mullett! What an idea!"

"Then what are the bulls here for?"

"The bulls!"

"There's a female dick out on the roof right now. And she's asking for you."

Fanny stared, round-eyed.

"Asking for me? You're crazy."

"She said, 'I wish to see and question the young woman who is in this apartment.' Those were her very words."

"I'll take a peek at her."

"Don't let her see you," begged Mullett, alarmed.

"Is it likely!"

Fanny walked composedly to the sitting-room. She felt no concern. The most comforting possession in the world is, of course, a quiet conscience; but almost as good is the knowledge that you have left no tracks behind you. Fanny was positive that, on taking her departure from the Waddington home at Hempstead that afternoon, she had made a nice, clean getaway and could not possibly have been followed to this place by even the most astute of female dicks. Mullett, she was convinced, must have misunderstood this woman, whoever she might be.

She drew the blind aside an inch and looked cautiously out. The intruder was standing so close to the window that it was possible, even in the uncertain light, to get an adequate view of her; and what she saw reassured Fanny. She returned to her anxious husband with words of cheer.

"That's no dick," she said. "I can tell 'em a mile off."

"Then who is she?"

"You'd better ask her. Listen; you go and kid her along and I'll sneak out. Then we can meet somewhere when you're through. It's a shame having to waste this nice supper, but we'll go to a restaurant. Listen; I'll be waiting for you at the Astor."

"But if she's not a dick, why not stay where we are?"

"YOU don't want people knowing that I'm here, do you? Suppose your boss heard it, what would he say?"

"That's true. All right, then. Wait for me at the Astor. Though it's kind of a swell place, isn't it?"

"Well, don't you want a swell place to dine at on your wedding night?"

"You're right."

"I'm always right," said Fanny, giving her husband's cheek a loving pinch. "That's the first thing you've got to get into your head, now you're a married man."

Mullett returned to the sitting-room and switched on the light again. He felt fortified. He opened the window with something of an air.

"You were saying, ma'am?"

Mrs. Waddington was annoyed.

"What do you mean by going away and slamming the window in my face?"

"Had to see to something in the kitchen, ma'am. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is. I wish to know who the young woman is who is in the apartment."

"No young woman in this apartment, ma'am."

Mrs. Waddington began to feel that she was approaching this matter from the wrong angle. She dipped into her bag.

"Here is a ten-dollar bill."

"Thank you, ma'am."

HE was perfectly right. For suddenly the universe seemed to dissolve in one great cloudburst of pepper.

"I should like to ask you a few questions."

"Very good, ma'am."

"And I shall be obliged if you will answer me truthfully. How long have you been in Mr. Finch's employment?"

"About a couple of months, ma'am."

"And what is your opinion of Mr. Finch's morals?"

"They're swell."

"Nonsense. Don't attempt to deceive me. Is it not a fact that during your term of employment you have frequently admitted female visitors to this apartment?"

"Only models, ma'am."

"Models!"

"Mr. Finch is an artist."

"I am aware of it," said Mrs. Waddington, with a shiver. "So you persist in your statement that Mr. Finch's mode of life is not irregular?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then," said Mrs. Waddington, twitching the ten-dollar bill neatly from his grasp, "it may interest you to know that I do not believe you."

"Here, hey!" cried Mullett, deeply moved. "You gave me that!"

"And I have taken it back," said Mrs. Waddington, replacing the bill in her bag. "You do not deserve it."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SMALL BACHELOR Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

Mullett slammed the window, outraged in his finest feelings.

For some minutes he stood, fermenting. Then, seething with justifiable indignation, he switched off the light once more and went out.

He had reached the foot of the stairs when he heard his name spoken, and, turning, was aware of a long policeman regarding him with a mild friendliness.

"Surely it is Mr. Mullett?" said the policeman.

"Hullo?" said Mullett, somewhat embarrassed. Habit is not easily overcome, and there had been a time when the mere sight of a policeman had made him tremble.

"You remember me? My name is Garroway. We met some weeks ago."

"Why, sure," said Mullett, relieved. "You're the poet."

"It is very nice of you to say so," said Officer Garroway, simpering a little. "I am about to call at Mr. Beamish's apartment now with my latest effort. And how has the world been using you, Mr. Mullett?"

"All right. Everything hunky-dory with you?"

"Completely. Well, I must not detain you. No doubt you are on your way to some important appointment."

"That's right. Say!" said Mullett, suddenly inspired. "Are you on duty?"

"Not for the moment."

"But you wouldn't object to making a cop?"

"By no means. I am always willing—and, indeed, anxious—to make a cop."

"Well, there was a suspicious character on our roof just now. A woman. I didn't like the look of her."

"Indeed? This is extremely interesting."

"She was snooping around, looking in at our windows, and I don't think she's up to any good."

"I will attend to the matter immediately."

"If I was you, I'd pinch her on suspicion. So long."

"Good night, Mr. Mullett."

Mullett, with the elation that comes from a good deed done, moved buoyantly off to his tryst. Officer Garroway, swinging his night stick, climbed thoughtfully up the stairs.

* * *

MRS. WADDINGTON, meanwhile, had not been content with a policy of watchful waiting. She was convinced that the shadow she had seen on the blind had been that of a young woman; and instinct told her that, in an apartment near Washington Square, where there was a young woman present, events were not likely to remain static for any considerable length of time.

No doubt the man she had questioned would have warned the young woman of her visit, and by now she had probably gone away. But she would return. And George Finch would return. It was simply a question of exercising patience.

But she must leave the roof. The roof was the first place the guilty pair would examine. If they found it empty their fears would be lulled. The strategic move indicated was to go downstairs and patrol the street. There she could stay until things began to happen again.

She was about to move away, and had already taken a step toward the door that led to the stairs, when a slight creaking noise attracted her attention, and she was surprised to observe the window swinging open.

It opened some six inches; then, caught by a gust of wind, it closed again. A moment later there was another creak and it moved outward once more. Apparently, in the agony of losing his ten dollars, the man had omitted to fasten the catch.

Mrs. Waddington stopped. She drew a step nearer. She grasped the handle and, pulling the window wide open, peered into the dark room. It seemed to be empty; but Mrs. Waddington was a cautious woman.

"My man!" she called.

Silence.

"I wish to speak to you."

More silence. Mrs. Waddington applied the supreme test:

"I want to return that ten-dollar bill to you."

STILL silence. Mrs. Waddington was convinced. She crossed the threshold and started to feel around the walls for the switch. And, as she did so, something came to her through the throbbing darkness.

It was the smell of soup.

Mrs. Waddington stiffened like a pointing dog. Although when sitting in the vestibule of the Ritz-Carlton with Lord Hunstanton she had apparently been impervious to the fragrant scents that had so deeply affected his lordship, she was human. It was long past the hour at which she usually dined, and in the matter of sustenance she was a woman of regular habits. Already, while standing on the roof, she had been aware of certain pangs, and now she realized beyond all possibility of doubt that she was hungry. She quivered from head to foot. The smell of that soup seemed to call to the depths of her being like the voice of an old, old love.

Moving forward like one in a trance, she groped along the wall, and found herself in a doorway that appeared to lead into a passage. Here, away from the window, the darkness was blacker than ever; but, if she could not see, she could smell, and she needed no other guide than her nose.

She walked along the passage, sniffing, and, coming to another open door, found the scent so powerful that she almost reeled. It had become a composite odor now, with a strong Welsh rabbit motif playing through it. Mrs. Waddington felt for the switch, pressed it, and saw that she was in a kitchen. And there, simmering on the range, was a saucepan.

There are moments when even the most single-minded of women will allow herself to be distracted from the main object of her thoughts. Mrs. Waddington had reached the stage where soup seemed to her the most important thing in life. She removed the lid from the saucepan, and a meaty steaminess touched her like a kiss.

She drew a deep breath. She poured some of the soup into a plate. She found a spoon. She found bread. She found salt. She found pepper.

And it was while she was lovingly sprinkling the pepper that a voice spoke behind her.

"You're pinched!" said the voice.

* * *

THERE were not many things that could have diverted Mrs. Waddington's attention at that moment from the plate before her. An earthquake might have done it. So might the explosion of a bomb. This voice accomplished it instantaneously. She spun round with a sharp scream, her heart feeling as if it were performing one of those eccentric South Seas dances whose popularity she had always deplored.

A policeman was standing in the doorway.

"Arrested, I should have said," added the policeman, with a touch of apology. He seemed distressed because in the first excitement of this encounter, he had failed to achieve the Word Beautiful.

Mrs. Waddington was not often at a loss for speech, but she could find none now. She stood still, breathing quickly.

"I must ask you, if you will be so good," said the policeman courteously, "to come along with me. And it will avoid a great deal of unpleasantness if you come quietly."

The torpor consequent upon the disintegrating shock of this meeting began to leave Mrs. Waddington.

"I can explain!" she cried.

"You will have every opportunity of doing so at the station house," said the policeman. "In your own interests, I should advise you, until then, to say as little as possible. For I must warn you that, in pursuance of my duty, I shall take a memorandum of any statement which you make. See—I have my notebook and pencil here in readiness."

"I was doing no harm."

"That is for the judge to decide. I need scarcely point out that your presence in this apartment is, to say the least, equivocal. You came in through the window—an action which constitutes breaking and entering; and, furthermore, I find you in the act of purloining the property of the owner of the apartment—to wit, soup. I am afraid I must ask you to accompany me."

Mrs. Waddington started to clasp her hands in a desperate appeal; and became aware that some obstacle prevented this gesture.

It was suddenly borne in upon her that she was still holding the pepper pot. And a sudden thought came like a full-blown rose, flushing her brow.

"Ha!" she exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon?" said the policeman.

Everything in this world, every little experience that we undergo or even merely read about, is intended, philosophers tell us, to teach us something, to help to equip us for the battle of life.

IT was not, according to this theory, mere accident, therefore, that a few days before had caused Mrs. Waddington to read and subconsciously memorize the report that had appeared in an evening paper of a burglary at the residence of a prominent citizen of West Orange, New Jersey. The story had been sent to help her.

Of the less important details of this affair she retained no recollection; but the one salient point in connection with it came back to her now with all the force of an inspiration from above. Cornered by an indignant householder, she recalled, the West Orange burglar had made his escape by the simple means of throwing about two ounces of pepper in the householder's face.

What this humble, probably uneducated, man had been able to achieve was surely not beyond the powers of a woman like herself—the honorary president of twenty-three charitable societies, and a well known lecturer on the upbringing of infants. Turning coyly sideways, she began to unscrew the top of the pot.

"You will understand," said the policeman deprecatingly, "that this is extremely unpleasant for me——"

He was perfectly right. Unpleasant, he realized a moment later, was the exact adjective that the most punctilious stylist would have chosen. For suddenly the universe seemed to dissolve in one great cloudburst of pepper. Pepper tickled his mouth; pepper filled his nose; pepper strayed into his eyes; pepper caressed his Adam's apple. For an instant he writhed blindly; then, clutching at the table for support, he began to sneeze.

With the sound of those Titanic sneezes ringing in her ears, Mrs. Waddington bumped her way through the darkness till she came to the open window; then, galloping across the roof, she hurled herself down the fire escape.

* * *

THE only thing in the nature of a policy or plan of action that Mrs. Waddington had had when making for the fire escape had been a general desire to be as far away as possible from the representative of the law when he stopped sneezing and opened his eyes and be-

gan to look around for his assailant. But, as her feet touched the first rungs, more definite schemes began to shape themselves.

Fire escapes, she knew, led, if followed far enough, to the ground; and she decided to climb to safety down this one. It was only when she had descended as far as the ninth floor that, glancing below, she discovered this particular fire escape terminated, not, as she had supposed, in some back alley, but in the gayly lighted outdoor premises of a restaurant, half the tables of which were already filled.

This sight gave her pause. In fact, to be accurate, it froze her stiff. Nor was her agitation without reason. Those of the readers of this chronicle who have ever thrown pepper in a policeman's face and skimmed away down a fire escape, are aware that fire escapes, considered as a refuge, have the defect of being uncomfortably exposed to view.

At any moment, felt Mrs. Waddington, the policeman might come to the edge of the roof and look down; and to deceive him into supposing that she was merely an ash can or a milk bottle was, she knew, beyond her histrionic powers.

THE instinct for self-preservation not only sharpens the wits, but at the same time dulls the moral sensibility. It was so with Mrs. Waddington now. Her quickened intelligence perceived in a flash that if she climbed in through the window outside which she was now standing, she would be safe from scrutiny; and her blunted moral sense refused to consider the fact that such an action—amounting as it did to what her policeman playmate had called breaking and entering — would be most reprehensible. Besides, she had broken and entered one apartment already that night, and the appetite grows by what it feeds on.

Some ten seconds later, therefore, Mrs. Waddington was once more groping through the darkness of somebody else's dwelling place.

A well defined scent of grease, damp towels, and old cabbages told her that the room through which she was creeping was a kitchen; but the blackness was so uniform that she could see nothing of her surroundings. The only thing she was able to say definitely of this kitchen at the moment was that it contained a broom. This she knew because she had just stepped on the end of it and the handle had shot up and struck her very painfully on the forehead.

"Ouch!" cried Mrs. Waddington.

She had not intended to express any verbal comment on the incident, for those who creep at night through other people's kitchens must be silent and wary; but the sudden agony was so keen that she could not refrain from comment. And, to her horror, she found that the cry had been heard. There came through the darkness a curious noise like the drawing of a cork, and then somebody spoke.

"WHO are you?" asked an unpleasant, guttural voice.

Mrs. Waddington stopped, paralyzed. She would not, in the circumstances, have heard with any real pleasure the most musical of speech; but a soft, sympathetic utterance would undoubtedly have afflicted her with a shade less of anguish and alarm. This voice was the voice of one without human pity; a grating, malevolent voice; a voice that set Mrs. Waddington thinking quiveringly in headlines:

SOCIETY LEADER FOUND SLAIN IN KITCHEN

"Who are you?"

BODY DISMEMBERED BENEATH SINK

"Who are you?"

SEVERED HEAD LEADS TRACKERS TO DEATH SPOT

"Who are you?"

Mrs. Waddington gulped.

"I am Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington," she faltered. And it would have amazed Sigsbee H., had he heard her, to discover that it was possible for her to speak with such a winning meekness.

"Who are you?"

"Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington, of East Seventy-ninth Street and Hempstead, Long Island. I must apologize for the apparent strangeness of my conduct in——"

"Who are you?"

Annoyance began to compete with Mrs. Waddington's terror. She raised her voice and answered with a certain stiffness:

"I have already informed you that I am Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington——"

"Have a nut," said the voice, changing the subject.

Mrs. Waddington's teeth came together with a sharp click. All the other emotions that had been afflicting her passed abruptly away, to be succeeded by a cold fury. Few things are more mortifying to a proud woman than the discovery that she has been wasting her time being respectful to a parrot; and only her inability to locate the bird in the surrounding blackness prevented a rather unpleasant brawl.

"Brrh!" she exclaimed, expressing her indignation as effectively as was possible by mere speech; and, ignoring the other's request — in the circumstances, ill timed and tasteless— that she should stop and scratch its head, she pushed forward in search of the door.

Reaction had left Mrs. Waddington almost calm. The trepidation of a few minutes earlier had gone, and she advanced now in a brisk and businesslike way.

She found the door and opened it.

THERE was more darkness beyond, but an uncurtained window gave sufficient light for her to see that she was in a sitting-room.

Across one corner of this room was a high-backed chesterfield. In another corner stood a pedestal desk.

And about the soft carpet there were distributed easy chairs in any one of which Mrs. Waddington, had the conditions been different, would have been delighted to sit and rest.

But, though she had been on her feet some considerable time now, and was not a woman who enjoyed standing, prudence warned her that the temptation to relax must be resisted.

She turned to the door that presumably led into the front hall and thence to the stairs and safety, and had just opened it when there came the click of a turning key.

Climax follows upon climax in the next screaming installment of the funniest serial of the year. Before Mrs. Waddington finishes her sleuthing task, she is likely to learn more of the perils of Greenwich Village than she ever dreamed of in her sheltered home.

Crooked work is abroad on this eventful night, and some of it will soon come to a head. Watch for next week's LIBERTY.

"THERE'S a female dick out on the roof right now. And she's asking for you."

VOX POP

From an Alimony Victim

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Thanks for giving space to Florabel Muir's article on Alimony. Only when our statesmen learn to settle, correctly, this question, can our American life become what it should be. We have every material device imaginable to make life pleasant except the things for the heart of man.

I am a victim of a wife's hasty attempt to free herself from the duties of a wife; she was inspired to this by her mother. The scheme was to pry me loose from my children and home, and then to live on the alimony. She asked for $125 per month and got it, because I would not lower myself to discuss what had been to me the most sacred questions of love before a court and lawyers.

Then I made a promise never to become a slave to such a woman, to pay alimony to her. I turned against the courts and paid not one cent of alimony. I made arrangements to go to the farthest lands of the world, to learn a different language and to live as another person, if it became necessary to save my manhood from being made a slave in this way, by court decree or otherwise. I turned against all women; I had seen the one I trusted most turn traitor and money seeker. From a most loving and naturally gallant husband, the protector of womanhood, I became a danger to them should they ever cross my trail.

I have been in a position, handling hundreds of men, married and otherwise, to take sides with these men in their troubles with their women, some bad and some better perhaps, but to me all belonging to the parasitical class, who should be returned, not to the nineteenth-century status, but to the harem, for which their caliber best fits them. Unleashed woman has proven herself a danger to society and sooner or later the cycle will turn, and they will be back seeking the favors of their masters, where they belong.—*Jack.*

A Different View

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just finished reading Florabel Muir's article, Alimony. It's awfully silly, and shows her lack of knowledge. She evidently was never married or, if she was, she may have got some nonentity that didn't take her seriously.

I know a great number of fine, noble, honorable women who are putting up with miserable, corrupt, contemptible husbands, and if they ever divorce them I hope the courts will repay them in alimony for what they have suffered. Many a corrupt bum is kept a little straighter for fear of having to pay alimony.—*A Reader.*

Slam! Bang! Wham!

ATLANTA, GA.—Your article by Thyra Samter Winslow — What Makes the Gold Digger Dig?—would seem to have reached the high-water mark of rot for the year for such periodicals as have not been barred from the mails.

There is some fine humor in the passages wherein the writer animadverts upon the "virtue" of the gimme-doll.

We are likewise overwhelmed with the generosity of the writer when she concedes that "perhaps our finest flower of womanhood is not the gold-digger." This is liable to bring the denunciation of the whole tribe of Hurst, Cathcart, Glyn et al. down upon her head. The idea of admitting that the coryphees who practice the oldest profession might by any chance not be considered superior to those purblind members of the sex who have hidden their pecuniary sex-value under a bushel (or mantle) of chastity and even childbearing—such a concession, I say, should subject the offender to a severe reprimand and possible excommunication.—*F. B. Higdon.*

War Birds and Aviation

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PROMOTION OF AVIATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Allow me to express the commendation of many members of the American Society for Promotion of Aviation and of myself, who appreciate fully the immense amount of good LIBERTY is doing the cause of aviation with the splendid series of articles entitled War Birds.

May I suggest that you do not stop this good work, but if possible have the series picturized, as I believe a moving picture based upon the story of War Birds would be an authentic portrayal of the founding of our Air Service.—*Thomas L. Hill, President.*

Weak Fighters?

DES MOINES, IA.—This, no doubt, will open an old wound, but it seems to me that War Birds is not only a true diary but an honest confession of why there were so many weak sisters in the American Flying Corps in France. True, to be sure, some were the best flyers in France, but most of them were having too good a time in their own sweet way to get shot down at an early date.

No doubt, if they had received more of that West Point *strafing* and spent a few nights with the infantry at the front, maybe they would have seen why it was all work and a mud hole plastered with H. E. for a sheet—*Elmer Shaw, late buck private.*

Lambasting Sid

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—I have just finished Sidney Sutherland's first letter about Mexico. The inconsistencies contained in it are startling.

Sid promises views on the situation without favor, fear, distortion, or propaganda. Yet, almost in the same breath, he calls President Calles a bolshevik, using a modern term which he knows will immediately create a distasteful impression on the part of the reader toward the Mexican government.

Sutherland is apparently ignorant of the fact that Calles is a Protestant and as such recognizes the tremendous danger to the advancement of education in Mexico that the Roman Catholic Church, with its powerful political organization, is proving itself.—*P. O. Gorder.*

And Praising Him

FORT MYERS, FLA.—I feel compelled to say a word of commendation, as well as breathe a sigh of relief, at the commissioning of Sidney Sutherland to handle the Mexican religious situation.

I have lived in Mexico seven years. I talk the language, and live with the people. I have seen chaos resulting from placing the governing reins in Mexico in the hands of those not trained to drive.

Sutherland knows the hundreds of American newspaper men, intelligent fellows, properly credentialed, and eager for the facts, who have come home from Mexico and produced nothing but twaddle, because they were wined and dined out of their perspective by those who knew how to do it—the *Latins.* Of all people they are the most capable with the blindfold.—*G. D. Wyman.*

A Hater o' Lil

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—I'm with George Ordansky: Cut out that Love o' Lil stuff! It isn't funny, it isn't interesting—except to the winners of prizes. Lil is as homely as blue mud and her feet are big and her ankles ugly—in fact, the huldamfamley are a Blah!

Go back to a front page picture that is interesting and give us a contest that calls for brains and not for bad puns!—*Horace S. Pryor.*

Frank Talk

ROANOKE, VA.—I was pleased to read your editorial, No One Loves Us—But Why Go Into the Garden and Eat Worms? Your argument can't be gainsaid. Darn the Entente Allies, we saved them from getting the daylight knocked out of them and loaned them money to help them and now they go around whining like curs.—*J. B. Foller.*

Football versus Baseball

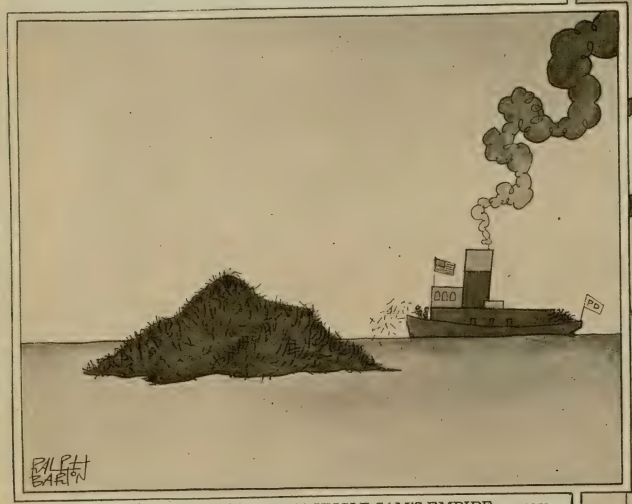
FORESTVILLE, CONN.—The article concerning A Touchdown Beats a Home Run is all right—but Fullerton doesn't know what he is talking about when he claims football leads baseball.

Baseball is played every day during the week—and without any doubt the fans grow more or less tired of the sport because of its being a constant thing—whereas for football—only once a week—the fans would naturally turn out in large numbers.—*A. H. Beatson.*

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

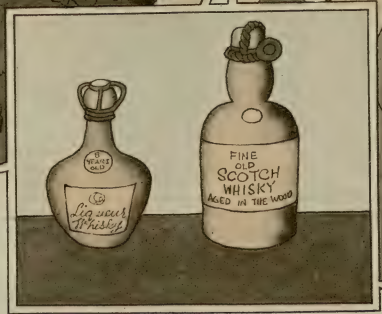
By RALPH BARTON



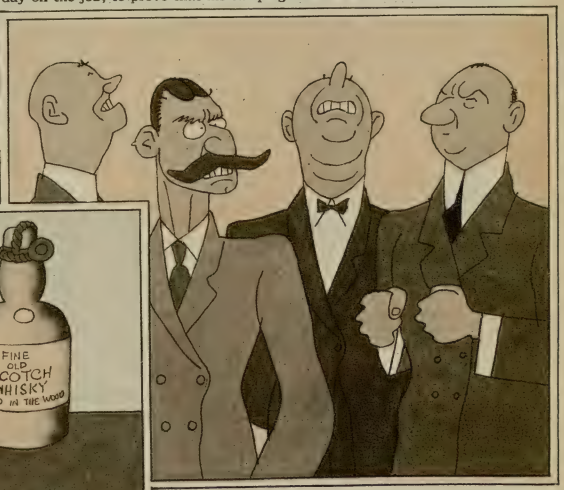
A BRAND-NEW ISLAND TO ADD TO UNCLE SAM'S EMPIRE appears three miles off Ambrose Light, over the spot where the New York Police Department dumps arms and ammunition taken from bandits.

CANDIDATE ELECTED TO OFFICE ON THE PLEA THAT HE IS JUST a plain man, no better than any other man in the street, proceeds, on his first day on the job, to prove that his campaign claims were correct.

PROMINENT AXLE-GREASE FIRM steals an advertising idea from certain famous beauty-cream manufacturers.



CHEMICALLY STRENGTHENED EARTHENWARE BOTTLES, one inch thick, made necessary by the new government poisoned alcohol.



OFFICERS OF NATION-WIDE HATE-NEW YORK LEAGUE open first annual session by silently hating New York for five minutes.

Spending *the* Food Dollar Wisely

By ETHEL SOMERS

FOOD is the most important of life's necessities furnished by the home. Too scanty a provision breeds a hotbed for disease and ill health. An overabundance, no matter how good, overloads and clogs the system. Witness the groggy inefficiency that follows a Thanksgiving feast.

Fortunately, nutritious foods are not necessarily expensive, though feeding a family on a small income is no mean task. The wisest method of choosing food is that promoted by the United States Department of Agriculture, which classifies all foods in five groups:[1]

GROUP I—Eat fruits and vegetables for protective foods.

GROUP II—Eat milk, eggs, fish, meat, cheese, beans, peas, or peanuts for body-building material.

GROUP III—Eat cereals, wheat flour, cornmeal, oatmeal, rice, bread, etc., for tissue-building and fuel.

GROUP IV—Eat sugar, syrups, jellies, honey, and sweets for body fuel.

GROUP V—Eat fats, butter, margarine, oils, or suet for concentrated body fuel.

One Dollar's Worth of Nourishment

FOODS ARRANGED ACCORDING TO COST[2]

Group I—Vegetables and Fruits

A Living Income Allows Only Less Expensive Foods	*A Comfort Income Permits Also Medium-Priced Foods*	*A Luxury Income Provides as Well More Expensive Foods*
Most fresh vegetables up to 5¢ a pound	Dried fruits from 30¢ to 40¢ a pound	Oranges over 25¢ a dozen
Potatoes up to 6¢ a pound	Potatoes over 8¢ a pound	Bananas over 45¢ a dozen
Greens at 5¢ a pound	Spinach up to 12¢ a pound	Grapes over 11¢ a pound
Fresh fruit up to 5¢ a pound	Squash up to 4¢ a pound	Asparagus, celery, head lettuce at ordinary city market prices
Dried fruits up to 30¢ a pound	Fresh tomatoes up to 5¢ a pound	Most canned vegetables and fruits not canned at home
	Most home-canned fruit and vegetables	

Group II—Milk, Eggs, Meat

Milk	Eggs up to 50¢ a dozen	Porterhouse steak
Skim milk	Fowl up to 35¢ a pound	Young chicken
Cheese up to 40¢ a pound	Fish up to 20¢ a pound	Oysters
Cottage cheese	Lean beef up to 40¢ a pound	Lobster
Beef heart and liver	Lean pork chops up to 45¢ a pound	
Dried beans, Lima beans, peas, and lentils	Salt cod up to 30¢ a pound	

Group III—Cereals

Bread up to 11¢ a pound	Bread at 12¢ a pound	
Wheat flour	Macaroni at 17¢ a pound	Prepared cereals in packages at 20¢ or more a pound
Cornmeal and hominy	Rice at 15¢ a pound	
Oatmeal		

Group IV—Sugars

Sugar	Maple sugar at 18¢ a pound	Maple syrup over 50¢ a quart
Molasses up to 38¢ a quart	Table syrups at 30¢ a quart	Most marmalades and jellies when purchased
Raisins up to 18¢ a pound	Marmalade, jellies made at home	Honey at 22¢ or more a pound

Group V—Fats

Table and cooking fats up to 39¢ a pound	Butter up to 70¢ a pound	Olive oil at $1.50 or more a quart
Cooking oils up to 75¢ a quart	Bacon up to 50¢ a pound	Butter over 70¢ a pound
	Chocolate up to 55¢ a pound	Heavy cream at 70¢ or more a quart

YOU may substitute any of the foods of one group from the cheaper columns for those from the expensive columns of the same group.

Except that milk has no substitutes, you may exchange one food for another in the same group. For example, oatmeal may be used instead of wheat, but oatmeal may not be used instead of milk. Use both oatmeal and milk. You need some food from each group every day. You cannot afford *not* to buy some food from each group. Do not skip any and you have a healthfully balanced ration!

The serving of less expensive substitutes for the more costly foods and simple desserts, instead of rich "made" dishes, tends to reduce food costs. Enjoyment in the more meager food realms must come from delicate seasoning, good cooking, healthy appetites, and attractive servings.

Give heed to the proportions of milk, meat, vegetables, especially leafy vegetables. Commonly the tendency is to favor too much meat and too little milk, fruits, and vegetables.

When you economize, substitute cheaper materials of the same food group and value. Learn to attain variety in cooking cabbages, apples, etc., instead of buying more expensive vegetables and fruits.

For meat, eggs, and fish....20 cents or less
For milk (1 pint to each child, 1/3 quart to each adult) .....20 cents or more
For cereals and bread.....20 cents or more
For vegetables and fruit....20 cents more or less
For fats, sugar, and other groceries .....20 cents or less

$1.00

Skillful planning and willing hands can save much on the food budget and still provide healthful, pleasant menus.

[1] Home Economics Division, United States Department of Agriculture.

[2] Table taken from United States Thrift Leaflet No. 15, "How Shall We Choose Our Food?"

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11-27-26

Golf's Greatest Goat Getter

The Secret of Walter Hagen's Success as Revealed by the Man He Fears Most

An Article by GENE SARAZEN

IF I could pick my opponent for the championship rounds of the important golfing tournaments, in which victory is so helpful to the earning capacity of the professional player, I would not choose an obvious victim. I would nominate Walter Hagen, the greatest and gamest match player in the history of the game. You can't be certain about some of the players in my competitive circle, but I would make no mistake in picking Hagen. I can beat that fellow every day in the week.

That is not meant to be boastful, because I know Gene Sarazen is not the world's greatest golfer. Hagen enjoys that reputation, and, in my opinion, there can't be much argument about it. Year after year, tournament after tournament, no one will win as many titles or finish among the leaders as consistently as Walter does.

I hope that I becomingly recognize my own limitations. A lot of experts say my swing is bad. No one will deny, least of all I, that I have had more than my share of lickings on the links. Against other and lesser players I have turned in good and bad rounds, but when I have clashed with "The Haig" in the hand-to-hand struggle of match play, I have looked pretty good.

Hagen has won more golfing honors than any other living player, and the greatness of his reputation is acknowledged by the galleries, who make him the favorite in nearly every tournament he enters. The golfing world hails him as the deadliest match player the game has known. The sports world generally declares Hagen has the competitive spirit—the will to win—developed to a higher degree than any living athlete.

It is not for me to say what golfing laurels should be awarded to me. All that I ask, and I insist on that, is to be enrolled on the scroll of honor as the fellow who could always finish up on Walter Hagen.

That will seem strange to those with only a casual interest in golf. On the two occasions I entered the British Open Championship, I flubbed rather dismally, failing to qualify once and finishing far down the list in the other trial.

In four tries for the British title, Walter won twice, was a single stroke behind in second place once, and tied for third this year, when Bobby Jones won the cup.

MARY had a little lamb, and The Haig has all the goats—but one.

P. & A. photo

My edge over Walter in personal combat is even more mystifying after an examination of our play in the annual championships of the Professional Golfers' Association. In the five years from 1921 to 1925 either Hagen or I have won. But I have been very good or very bad, while Walter has been consistently good. In every one of the four years he competed, The Haig reached the final round. In the three years that I did not win, I was put out of competition in the early rounds.

In 1921 Cyril Walker eliminated me in the third round, 5 and 4, while Hagen went on to win the final from Jim Barnes, 3 and 2. The next year Hagen did not enter and I won the championship by beating Emmett French, 4 and 3.

In 1923 Walter and I met the first time in the final, and I defeated him 1 up on the thirty-eighth green. Larry Nabholtz put me out in the second round, 2 and 1, in 1924, but Hagen went through all opposition to the final, where he again defeated Barnes, 2 up. Last year I was routed, 8 and 7, by Burke of St. Paul in the second round, but Hagen came through the hardest kind of opposition to meet Bill Melhorn in the final and swamp him, 6 and 5.

I think there is no golfing record that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[GOLF'S GREATEST GOAT GETTER]
Continued from Page Seventy-five

approaches Hagen's performances in these P. G. A. tournaments. For four years he met the greatest field of golfers in the world—the American professionals—and was defeated but once. Against such opposition as Jock Hutchison, Jim Barnes, Al Watrous, Leo Diegel, Johnny Farrell, Cyril Walker, Bill Melhorn, Mike Brady, MacDonald Smith—all of them capable of winning any title that golf offers—Hagen won something like twenty-five matches in the four years and fought to the thirty-eighth green to lose by a single hole in his one defeat. His margin of victory over the formidable fields of the P. G. A. meets was approximately six holes for the 36-hole matches.

THAT is consistency that golf is not supposed to tolerate. The game is known for its capacity to humble even the mightiest. Bobby Jones, for instance, can defeat the English amateur champion, 8 and 7, crush him completely, and himself suffer defeat in the next round at the hands of a player not in his class.

The Haig's ability to win at all times, against any kind of opposition, is the thing that sets him apart in the golfing world. He alone defies the laws of the game. Frequently he plays badly. Often he is down—but seldom at the final hole. Take your memory back over the past five years and recall the golfers who have beaten Hagen at match play. He swamped Bobby Jones, his only rival, 12 and 11, in a special 72-hole match last spring. In England last summer he came from behind in brilliant Hagen fashion to defeat Abe Mitchell, the English professional, in a special match.

P. & A. photo

Abe Mitchell, British professional, a victim of The Haig.

George Duncan, another English professional, defeated Hagen last summer in an 18-hole match, but that may be discounted because Walter was just off the boat and eighteen holes is not quite the distance for a real test.

Who else has beaten Hagen at match play in recent years?

No one except Gene Sarazen. Since 1922, when I first gained prominence by winning the National Open Championship, Walter and I have met five times and I have defeated him four times. One of the matches was over 72 holes, two were for 36 holes, and two in England were 18-hole affairs. Hagen won one of the 18-hole matches, but has never defeated me on American soil.

Walter was British Open champion the year I won the American Open, and there was a demand for a special match between us to determine the unofficial world's championship. Arrangements were made for the 72-hole match, the first half to be played at Pittsburgh, where I was then a professional, and the second half at the Westchester-Biltmore Club at Rye, New York, to which Hagen was attached.

Walter won the round at Pittsburgh by a margin of two holes, but I caught him early at Rye and finished 3 and 2.

Our next meeting was in the final round of the P. G. A. tournament in 1923. The 36-hole championship round was played at the Pelham Country Club and went to the thirty-eighth green, where I won with a birdie and so disconcerted Walter that he shot an easy chip shot into a trap.

The golfing public still was not satisfied that I had a license to win from Hagen, and another special match was arranged shortly after the P. G. A. tournament. Walter and I went to Asbury Park, New Jersey, for another 36-hole match, and again I won, 2 up.

We met twice in England in the summer of 1923, during the annual invasion of the American professional and amateur golfers. Walter won his only match from me at a professional tournament at Leeds, England, leading me 3 and 2 at 18 holes. Shortly afterward I turned the tables at Glasgow in another 18-hole match by a score of 2 and 1.

The results of these matches show clearly, to my mind, that I have a decided edge over Hagen at match play, in which he is more formidable, even, than at medal play. The secret of this advantage is really no secret at all. It is simply this:

I am not in awe of the great Hagen. I can play my game as steadily and confidently against The Haig as I can against John Whoozis — perhaps better, because I enjoy defeating him. Beating Hagen is not merely a matter of playing good golf. One must guard against mental and nervous collapse, for Hagen, consciously or unconsciously, is a goat getter of the most poisonous type.

HE is so virulent a mental hazard that most golfers are licked as soon as they learn they are to meet him. The announcement that you are to play Hagen in the next round is sufficiently unsettling to add several strokes to your normal game. His almost miraculous capacity for digging up birdies in the final holes of a match and winning when you think you have him licked, is known from Troon to Skokie.

And there is nothing mythical about it either. The Hagen reputation rests on a solid foundation of golfing deeds—for example, his play in the P. G. A. tournament last year. Walter played through a draw that brought him against the following players: Al Watrous, Mike Brady, Leo Diegel, Harry Cooper, and Bill Melhorn.

Hagen was not at his best during that tournament, while Watrous and Diegel were playing above themselves. Watrous car-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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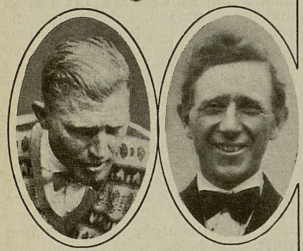
[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

ried him to the thirty-ninth green and Diegel to the fortieth. Brady he defeated 7 and 6, Cooper 3 and 1, and Melhorn 6 and 5 in the championship match—an average of 4 up for 36 holes against five of the best golfers in the country. And he was short of his best game.

HOW does he do it? Psychology, suggestion, and autosuggestion, to quote a professorial golfing friend. Hagen is confident he can defeat any golfer in the world. And it is a strange thing to me that most golfers share that opinion. In short, they expect Hagen to beat them and he does.

I have never felt that way about Hagen. I saw him first in 1921, at the National Open Championship. I finished in seventeenth position that year, with a total of 311 strokes. Walter was second, 11 strokes lower. There was some talk of young players developing and breaking the monopoly then held by Hagen, Jock Hutchison, and Jim Barnes.

"Well, these young fellows look good,"



Wide World photo Internat. Newsreel photo

William Melhorn Jock Hutchison

Two players who lost their nannies to Hagen.

said Hagen, when asked about the possibilities of the youngsters; "but Jim and Jock and I will take care of them when the time comes."

I thought that was a very cocky attitude; but then, I didn't resent it. I am cocky myself. Before the end of the next year I had beaten Hagen, Hutchison, and Barnes, and won the Open and P. G. A. titles. You have to like your own chances to win consistently at golf. A faint heart never sinks a long putt.

The Open in 1922 was played at Glencoe, Illinois. I practiced for it all spring at Pittsburgh and went to Glencoe a few weeks before the tournament to get some practice over the course. When the play began, I was feeling fit and knew it would take much better than good golf to keep me from winning.

I had a 72-73-75 for the first three rounds and was behind when the final round began. So I tightened up and finished with a 68, which put me in front with a total of 288.

I went to the clubhouse expecting to be congratulated. But the boys were shaking their heads doubtfully.

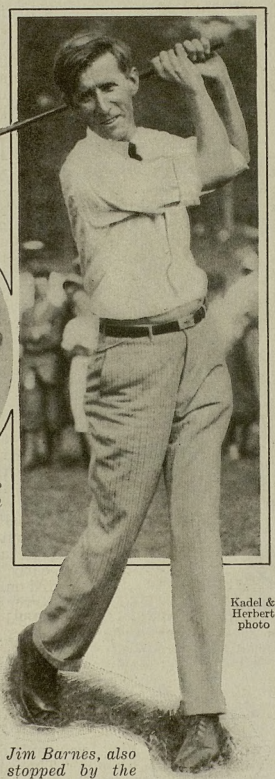
"Hagen and Bobby Jones are still out," they said. "You never can tell about them."

That made me a little sore.

"Well, I've got my sixty-eight," I said. "They've got to get theirs, and it's a lot harder to get it than to have it."

I was right about it, too. Hagen finished fifth, with 291. I decided then that he was only human. Nobody can shoot a 68 just because he needs it.

Hagen and I shoot about the same kind of golf in medal competition. In sixteen tournaments over the past five years Hagen has averaged 74 against my 75. In eight of these Hagen outscored me. I outscored him in seven and we tied for third place in the 1925



Kadel & Herbert photo

Jim Barnes, also stopped by the mental hazard.

Open. In the National Opens since 1921 I have averaged 75.5 strokes a round against 74.7 for Hagen. These figures show there is not a great deal of difference in the mechanical golf of Hagen and myself, although whatever slight advantage there is lies with him.

DIGESTING those figures, I conclude that a 74 can win from Hagen, and I can always do a 74 against him. He wins his matches because he is supremely confident and his opponents usually are not confident. I defeat Hagen because I am supremely confident and Hagen, I think, is not so confident playing against me as he is against most other players.

Confidence is about 90 per cent of the game—in the tight spots. I put the percentage so high because through confidence the golfer will perform correctly the mechanical parts of the stroke. Confidence is the valuable asset that makes you believe you will hole out and be surprised if you don't.

The tightest spot I was ever in with Hagen was in the P. G. A. tournament of 1923 on the thirty-eighth green of the final match. That was the second extra hole. We had finished the morning round all square, but in the afternoon I got a lead of three holes on the first nine, with a 35 against Walter's 38. Coming home, Hagen won the second hole. We halved the next four and then Walter started one of his grand finishes. He won the thirty-fourth and the thirty-fifth holes and squared the match. We halved the thirty-sixth and ended square.

It was agreed to play on until one of us won a hole. I was short on my chip shot on the first extra hole and had a ten-foot putt for a half to save the match. I just knew I could do it. Hagen got his par four and grinned at me as I got ready to sink the putt. He thought the match was in the bag. But when the ball banged into the cup, the grin disappeared.

THE second hole at Pelham was a dog-leg affair, with a fringe of trees protecting the green from the tee. The orthodox method was to play down the fairway and then across to the green. It was possible to drive to the green, but few tried it because of the danger of resting in the rough between the trees and the green or going beyond into a nest of traps.

Walter chose to play the hole in the regulation manner. He drove a grand ball down the fairway and from the shouts I knew he was near and in position to chip on for a possible birdie three.

I decided this was the time to gamble. I would try to carry over the trees to the small target offered by the hidden green. I got over the trees all right, but was in the rough forty yards from home. Walter was grinning broadly as we walked down the fairway. Well he might, for he was in position for a birdie three, while I should be lucky to get my four.

"It's all over now!" shouted some uncouth person in the gallery, and The Haig grinned like a cat that has stolen the Sunday morning's cream—one of those smug, self-satisfied grins that incite to murder.

"That was a game try, Gene," Hagen said. "You had to try it, though, because you had to play for a three."

That was Walter's little joke. We hadn't been exactly Damon and Pythias or even Alphonse and Gaston during that match and now he was rubbing it in.

"This match is still on," I said. "You may need three putts."

The Haig grinned again—at the ridiculous thought of Hagen needing three putts.

I went over in the rough and found my ball deep in thick, matted grass. The shot could be made and I knew I could make it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[GOLF'S GREATEST GOAT GETTER]
Continued from Page Seventy-seven

if anyone could. My iron cut through the grass and the ball described a high arc to the green. It landed and stopped dead—two feet from the pin.

When I got to the green Walter was not grinning. He was only thirty feet off the green. A simple chip shot over a trap and he could still get his half without trouble. But he was annoyed at having to shoot for a half on a hole he had already counted as won.

Walter performed like a duffer on his chip shot. He looked up—forgot the first principle, which is "keep your eye on the ball." He topped the shot and the ball dropped in the trap, six feet away. Sinking the two-foot putt was a mere formality for me. Then Hagen pulled himself together and came within inches of holing out from the trap. The fellow is no set-up at any time. He is a game golfer. He came very near holing out a chip for a tie for first place in the British Open the year Arthur Havers finished a stroke ahead of him.

I won that match because I kept my goat safe from The Haig. His grin, his confident swagger, his self-assurance, and general air of competence are as much responsible for his golf victories as his work with the clubs.

Nearly every one has had experience with the confident, aggressive type. They impress you, to put it plainly, as being too damn sure of themselves. When they have the stuff to back up their opinion of themselves, as Hagen has, the effect is all the more irritating.

The Haig has an unusually goading effect on Jim Barnes and Jock Hutchison. I have seen Jim seethe and boil and take firm hold of himself to keep from braining Walter with his mashie. I have seen Jock get so mad during a match with Hagen that he couldn't talk; he just sputtered.

The Haig doesn't give shrill yells when you drive, or whistle when you putt, but he throws you off your game in other ways—not illegal or unethical, but just as effective.

Suppose your second lies two feet from the pin and Hagen is at the edge of the green, thirty feet away. According to all the laws of golf, chance, and simple justice, that is your hole. But do you always get it? Not against Hagen. He steps up to the ball and says casually:

"Will I miss this one? Not a chance."

Then he sinks it, nonchalantly, and grins at you. And you are so mad about it that you miss the two-footer and lose the hole. Of course he was not entitled to the hole, but he can make it appear that he expected nothing less, so that when you play The Haig you are never sure of anything until the last putt is down.

THERE is a newspaper-men's foursome that plays at my club occasionally. One of them goes around in 85 to 90 strokes. Another in 100 to 110. They are always on opposite sides. Now this fellow who shoots 110 is a terrible golfer. He uses wood on the fairway when he ought to use an iron. His style is completely original. He does nothing right. But on occasions he gets ideas that he can do a certain thing—drive 250 yards or sink a twenty-foot putt or make a certain hole in par. And the strange thing is that he can make these hunches materialize about half the time.

He intrigued me and I watched this foursome go around one Sunday. The hunch player's side was dormie three when he suddenly clapped his hands and announced: "Well, I feel like I'm on my game now. I'm going to win the next three holes and square this match."

The others, even his partner, got a big laugh out of that. But he won the next hole, in par figures, and at the next tee he again reminded his companions that the next two holes were his. Nobody laughed at him then. He sank a thirty-five-foot putt to win that hole.

On the eighteenth tee he was riding the opposition, especially the fellow who shot in the eighties. "Oh, shut up and play golf, you lucky stiff," they growled at him. It was no longer funny. It was irritating.

Wide World photo

Gene Sarazen, who retains his nanny when playing Hagen.

He topped his tee shot, but it rolled many yards down the middle of the fairway. His second called for a mashie, but he used a wood, explaining that he would shorten his swing and get on, as he was not safe with his irons. The ball pulled up in a trap behind a bunker at the edge of the green.

Playing out, he topped, but the ball hit the face of the bunker and rolled over the top and along the face of the green, dead to the pin. He won the hole with a birdie on the worst possible golf. He didn't do a thing right and yet it seemed, as far as results were concerned, he couldn't do anything wrong.

The pair playing against him were in the mood for manslaughter. If he had deprecated his marvelous good fortune, it would have been maddening enough, but he seemed to think he had played good golf and won on his merits as a golfer.

That incident is an exaggerated idea of the hazards in playing against Hagen. He is noted for remarkable recoveries and prefers to take chances on sinking long putts. If he fails, it is a half, or at worst a hole, lost, but if he sinks it, he not only wins that hole, but upsets his opponent so that he gains several holes in subsequent play.

In addition to such stratagems, The Haig is an effective talker on the links. He doesn't exactly ride you, but the result is the same. Say you hook your tee shot. Walter will look concerned and, as you walk from the tee, he will say: "You're hooking them today." That seems innocent and is certainly inoffensive, but if you are at all susceptible to suggestion, you remember the remark on the next tee. You determine you will not hook again. You will show that fellow you are not hooking them today. Then you become tense; your swing loses rhythm—and you hook again. I have seen one of Hagen's opponents hook six consecutive tee shots.

On the greens, The Haig will sometimes condole with you when your putting is off: "They don't drop for you—too bad. Well, there are days like that."

Every golfer knows that putting is a matter of touch and confidence. As a matter of fact, there are days when the putts will not drop for you. And there are days when everything seems to drop. Hagen's remark can destroy confidence and upset your game.

I STARTED playing as a caddie and that was a rough, tough school. You ran against a lot of kidding and riding, and the boys were not above making scornful comments on your game. But I always held my own. I suppose I am still a bit rough and tough myself. At least I know how to keep my poise and discount conversation. When I play The Haig, I am as tough as I have to be to keep him from getting my goat. Occasionally I overdo it and get his goat, as I did at the thirty-eighth hole at Pelham, when he dumped his chip shot into the trap.

In our first match, which was for a purse of $4,000, Walter dropped occasional remarks. Everything was serene at Pittsburgh, where the first thirty-six holes were played and where Hagen got a lead of two holes.

We moved over to Rye for the second half of the match and I overhauled him in the first nine and won the eighth and ninth holes to take a lead of two holes. On one of the early holes of that round, Hagen commented on my hooking a shot.

"Never mind the hooking," I told him. "I can afford to hook a few and still beat you."

In our P. G. A. championship match, I found my ball in a trap under a leaf. I asked the referee if I could lift the ball and he said that the rules allowed it. I lifted the leaf and started to play out, when Hagen ran over, very angry.

"What's the idea?" he said. "You know you can't do that."

"The referee said it was all right to do it," I answered.

"You know better than that," The Haig said. "It doesn't matter what the referee says; the rules of golf are the rules of golf."

The argument amounted to nothing, as Hagen won the hole. But as we walked off the green, I said: "I'm darn glad you won that hole, because I don't want you to have any alibi when I win this match."

These little tales of the links are known in a general way to golfers, particularly professional golfers, who must take the game as a business matter as much as a sport. One of the finest shot makers in the game, a young professional who is almost unbeatable at medal play, has never won a major tournament. Somebody gets his goat or he cracks under his own fretfulness and worry.

You have got to be a little bit hard in this game at times. It takes good golf and a tough skin to beat The Haig. I beat him because I take the play away from him as a goat getter.

THE END

For one arm drivers!

CROSLEY

Single Dial Control

5-75 Console $75

The single dial unit operated by a drum station selector on which station letters are written as you locate them, is in a beautiful mahogany table cabinet at $50.00, finished in two tones and trimmed with rose gold fittings—the 5-50—and in the two toned mahogany console cabinet as pictured here at $75.00. The console incorporates the famous Crosley Musicone and space is ample for all batteries and accessories.

The Super-Musicone pictured on top of the 5-50 is $14.75.

There are times when soft music is much more to be desired than a snappy talk on the habits of grasshoppers. It's easy, now, with a flip of the thumb, to run from station to station in search of tender chords to say what words cannot express. Here's a radio that gets many stations with little effort.

In this amazing radio, a drum, turning under slightest pressure, marshals a dial full of programs to your command. In they come—exactly where you've written them on the dial—each loud and clear and sharp.

Such perfection comes through Crosley's development of radio reception features not found in even costliest sets. For instance, the "Crescendon," a device for increasing volume of weak signals, builds far-off music up to room filling volume, and the "Acuminators" so sharpen tuning that distant stations entirely passed on ordinary one dial sets are arrayed in equal volume with the local and those of super-power.

These advanced ideas, including metal shielding and power tube adaptability, indicate what is easily Powel Crosley, Jr.'s, greatest achievement in value giving — the utmost in radio at a price astonishingly low.

Write Dept. 76 for descriptive literature

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

Cincinnati, O. Powel Crosley, Jr., President

Crosley manufactures radio receiving sets which are licensed under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149 or under patent application of Radio Frequency Laboratories, Inc., and other patents issued and pending.

Prices slightly higher west of Rocky Mountains

The 1926 success which everyone is talking about

$50.

RADIO

Why are these troubles of the gums so fashionably prevalent today?

What brings them on? How dangerous are they? How may they be avoided? How can Ipana help?

YOU have noticed, in all probability, that modern dentists are attaching great importance to the care of the gums.

Within the past few years, this importance has been so progressively accented that now it seems to rise to a great crescendo, leaving the general impression that an epidemic of gum troubles has been suddenly brought to light.

In reality, no such thing has happened. There is probably less trouble than before. For the profession, having revealed the danger and made evident the cause, has also pointed out the simple, effective remedy.

Our diet is to blame for our gum troubles

The profession blames our diet for the troubles of our gums. Nine-tenths of these troubles, they say, can be definitely ascribed to this regime of delicious but soft cookery under which, as a nation, we live.

Our soups and our sauces, our puddings and our fruits, our vegetables and our porridges—all are cooked to a soft consistency. We are "choosy" about the cuts of meat we buy. We demand our eatables soft and tender, and we get them so. The roughage and the fibre has departed from our food. Our diet, so soft and so delicious, has lost its power to stir our gums to health.

And our national bad habit of eating too hastily does our gums no good. For, deprived of the natural massage that careful mastication would give, our gums have grown soft, flaccid and tender.

Why massage with Ipana is so good for the gums

It is these two causes that make gums logy and dull—dead is almost the word. The blood does not circulate, the gum becomes unhealthy. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Other troubles threaten.

Eating today is a lazy pleasure. Coarse foods, containing the roughage that is so good for our gums, have disappeared from our tables. And the dentists turn to massage to make up this lack in our diet.

Dentists advise massage because it stirs up the gum tissues to health, because it speeds to the depleted, softened tissues a fresh supply of rich and wholesome blood. Dentists recommend massage with Ipana Tooth Paste because Ipana has a special value in toning and strengthening gum tissue that is weak and undernourished.

Ipana has this unique value because of its ziratol content. For ziratol is a preparation with antiseptic and hemostatic properties, which for years has been widely used by dentists to allay bleeding and to tone and strengthen weakened tissue.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. He knows it. In fact, the 50,000 dentists to whom our professional men have shown Ipana are responsible for its start. Then, when your dentist says the word, buy the full-size tube at the nearest drug store and experience for yourself the delightful flavor and splendid cleansing power of Ipana, as well as its wholesome and beneficial effects on the gums.

The ten-day trial tube will be gladly mailed if you send the coupon, but the full-size tube, containing more than a hundred brushings, makes a far better test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums and the brilliancy of your teeth.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica